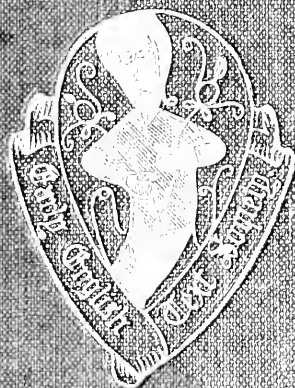




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# Cartonape of Blois







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The Middle-English Versions  
of  
Partonope of Blois

EDITED FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS  
BY  
A. TRAMPE BÖDTKER, PH.D.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

THE theme which Apuleius has immortalized in the story of Cupid and Psyche has assumed numerous shapes in its wanderings through the world. In some tales the parts of the lovers are reversed, and on this variation of the theme is built one of the most beautiful romances of the Middle Ages, the poem of "Parténopeus de Blois," written in France probably at the end of the twelfth century.

Parténopeus de Blois, in English Partonope of Blois, nephew of the king of France, is lost while hunting in the Ardennes. He embarks in an enchanted ship and arrives at a palace, the inhabitants of which are invisible. Here he is visited at night by Melior, queen of Byzantium. She promises to marry him when some years have passed, but stipulates that he must not try to see her in the meantime. On a visit to France Partonope is tempted by his mother, and receives from her a magical lantern which breaks the spell. Banished and forlorn, Partonope resolves to die, but is saved by the queen's sister, Uraque. After a three days' tournament Partonope is again united to his lady.

All the French MSS. actually known begin with the mention of Partonope's royal descent and the description of his person. The scene is laid in France. We do not hear about Melior till she makes herself known to Partonope. To this version belong the longer English text, a German translation by Konrad von Würzburg, a Dutch translation, and a very free Italian adaptation.

In another version, which exists only in foreign translations, Melior is first introduced. She sends messengers round the world to find a husband, and goes to France to ascertain whether they have given a true report of Partonope's beauty. Then the hunting scene takes place. This version was equally translated into English, but all that has been preserved is a short fragment of 308 lines. The text is complete, though considerably altered, in a Danish, an

Icelandic, and a Spanish-Catalan translation. In Catalonia the story was printed as a chap-book as late as 1844.

The question of the original form of the romance will be discussed in the general Introduction. Here I shall say only a few words about the relation of the longer English version to the French MSS. The Arsenal MS., which forms the basis of Crapelet's edition, ends with a combat between Partonope and the Sultan of Persia. The Sultan is slain, and three marriages take place: Partonope marries Melior, the young king of France marries Urake, and Gaudin, Partonope's faithful companion, receives Persevis, Urake's maid of honour. This is a very happy and appropriate termination to the story. The vivid style and the picturesque descriptions make this ending one of the most striking passages in old French literature. It is not, however, due to the original author of the version, but to a Picard poet apparently contemporaneous. The other French MSS. and the foreign translations of the same group have no single combat. Melior is adjudged to Partonope, and the Sultan is obliged to leave, brooding on vengeance. The English version closes with the celebration of this single marriage, while the other texts continue the story, more or less, relating the adventures of Anselot (see ll. 7069 ff.) and the return of the Sultan.

The longer English version is known to exist in the following MSS.—

MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford, C. 188, written about the middle of the 15th century, 7096 lines, printed by the Rev. W. E. Buckley in his edition of the poem for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1862.

MS. Rawl. Poet. 14, Bodleian Library, Oxford, which is a little later and slightly longer. Some portions were printed (with numerous errors) by Buckley in an appendix to fill up the gaps of the Univ. Coll. MS.

MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3, ff. 6-7, in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to New College, Oxford, written in a 15th century hand, 158 lines. It was printed by Buckley, who probably saw the MS. in a better shape than it is at present. It has been missing for many years, but was discovered again by Dr. Carleton Brown. I am indebted to Dr. William W. Lawrence for a collation of the text.

A MS. of the 15th century belonging to Viscount Clifden (Lord Robartes's MS.), printed by R. Wülcker in *Anglia* XII, pp. 607-620, about 200 lines.

Add. MS. 35,288, British Museum, late 15th century, in three different hands, somewhat more than 12,000 lines.

The merits and the defects of the three principal MSS. may be summarized thus—

The Univ. Coll. MS. is the oldest. Sometimes, especially in the rimes, it has better forms than the other MSS., but very often the spelling is defective. The MS. is imperfect at the beginning and end, and has numerous lacunæ in the middle. Many passages have been abbreviated or otherwise altered.

The Rawl. MS. is closely allied to the preceding one. Though only slightly later, its language bears a more advanced stamp. Its readings are, as a rule, far behind those of the two other MSS.

With the usual reserve in paleographic matters, it may be said that the Brit. Mus. MS. is some thirty or forty years later than the Univ. Coll. MS. The portion ll. 2181–4058 was written by an ignorant scribe who could not spell properly, and who introduced many southern particularities of his own. The scribe who wrote ll. 1–2180, and ll. 4059–6530, was better fitted for his task; and the third, who wrote the rest, about one half of the poem, is scarcely inferior to the Univ. Coll. hand. Like the latter, he writes in a somewhat too northern dialect. The MS. is practically complete, and in spite of the errors of the first two scribes, it has, on the whole, better readings than any other MS. Sometimes it seems to have been amplified by the first hands (or their predecessors), but it frequently happens that in the midst of their apparent amplifications we recognize genuine traits, which prove that the corresponding passages in the Oxford MSS. must have been curtailed.

When, at the request of the late Dr. Furnivall, I undertook the task of editing the poem for the E.E.T.S., I was at first inclined to adopt the oldest MS. as the basis of my text as far as this MS. went, and to print the rest from the Brit. Mus. MS., giving only text variants in the footnotes. The many missing passages and bad readings of the Univ. Coll. MS. had also to be supplied from the latter MS. This would, of course, necessitate some embarrassing jugglery in placing the lines, and Dr. Furnivall preferred to print the MSS. in full, laying the whole material before the reader. The question of precedence thus largely became a typographical one. But as the Brit. Mus. MS., from its very position, is the leader, I have corrected the most obvious errors and blunders of this MS., reserving

the discussion of discrepancies to the Notes of the second volume. Correcting on a large scale might at best mean correcting the author himself. It would be futile to attempt to normalize the spelling. There could be no question of improving the other MSS., but I have supplied small words within brackets in the Univ. Coll. MS. when it could be conveniently done.

The shorter English version is extant only as a fragment of 308 lines in a MS. at Vale Royal, and was edited by R. C. N. (*i. e.* R. C. Nichols) for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1873. The MS. is stated by the editor to have been written about 1450. After relating Partonope's arrival in the enchanted city and his meeting with Melior, the text, without any break, proceeds to the morning of the third day of the tournament, l. 277 corresponding to l. 10811 of the other version.

As all attempts at seeing the MS. have proved unsuccessful, it has been reprinted from the Roxburghe Club edition. The facsimile of one page included in the volume permitted of a few corrections in the text.

A second volume will, it is hoped, contain a literary and grammatical Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary of proper names and rare words.

A. TRAMPE BÖTKER.

*Christiania, September 1912.*

# Partonope of Blois.

[*Addit. MS. 35,288, British Museum.*]

HOO so luste olde stories to rede,	[leaf 2]	
He shalle ffynde, <i>wyth-owten</i> Drede,		It is useful to read old stories.
Meruellys <i>and</i> wonders mony <i>and</i> flele		
Off myrthie, ioye, dyssese, <i>and</i> wele.	4	
For ne had bokes ben wryten in prose,		
And eke in ryme, Of them <i>pat</i> be-fore vs were,		
We shulde haue lytelle luste to lere		
Or know of thyng that was be-fore	8	
Wroghte or doñ, or Gode was bore.		
Ther-fore be wrytinge of olde storyes		
Ys now broghte to owre memories		
The olde law <i>and</i> eke the newe ;	12	
And ellys myghte we alle rewe		
Vppon owre-selfe, whylle we ben here.		
For be wrytinge we moste lere		
How we moste gouerneð be	16	
To worshyppe Gode in trinite.		
And ther-fore Stories for to rede		
Wolle I conselle, <i>wyth-owten</i> drede,		
Bothe olde and yonge <i>pat</i> letteryð be.	20	
To the leweð also, <i>parde</i> ,		
Is goode <i>sum-tyme</i> for to here.		
For by herynge he * may lere		
Thynge <i>pat</i> fryste he ne knewe ;	24	
And to soche folke olde þynge ys new,		
Whanne hyt ys in gestes songe,		
Or els in prose tolde wyth tonge.		

*Heading Partonape added by a later hand.*

10. ov (?) *crossed out after* of. 23. he] *MS. ye.*

St. Paul says that books teach us to discern good from evil.	Seynte Paule, <i>pat</i> ys cheffe doctor <sup>r</sup>	28
	Off holy scripture <i>and</i> pryncipalle auctor <sup>r</sup> ,	
	Talkynge a-monge þe clerge,	
	Thes beñ hys wordes playnlye,	
	That alle <i>pat</i> <i>euer</i> ys y-wrytte	32
	In boke we owe welle to wytte,	
	That alle to vs ys goode doctryne.	
	For thorowghe scripture men) deuyne	
	To parte the goode fromme the Ille ;	36
	Thys preueth he <i>wyth</i> many a skylle.	
The wise man derives profit from everything,	For be the Sentense neuer so lewyd,	
	Yet <i>per</i> -in moste nedes be shewyd	
	Good <i>and</i> euell bothe in fiere.	40
	For be Scrypture a man) may lere	
	To do the goode, <i>and</i> the euell Eschewe ;	
	And yeff aH scripture were hyd in mewe,	
	Men) shulde haue fuH lytelle knowynge	44
	Off goode and euell the trew departynge.	[leaf 2, back]
	The fole of byrth can no wytte ffinde	
	But that he hath by taste of kynde.	
even from a fool's tales.	Off alle <i>pat</i> vnder heuen* ys	48
	The wyse taketh wysdam I-wys.	
	Eke euery man) may at the eye See	
	The fly wyche ys callud the bee,	
	Hys hony he draweth be hys kynde	52
	Off bytter erbes, and the wyse can ffinde	
	In folys tales <i>sum</i> -tyme wysdame.	
	Ther-fore fulle ofte the wyse manne	
	Wolle here the fole and eke the wyse,	56
	Where-thorowe he can) þe better deuyse	
	To drawe wysdam) owte of foly,	
	Where-fore y Sey yow sykerly :	
	In thys boke shalle ye fynde wrytte	60
	Both goode <i>and</i> euell. I do yow to wytte :	
	The goode taketh, the euell leue,	
	For aH goode moste welle preue.	
	In thys boke ye may lere,	64
	And ye lyste hyt rede and here,	

48. heuen] MS. he neuer.

64. MS. th (with t blotted between In and thys.



Howe God hath departed on thre		God divided the world into three parts.
Thys worlde in wyche we aH be.		
That on quarter nameð ys	68	
Euroupe, <i>and</i> the secunde I-wys		
Aufryke ys cleped, as bokes trete,		
And the thryde Asye the grete.		
IN Asye stante þe Cyte of Troye	72	Priam was king of Troy.
Fulfylleð of ryches <i>and</i> alle Ioye,		
Wher-of kynge Pryamus was lorde <i>and</i> syre.		
Alle Asye nyghie was hys Empere.		
Thys worthy kynge gate on hys wyffe	76	He had five sons.
Fyve sonys, wyche he in hys lyffe		
Seyghie þe worthyeste on lyve.		
The names of thes worthy fyve		
And thes : Ector <i>and</i> fayre Parys,	80	
Troilus, Elenus, Markomyrys.*		
Ector was hardy <i>and</i> <i>per-to</i> fuH lyghie,		Hector was a gallant knight.
Off aH þe worthyeste knyghte ;		
Grette <i>and</i> stronge and fayre was he,	84	
Curtesse to þe pepulle and <i>per-to</i> free.		
On the grekes he made grette a-sayes,		
So worthy was none after hys dayes.		
The kynge of Troy in hys age	[leaf 3] 88	
Prydeð hym grettely of the lynage		
Off hys worthy sonys fyve.		
Hym thohte, whylle they were on lyue,		
Hym durste not drede aH the worlde.	92	
He wax ryghie ferse in dede and worde ;		Priam was a cruel tyrant.
Hys pepuH he hated, he was so felle.		
They hym hated a-geyne as welle.		
In care, in pouerte, and in woo	96	
He hem helde, that they soo		
Wery were of hys tyrannye,		
They had ener gret espy,		
Yeff any pepuH hym werrye,	100	
Wyth hym they thohte to lyfe <i>and</i> dye,		
So fully that when þe grekes were		
Come to Troye, alle here ffere		

	They had of there souereyne lorde,	104
	Was goo, and they be [on] a-corde	
	To the grekes come wyth-ouTEN ffayle	
	A-geyne here kynge to holde batayle.	
He had made a man of low birth Chief Justice of the king- dom.	For he had of a knave certayne	108
	Vn-know, <i>and</i> ouer' alle hys reygne,	
	Chyffe Iustyce made; <i>and</i> he wex aH a fende.	
	He toke non hede but of hys ffrende,	
	They shulde haue alle maner offyce.	112
	By the lentylnes set he no pryce,	
	But <i>euer</i> helde hem lowe and mate.	
	That made the pepulle þe kynge to hate.	
Anchises was the man's name.	Hys name was cleped Anchyses.	116
	And hys cause hyt was, wyth-owTEN les,	
He caused the destruc- tion of Troy.	That Troye, the cyte ryche <i>and</i> ryalle,	
	Was for <i>euer</i> destroyed; for towre <i>and</i> walle	
	To erthie was throw, <i>and</i> aH was brente.	120
	Thoroghe thys traytoure þus was shente	
	Thys worthy Cyte, þys noble town.	
	Wyth grekes thus was vp so downe	
	Throw <i>and</i> destroyed for <i>euer</i> -moo	124
	Thys Cyte and pepulle also.	
Troy was a magnificent town,	THys Cyte was of hye noblesse,	
	Fulle of worshyppe <i>and</i> gret ryches.	
	Of knyghthode eke hyt bare þe pryse	128
	Off aH the worlde; and of delyse	
	HyT had grette plente, þys ys no naye,	
when Paris carried off Helen.	Tylle hyt be-felle vppon a day	
	The kyngus Sone, þe noble Parys,	132
	Reueshyd on Elyne, þat bare the prys	
	Thoroughe the worlde of hye beaute.	[leaf 3, back]
	Yette for aH thys, þys noble Cyte	
	Myghte neuer haue be destroyed thus,	136
	Ne had be that kynge Pryamus	
	Set hym in couetyse so grettely of goode.	
	That made hys pepulH for wrathe so wodde	
	That they hym hated a-bofe alle thyng.	140
	That was destruccion of the kynge	

And of the Cyte ; for Elynes hosbande		
Durste neuer haue take on) honde		
To sette a-pon) the worthy Cyte ;	144	Menelaus did not dare to seek ven- geance.
And yette a noble kyng was he.		
Menelaus was thys kyngus name.		
He suffered mekely alle thys shame.		
Thogh he were worthy, yt to playne	148	
Durste he noghte, alle-thowe Eleyne		
Were hys wyffe ; he dred So		
The Troyens ; for what hym luste to do,		
Thys spared they noghte, þys ys no lye ;	152	
They were so stronge of chenalye.		
Tylle þat a knyghte, þe wychie hyte Nestor,*		But Nestor resented the shame.
Wychie for age was whyte and hore,		
That loued Menelaus as hys lyffe,	156	
He grucched sore that hys wyffe		
Was take a-way thus wyth stronge honde.		
Thys Nestor eke helde hys londe		
Off Menelaus, and he hys lege lorde	160	
Was : where-fore in no wyse a-corde		
He wolde but hyt a-vengeð were,		
For he was a worthy man) of werre.		
An.c. yeres he had and moo	164	
Of age, and eke he was ther-to		
A goode clerke ; of fayre Eloquens		
He had y-nogh, for be experyens		
Throwe Greke hyt was weH knowe.	168	His wisdom was known throughout the country.
Mony grette wysdomys had he Sowe*		
Throwoute the londe in euery contre ;		
Ther-fore chyffe of conselle was he		
Wyth euery lorde and euery kyng.	172	
Grettely to herte he toke thys thyng		
That was so shamefully do		
A-yens hys souereyne lorde, and tho		
He be-thohte hym in what wyse	176	
Hys wyttes cowde he beste deuyse		
To a-venge hys lordes Shame.		
For porowe þe worlde þys fowle fframe*		

[leaf 4]

154. MS. Nostor.

169. MS. Sawe.

179. MS. fframe.

He called the Greeks together,	Was so dryffe <i>and</i> forth I-blowe ;	180
	Thorowe alle londys hyt was knowe.	
	Then <sup>d</sup> thys wyse Nestor sente	
	To any man <sup>d</sup> that <i>seruice</i> or rente	
	Oughte Menelaus her kyng,	184
and encour- aged Priam's subjects to rebel against their king.	They shulde excuse hem for no-thinge	
	To a-venge the shame of here lorde.	
	Thus alle hys men be on a-corde	
	A-greyn welle hym seruyse to do.	188
	And he off wysdome eke ther-to	
	Sente vn-to Pryamus londe	
	To <i>wyth</i> -holde in-to hys honde	
	Alle tho that rebelyn wylly were	192
	For to Susteyne the grette werre	
	That Menelaus oughte to Troy make.	
	To thys a-corde Nestor haue take	
	Inde, Capadoyne, Perce and Mede ;	196
	And alle Crurenge thys werre spede ;	
	Lybens hadden eke grette loye	
	To ryse a-pon here kyng of Troye.	
	Thus they assentyd <sup>t</sup> be one a-corde	200
	To werre a-pon here souerayne lorde.	
	Ector had a-spyed <sup>t</sup> alle thys ;	
	Hem to wyth-stonde hys porpose ys.	
	He Sende a-noñ to alle the oryente	204
Hector assembled the peoples of the Orient.	For pepulle, and to hys <i>commawndemente</i>	
	Alle were redy to Obey.	
	They seyde <i>wyth</i> oo voyse they wolde dye	
	And lyffe <i>wyth</i> Ector, the worthy knyghte,	208
	And helpe hym <i>wyth</i> alle here myghte	
	A-geynes the grekes, <i>pat</i> were so stronge.	
	And so they dyd <sup>t</sup> eres full longe,	
	And mony a yere, and <i>euer</i> so myghte,	212
	Ne had Anchises, þe fals knyghte,	
	Solde hyt to Grekes for couetyse.	
	Thus he be-trussed <sup>t</sup> hyt at hys deuyse.	
	The troyans kepte hyt ix yere	216
	Mannely, <i>and</i> after fether nere.	

In the x yere Ector was slayne,			Troy with-
Where-of þe grekes were glad <i>and</i> fayne,			stood the
And the troyans were as sory,		220	Greeks for
For in here werres he full knyghtly			nine years.
A-geyne the grekes hem dud defende,			In the tenth
For mony a grette showre he hem sende.			Hector was
Tho Priamus thys Anchyses	[leaf 4, back]	224	killed.
Chyffe to hym of conselle hym ches,*			
No man wyste of whens he was bore,			
Ne of hys kyn ; but of tresoure			
He cowde welle geder to ryche þe kyng.		228	
He hym loued a-boue alle thyng,			
Off alle hys londe hym chef* Iustice			who had
He made, and as he wolde deuyse			always
He aggreed, and helde hym ther-to.		232	behaved
Thys fals traytoure demenyd hym so			falsely,
He made the kyng the lordes hate.			
Euer he sette grette debate			
Be-twyñ the lordes and the kyng,		236	
For mony a grette <i>and</i> stronge lesyng			
He made vppon hem euer-moo.			
The kyng louyd golde <i>and</i> seluer soo,			
He fulle falsly in kowde <i>hyt</i> bryng.		240	
He and couetyse destroyed the kyng.			
Thys Anchyses, thys fals traytoure,			betrayed
Vppon þe master-yate he had a towre			the Trojans.
Off Troye, thys noble <i>and</i> worthy Cyte,		244	
Where, on a nyghte, prynely he			
Hadde yn the grekes be hys assente,			
And accorded wyth hem þat destroyed <i>and</i> brente			
Shulde Troye, thys worthy Cyte, bee,		248	
On thys condicione that he			
Shulde robbe <i>and</i> pylle eche neyghbore			
Off hys, for he knew aH there tresowre,			
Where <i>hyt</i> was, <i>and</i> they graunted weH		252	
Alle that he axed, <i>euery</i> delle.			
Nowe prynely enteryd thes grekes be			

225. *MS. chesses.*

252. he *crossed out* before where.

230. *MS.* ches (*short s*).

The Greeks entered the city, and spared nobody.	In-to Troye, thys worthy Cyte. Fryste they robbed <i>and</i> after brente, They no-thinge spared of mankynde. In-to þe towre, wych was þe dongeon, The kynge fiede, and hys sones echeone.	256
Priam was slain.	There was slayne kynge Pryamus And alle hys sonnes, sane Elenus, Wychie in-to a botte dyd preuely skape, And yede where hym was Shape	260
Elenus, however, escaped.	Shame; and a-nother chylde toke A man, hys name telleth not [t]hys boke, And broghte hym preuely, wyth-owte les, In-to a shyppe of Anchyses.	264
Marcomiris was saved on board a ship of Anchises by his foster- father.	When Anchyses had done thys tresone, To shyppe he wente wyth grette ffoysone Off golde <i>and</i> seluer. Wyth hym was Gone in-to the shyppe was noble Eneas. Off hys kyn no-þyng was he, For worthy and curtes in euery degre Eneas was, as seythe the booke. Anchises aH a-nother way toke, For he was fulfylled of couetyse, Prowde and envious in alle wyse. Yette Eneas was wyth Anchises, In wele and woo, in prate of dyssece, He toke wyth on sonde and see, Tylle atte the laste aryued they be	268 [leaf 5] 272
Anchises and Eneas fled in another ship.	In-to the londe of Romenye,* Where-of they conquest the Senerye. Whan Markomyris, þys yonge kynge, Wychie was sone to Priamus þe kyng, Was scaped frome Troye wyth Anchyses Fulle yonge and tender amonge þe pres, Thorowe helpe of on wychie was hys norry, Vn-wyste of Anchyses fulle priuely, Whan he was xv yere of age, He woxe semely, stronge, and had corage To do alle thyng; <i>and</i> þe pepulle Sykerly	276 280 288
The in h		
Marcomiris grows up.		

279. prate] *lament* prece.

282. MS. Normandy.

Whende he had ben sone to hys norry.		
Yette he wyste welles hyt was not so,		
Butte yette hys Norry made hym so.		
Yette ofte wolde he say : "That ffelowne !	296	
I shalle sle hym that dyd þys tresone		
To my fader and to my lynage."		
And euer the more he waxeth in age,		
To alle the pepuH, as they deuysel,	300	
He lykned mocheH Ector and Parys		
Off stature, of vysage, and off boune.		
The pepulle ther-fore ofte gonne		
To hys Norry for to enquire	304	
Yeff this chyldre hys sone were ;		
And euer he sayde sykerly ye.		
Where-fore this man thohte þat he		
Myghte notte welles a-byde there.	308	His foster-father, thinking it was not safe to stay there,
He thohte he wolde goo yelse-where.		
And pryuelly, when he had spase,		
He putte hym alle in Goddys grace.		
And pryuelly be nyghte stale a-waye	312	takes him to France.
And in-to Fraunce toke hys waye.		
Nowe in-to Fraunce comyn be		
Bothe Markomyrys And he.		
Fraunce was named tho ylike dayes	[leaf 5. back] 316	France was then in a wild state.
Galles, as myne auctor seyes.		
Ther-In was neyther Cyte, casteH, ne berowe.		
A man myghte ryghte welles haue ryde þorowe,		
In euery parte bothe of brede and lenghe,	320	
He shulde neyther haue fownde no strengthe.		
The pepuH were dysperplede here and there,		
They were no-thinge a-rayed for werre.		
Ther-In herbourghede mony a wylde beste.	324	
Alle the londe was tho ny honde fforeste.		
Ther-In was neyther Erle, duke, ne kyng ;		
Eche man was lorde of hys owne thinge.		
Tylle hyt happened þat, at the entre*	328	The foster-father dies.
Off the londe, Markomirys Norrye		
Dyed, and per-wyth as ffaste		

After 312 a line crossed out : Now in-to Fraunse comyn be thay.  
 327. oh crossed out before of. 328. MS. entrynge.

He brente hys bonus in grette haste,  
 That [was] the vsage of that contre. 332  
 In-to seruyse tho droghe he.  
 Thys yonge man, thys ylke Markomirys,  
 He was manly, semely, and ryghte wyse ;  
 For hys seruyse hym ryghte goode wage. 336  
 He seruyed nonne but of lynage  
 Where the grettes off alle þat ylke londe.  
 Curteyse *and* lowly hys lorde hym euer fonde.  
 On a Day when he luste for to talke 340  
 Wyth hys lorde, as he allone dyd walke,  
 He tolde of Troye alle the case,  
 Of the desstruccione, *and* eke how þat he was  
 The kyngus sone of Troye Pryame, 344  
 And preuely in-to a shyppe he came\*  
 Off Anchyses, vnwyste of any wyghte.  
 Hys master tho wyth hys\* herte *and* myghte  
 Was glade *and* loyfull, *and* made hym grette chere, 348  
 And made hym telle, þat alle men myghte here,  
 The processe a-gayne, *and* alle the case,  
 And how kyng Pryame sone he was.  
 They herde hys tale alle goodely, 352  
 They helde hym trew, wyse, *and* eke redy.  
 And then\* he tolde hem forthie of Eneas,  
 Wychie a man of Armes that he was,  
 And wychie materyes he dyd in Ytalye, 356  
 Howe he conquered by *and* bye.  
 "He dothe thurghe-owte what hym luste," sayde he,  
 "Rydethe *and* brenneth *and* ransomethe eche cunte.  
 Thys ys the cause for they haue no strenghe 360  
 In alle the cunte, neyther in brede ne lenghe.  
 He maketh the pepulle thralle and bownde yelicone. [15. 6]  
 Hyt ys fulle lyke he shalle yow yeke so done,  
 Butte yeffe ye ordeyne a-gayne hym other strenghe, 364  
 He shalle yowe ouer-ryde in brede and lenghe."  
 He hem conselleth they shalle strenglies make,  
 And then he durste welle vnder-take,

Marcomiris  
 speaks of  
 his descent.

He warns  
 the people  
 against  
 Eneas,

and advises  
 them

332. contre or cunte, apparently corrected from comtre.

345. he came] MS. come he. 347. hys] MS. hym.

354. then] MS. them.



And they wolde to-geder hem in habyte,	368	to fortify their country.
They shulde fynde ther-in grette [de]lyte,		
And walle here Cytees <i>and</i> borovs rownde a-bowte,		
Then myghte they slepe sykerly, <i>and</i> haue no dowte		
Off no Enemyes, whens so euer they were.	372	
In thys wyse he can hem faste lere.		
They lyked welles hys conselle <i>and</i> hys rede.		
Cytees and castelles they made in grette spele,		
Welle I-walled in the beste wyse.	376	
For hys wytte a-non chyffe Iustyce		Marcomiris is made the ruler of the country.
They hym made, <i>and</i> sette hym vp as a lorde.		
They dyde no-thinge wyth-owte hys a-corde.		
A wyffe they geffe hym, borne of hys kynrede,	380	
And then they made hym lorde, wyth-owte drede,		
Alle hys lyffe vn-tyll hys endynge-daye,		
Off hem alle, thys ys wyth-owten naye.		
When he wes dede, hys sone prynse they made	384	
Off hem alle, of whome they were fulle gladd.		
He hem gouernyd in welthe <i>and</i> grette honowre ;		
He was to hem a nobulle gouernowre.		
And after hym fro eyre to eyre hyt yede.	388	His descend- ants reigned after him,
Here names to telle I trowe hyt be no nede,		
They bythe not putte yette in Remembraunce		
In thys cronycle wyche I rede of Fraunce.		
Prynces they were so of here maner.	392	
Butte the ffrenshe boke me dothe lere		
That longe after a prynce syker they hadde,		
Wyche in wele and prosperite hem ladde,		
Wyche was of the ryalle blode of Troye.	396	
Off hym alle Fraunce hade so muche loye		
That they hym loued a-bone all erthely thyng.		and later on became kings of France.
He was the ffyrste that euer was named kynge.		
He made lawes and moche other thyng,	400	
And made hem drawe wyth-owte lesyng		
To be obeysaunte* to here kynggus lawe,		
Bothe wyth ffeyrnesse <i>and</i> eke wyth awe.		
He made the lawes, as y gesse,	404	
For batellus, for customys, <i>and</i> ffrauncheses,		

391. *eo (or to) crossed out before cronycle.*402. *MS. obeysaunce.*

Off thefes *and* traytowres also here Iewy[s]es.  
 Thus he made the lawes wythie-owten lese. [leaf 6, back]  
 In ryghte and trowthe euer hys pepulle he ladde. 408  
 Ther-fore alle hys lyfe-dayes he hade  
 A-monge hem Ioye, welthe, and prosperite.  
 Yeres and dayes fulle mony regned he,  
 And then after, when aH-myghty Gode wolde, 412  
 A sone he hadde, þat after hym reigne shulde.  
 LUDON \*hyghte thys chylde þat shulde be  
 Here kynge, þat of wytte lacked grette plente.  
 Off other goodes lytelle he hadde. 416  
 Ther-fore moche hys pepulle he dradde,  
 Wher-fore in chamber hym-selfe he hade.  
 Fulle ofte hys peple lawes he ladde,  
 Chorles he cheresede, and no-þynge Ientylye. 420  
 He levyde notte butte a whyle.  
 Affter hym came hys sone and eyre,  
 And he made a-yen to repeyre  
 AH þat contraryed hys ffader lawe, 424  
 Sum wyth fleyrenes *and* some wyth awe.  
 Hym to Crystes lawe seynte Remys  
 Conuerted, longe or than seynte Denys  
 Kame in-to Fraunce; and eke the clergy 428  
 He loued, *and* cheresshyde chynallerye.  
 Cleouels thys nobelle kynge hyghte.  
 He proued hym-selfe a nobelle knyghte.  
 Grette werre he helde alle hys lyfe. 432  
 Wyth Sarezines he foughte mony a sythe,\*  
 For sethen he the crowne namme,  
 He so wyse *and* so ryghtefulle kynge be-came  
 Ther was no manne of hym complayned 436  
 Off ronge, a-none he hyt restrayne[d].  
 And wolde se where the trowthe stode.  
 And then he wolde wyth esy mode  
 Redresse hyt as resone were. 440  
 And so he hadde a goode manere:  
 The porallis ryghte esely here he wolde,

Ludon was  
 the second  
 king.

His son,  
 Clovis,  
 was con-  
 verted to  
 Christianity  
 by St. Remis.

He was an  
 excellent  
 king.

406. ad *crossed out before* x.

414. MS. aNdon or aUdon.

433. MS. sygle.

411. MS. possibly many.

431. proued] o like e.

A lorde also, yeff þat he shulde ;		
To euery manne, after hys state were,	444	
He wolde redresse hyt in esy manere.		
Off knyghthehode fully he bare the pryse.		
Ther-to he was ryghte manly and wyse.		
So wysely hys remme gouerneþ he	448	
That he lyued euer in prosperite.		
Thys nobelle kynge, þys nobelle conquerowre,		
Wanne many a Cyte wyth many a towre,		
That ffro Chyrbrond in-to Russye	452	Nobody dared to oppose him,
Was ther neuer manne so hardye	[leaf 7]	
To doñ a-geynste hys commaundemente ;		
And yeffe he dyd, he were butte shente.		
Off Arderne the towre also,	456	not even in the Ardennes.
Ther contraryeþ no manne þat he wolde haue do.		
In thys Arderne, as seythe thys geste,		In the Ardennes were all kinds of wild animals.
Ther ys a grette and a huge fforeste.		
Hyt lyethe in lenghe botlie este and weste ;	460	
Ther-In dwelluthe mony a wylde beste ;		
The porsewte ys fulle large a-bowte.		
Ther-fore hyt ys, wyth-owten dowe,		
Grette perelle a man ther-In to come ;	464	
Ther-In to herboroughe ys no man worne.		
For shyppes that passe by the See,		
For no nede dar notte he		
Arryue in-to the huge fforestes	468	
For drede of the wylde bestes.		
In olde bookes, as I rede,		
I fynde wryten, wyth-owten drede,		
Off lyones and lebardes hyt ys ffulle.	472	
The wylde bore and eke the bulle		
Haue there here haunte destawntly.		
The cause I wolle telle yowe why		
That I thys fforeste thys deuyse,	476	
For owte of thys moste moche thyng ryse		
That longethe vn-to my matere.		
Lystenethe now, and ye shalle here.		
Thys kynge Cleouels, þys worthy manne,	480	Clovis was fond of hunting there.
Syn ffyrste þe tyme that he be-gan		
Crowne on hedde ffyrste to bere,		

	Also for to holden in honde a spere,	
	Nexte dede of armes he loued bestes	484
	To hunte in Arderne, thys huge floreste,	
	And wyth strenghe of howndes and men	
	The boore to chasse owte of hys den.	
	So hyt be-ffeH that on a daye	488
	To ffynde the boore he wolde assaye.	
	Hys hvntes he* warned ryghte a-nonne	
	That to thys foreste he wolde gon.	
The King had a nephew, named Partonope.	Than had thys kyng a suster there	492
	That was to hym ful lefe and dere,	
	pat nexte hys owne weddute wyffe	
	He loued here as hys owne lyffe.	
	Lucresse thys noble lady hyghite.	496
	A sone she had, that be goode ryghte	
who was to be Earl of Anjou and Bloys	Erle of Angowe shulde be	
	And of Bloys, so telleth me	[leaf 7, back]
	The olde booke* ful weH I-wryted,	500
	In ffrenshe also, and fayre endyted.	
	And ye wolle wytte what he hyte,	
	Partonope be Gode almythie	
	Named he was, when he was bore,	504
	Of hys godfader atte the churchie-dore.	
	And playnely to telh yow of thys manne	
	Thys tale trewly I be-gan.	
	Thys yonge man of whome I telle,	508
	Of Ientylnes he was the verey welle.	
	The nobelle kyng hym loued so	
	That where pat euer he rydde or go,	
	Nexte hym he ys of alle men,	512
	To hym also nyghie of kyn,	
	That [nexte] hys suster or hys wyffe	
	He loued hym beste of any lyffe.	
	He was so gentyl of worde and dede	516
	That thorowe all Fraunce, where pat he yede,	
	Off hys worshyppe men myghte here.	
	For off hys age he had no pere.	

490. he] MS. we, perhaps only intended for warned.

500. booke] MS. boode.

Hys age was forsothe, as I gesse, xviii yere, neyther more ne lesse. What a-venture fel nowe of þys man I wolte telle forthie now as I can).	520	and who was then eighteen years old.
THys kyng of whome I of tolde, He ys shape wyth baronys bolde To [t]hys foreste for to ryde, Wyth knyght <i>and</i> squyer hym be-syde, And also wyth nowmber of men),	524	He accom- panied the King to the Ardenne.
The bore to chasse owte of hys den). To thys foreste he ys come Wyth hunte <i>and</i> hownde as he was won).	528	
Off thys hyt nedeth no more to telle : The hornes sownen as any belle, The howndes arne vncowpeled than).	532	
There loketh vp full mony a man Here tryste on enery syde to kepe, Hyt ys no tyme for hem to slepe. And nexte the kyng of any man Stonde Partonope, hys tryste man).	536	
Ryghte sone after, wyth-owten) more, Fownde ys the wylde boore. The howntes to blowe spare notte then).	(leaf 8) 540	
The grette lymowres ere lette renne. A-bowte the wodde the boore ys broghte ; Alle the day they spare noghte Hym to hunte thorowe thyke <i>and</i> thynne, Tylle the boore, fulle wery of renne, A-yen) Euy) the bay a-bolde.	544	
Partonope, there as he stode, Pullud owte hys swyrde lyche a manne, And ffreshely to thys bore he ranne. Be-twyn) was then) a grette stryfe, Butte yet the boore there loste hys lyfe. Seynge, the kyng, there as he stode, Then) sayde he : " Be Goddys rode, Thys was welle don), as of a chylde,	548	Partonope kills a boar
	552	
	556	

529. chasse] *hole in vellum for a.*

555. go crossed out before goddys.

Another  
boar is  
roused.

To sle a boore so fers and wyld.  
Nowe Gode, I thanke the as I can.  
He ys ryghte lyke to ben a man."

The kynge in talkyng as he stode, 560  
Sawe where ther come wyth eger mode  
A-nother boore, alle ffreshe I-fownde.

To hym the howndes dyd renne full rownde.  
The kynge comaunded ryghte a-nonne 564

The huntres they shulde euery-chone  
Drawe vp there howndus by *and* by.  
The cause shalle I telle yow why ;

For faste westwarde draweth þe sonne, 568  
The howndes ben fulle wery for renne.

Also he sey hyt drew nere nyghte.  
To hys loggyng he wente fulle ryghte.

The kyng commaunded Partonope 572

Partonope  
pursues the  
boar.

T[h]at swythie on horsebacke shulde he be,  
Prycke after faste, sette horne to mowthe

To drawe of the howndes, yeff þat he cowthe. 576  
Thys Partonope no lettyng made,

But dyd ryghte as the kynge hym bade.  
A-pon hys horse a-none he lepe,

Thoroughe thyke and thynne toke he no kepe 580  
The boore to folowe, I yowe plyghte,

And draw yetter hym, yeff that he myghte.  
So faste hys hors he prycketh thanne

That hym folowe myghte no manne. [leaf s. back]

The boore was *nener* owte of hys syghte, 584

Night  
closes in.

The sothie to sayne, tylle darke nyghte  
So faste felle on in that tyde,

No fether myghte he se to ryde.  
He wyste *nener* where that he was, 588

Thys was to hym a sory case.  
The kynge a-nonne loste had he.

Thynge þat ys ordeyned nedes moste be  
By ffortune vn-to euery manne. 592

Partonope hys horne be-gan  
In honde to take, *and* blewe hyt lowde.

561. MS. scarcely came.

583. fow crossed out before folowe.

But for no crafte that euer he cowde, Men ne horne cowde he non here.	596	
Than gan he waxe of heuy chere, For he hadde don a foly thyng So for to drawe hym fro hys kynge.		
Nowe wol I leue thys manne so ynge, And telle yowe forthie of the kynge, pat homwarde to hys loggyng rydethe.	600	The King rides home.
After hym for sothe no manne a-bydethe. He wenyth Partonope were I-come.	604	
The hunte hys howndus hath vp nome, And come was to hys loggyng.		
A-none hym axed thys worthy kynge After hys Neuowe Partonope.	608	
He cowde not telle whether pat he Were come home, or els be-lynde.		
A-none hyt ran the kynge in mynde Howe he hym had bode gon	612	
To drawe the howndus of echone. Then he comaundethe w <sup>yth</sup> aH hys myghte That men wythe hornes alle pat nyghte		
Shulde noyse make on enery syde, And in the foreste alle nyghte to ryde, Yeff any grace myghte be	616	
Thys chylde to fynde in any degre. Now after hym enery man, as he ys bedyn, Vn-to the foreste ys he ryden.	620	Partonope is lost.
Grette noyse they make aH pat nyghte, Tylle on the morowe þe some bryghte Owte of the este gan showe hyr so	624	
That enery manne nyghte se to goo Or ryde where so euer hym luste.		[leaf 9]
Thorough the thyke and thynne in pat fforeste Ryghte faste they soghte enerychone, Butte tydynges cowde they here noune Off thys chylde in no degre.	628	
Gretter sorowe myghte not be		

599. MS. for, or possibly far.

614. comaundethe] hole in vellum for u.

616. alle pat crossed out before on).

	Then was a-monge the mayne tho :	632
	“ Allas ! ” they sayde, “ thys chylde y[s] go And loste for euer, thys ys no nay.”	
	There ys songe but welewaye.	
The boar disappears.	Thys grette boore of home I tolde, Thorowe the foreste ys bente fuH bolde, Tylle he come to the see-syde. There thoȝte he longe not to a-byde ; Hys lyppe vn-to the see he nomme, And ffaste thorowe the see he swomme, And ouer see faste hym hyede, Tylle he come in-to the other Syde. Whan he was the perelle paste, He hyddȝ hym so wonder faste To the wyldernes. I dar weH Saye, And lyued there many a longe daye.	636
Partonope is alone in the forest.	NOwe wolle I speke of Partonope. Whatte to do wotte not he. Hownde <i>and</i> horne had he loste ; Hys horse for sotHe ys alle-moste Dede for wery in that stonde, And sodenly ys falle to grownde. Alle drery stonte Partonope. “ Lorde alle-myghty Gode,” sayde he, “ Saue me nowe I be not lore, As thowe were of a mayden bore.” “ Allas,” he thoghte, “ what may I do ? For colde and hunger I am fulle wo. A-ferde also nowe of my lyffe. Helpe me lorde Gode <i>and</i> eke seynte Sythe . That thes wylde and wodde bestes Denowre me not in thes fforestes ! ” Thys youge man wyste not what to do, But at the laste he drewe hym to An olde tre, an holowe thyng, Ther-in to haue hys loggyng. Alle nyghte ther-in he laye Tylle on the morowe <i>but</i> hyt was daye. Alle that nyghte fulle sore he wepte, For sorowe <i>and</i> drede slepe he no slepe.	640 644 648 652 656 660 664 668



Be-tyne a-morowe he gan to ryse.	[leaf 9, back]	672	The next day he tries in vain to find his way home.
He loket a-bowte, and gan to deuyse			
Wychie cuntre homwarde he myghte beste			
Drawe owte of thys wylde fforeste.			
Vn-to hys horse he yede ffaste,		676	
And by the brydelle atte the laste			
Hym he dreue on hys ffette.			
In-to the sadelle a-none he lepe,			
Homwarde to drawe for sotlie he wende.		680	
Gode hym <i>grace</i> ther-to sende !			
But alle for noghte, hyt wyll not be,			
Alle a-weywardys the wey taketh he.			
Allé pat day he rode fulle ffaste,		684	
Mony a perlowis water he paste.			
The ffrenshe boke thus dothe me telle			
xx waters he passed fulle ffelle.			
He rode as faste as euer he myghte		688	
Alle that day, tulle hyt was nyghte.			
When nyghte was come, thys ys no nay,			At night he arrives at the sea- shore.
The mone shone as bryghte as day.			
He loket apon the mone so bryghte :		692	
“ Nowe, lorde,” he sayde, “ that made thys lyghte			
Man to comforte and also beste,			
Brynge me welle owte of thys fforeste ! ”			
He houyde styлле, he loket a-bowte.		696	
Than sawe he, wyth-owten dowte,			
Where he was in a medow stronge,			
The grasse vp to hys styroppe longe			
Was grow on heyghite, as I hope,		700	
For hyt had neuer be mow ne rope,			
But beddet full of bestes wylde.			
Fulle sore a-ferde tho was thys chylde.			
Forthe tho rode Partonope,		704	
Tulle atte the laste he sawe the see			
Ebbe and flowe and noyse make.			
Hys herte wyth-In be-gan to quake,			
He wende fully deet to be,		708	
He thohte he myghte no ferther fle.			

698. stronge] st and o indistinct; the t is apparently altered from an o.

There he sees a ship.	And fferther lokeð he in-to the stronde,	
	Hym thoȝte that faste by the londe	
	A Shyppe he sawe there rydyng,	712
	Ryghte welle a-rayed, tho any kynge	
	There shulde haue passed the See.	
	And of thys shyppe ryghte glade was he ;	
	He thoȝte he shulde haue some comforte	716
	Off them þat rynd at the porte,	
	And wyth hem conselle howe he myghte beste	[leaf 10]
	Scape owte of thys wylde foreste.	
Partolope goes on board.	He heyð faste tyll he was there,	720
	And sone he neghed þe shyppe fulle nere.	
	When he come vn-to the stronde,	
	Owte of the shyppe vn-to þe londe	
	A brygge was leyde fulle goode and stronge,	724
	Ryghte brodde hyt was and also longe,	
	And man thyder-in myghte go ryghte weH,	
	And noȝte to wete hys fotte a delle.	
	And when he to the brygge came,	728
	Then thoȝte he : " My Gode and man,	
leading his horse after him.	In wolle I go, what so be-tyde,	
	No lenger here wolle I a-byde."	
	Downe of hys horse he lepte a-none,	732
	In-to the shyppe he gan to gon,	
	Hys hors he lede in by hys Syde,	
	" And what so euer me be-tyde,	
	He shalle not lefe be-hynde me.	736
	For then I shulde hym neuer se."	
	Thys ys the sothe, he luste welle slepe,	
	But fryste of o thyng he toke gret kepe	
Nobody is to be seen on board.	That man on lyffe Sawe he non.	740
	Hys herte gan colde as any stonne.	
	To hym-selfe thus sayde he :	
	" Thys ys a Shyppe of flayre	
	Or thyng made be Enchauntemente,	744
	Nowe helpe me, lorde Omnipotente,	
	That the deuelle no power haue	
	My sowle wyth hym to helle craue,	

737. h crossed out before se.

740. h crossed out before non

747. ca crossed out before craue.

And saue me, lorde, yeffe hyt be thy wylle, That I neuer in thys shyppe spyllle."	748	
And when he had sayde thes wordes, He layde hym on the shyppe-bordes, Whatte for longer and for slepe, Off hym-selfe toke he no kepe.	752	Partonope falls asleep.
When he for wery was downe layde, Vn-to slepe he feli a lyteff brayde. No ryghte goode slepe for sothe he toke, But halfe wakyng, as seyth þe boke, And as he lay thy[s] in slummerynge, There befelle a wonder thyng.	756	
Thys ryalle shyppe of wychie I tolde, The sayle a-non gan owte to folde. Ryghte a-pon the toppe an hye The sayle ys pullud by and by.	760	The ship sails.
A mevable wynde then had he, He sawe the sayle vp in the see A-fore the wynde in water clere. A wonder thyng hyt ys to here	764	[leaf 10, back]
Wyth-owten helpe a shyppe to sayle, The wynde so fulle vpon the sayle, And helpe of man ther-in non ys. A fulle grette meruelle me thynketh was thys.	768	
Partonope when he a-woke, A-bowte hym faste he gan to loke, Be-thohte hym-selfe where þat he was :	772	When he awoke, he had lost sight of land.
"Thys ys," thoghte he, "a wonder case, A Shippe to sayle wyth-outen gyde. Gode helpe," sayde he, "nowe in thys tyde." He sawe no-þyng but water clere ; For syghte of londe fer ne nere	776	
Cowde he a-spye in no wyse. Then gan he faste for to devyse Where thys floreste was be-come, Owte of hys syghte hyt ys be-nome.	780	
"Nowe, gode Gode," sayde Partonope, "Thowe fortune thus hape shapen me	784	

762. non (?) crossed out before pon).

770. ys non crossed out before in.

Partonope  
prays to  
God.

That I shalle dye in thys place,  
 Allmyghty Gode, do me grace !”  
 To hym-selfe he sayde thus : 788  
 “ O mercy, lorde, swete *Ihesus*,  
 Man wotte lyteH what ys hys beste.  
 For when I was in yender fforeste,  
 Off my lyffe I was in draht ; 792  
 For very fere I was ny maht.  
 In-to þe shyppe for seker I came,  
 And In wyth me my horse I name.  
 I howpet to haue a better yere ; 796  
 And nowe for soþe better me were  
 In yender foreste to haue ben  
 Than in thys shyppe, as I wene.  
 For yette by possibilite 800  
 Every man know may he  
 A man þat ys in dry lande  
 Yet sum way may he fownde  
 Hym-selfe to helpe owte of dyssece 804  
 In mony a wyse, wyth-owten lese.  
 But in water for to be  
 I can for sotie in no degre  
 Deyse how any helpe to haue, 808  
 Butte Gode allone he may me saue.”  
 And thus he lyethe *and* sorow maketh ;  
 He dar not Slepe, butte alle-vey waketh [leaf 11]  
 For drede of peresyng in the see. 812  
 But alle for noghte, hyt wyH not be,  
 Hys a-venture he moste a-byde,  
 For nowe ys fortune for sotie hys gyde.  
 And thus he saylethe alle the nyghte, 816  
 Tylle on the morowe þat hyt was lyghte,  
 Then on the shyppe gan faste he  
 Denyse and loke howe hyt myghte be  
 That hyt shulde sayle in any londe 820  
 Wythe-owten helpe of mannas honde.  
 But for to speke of thys shyppe,  
 The more þe-of þat he toke keppe,

The ship  
sails all that  
night and  
the follow-  
ing day.

789. On margin of MS. in the same hand: Nota.

796. Does MS. yere stand for fere ?

Euer <sup>o</sup> to hym hyt was more mervayle :	824	
Off clothe and selke þen was þe sayle ;		
Ther-to hyt was so welle graue		
That of entayle, so Gode me saue,		
Ther cowde no werkemañ hyt a-mende.	828	
Then prayde he Gode hym grace sende		
Hys lyffe to saue, yeff hys wyH be.		
And forthē alle day thys sayleth he,		
Tylle hyt was derke nyghte aH-moste,	832	In the evening it approaches a town.
And then þe shyppe vn-to a coste		
Helde euen hys course, as þat he		
By mannes honde gyded had be.	-	
Whañ to þe londe the shyppe was come,	836	
Partonope, as he was won,		
Loked owte to se the tyde.		
Thañ sawe he where be-syde		
Ther stode a towne, wyth-owten dowte,	840	
Ryghte welle I-walled rownde a-bowte. <sup>A</sup>		
A-myddes the towne, wyth-in the walle,		
There stode a castelle þat was ryalle,		
Wyth towres grette on euery syde,	844	
For any kynge ther-In to a-byde.		
A grette mervayle þen sawe he,		
For nyghte hyt was vppon þe see,		
And in þe Cuntre hyt was as bryghte	848	
As thowe hyt had be day lyghte.		
The brygge a-now he toke in honde,		
And fro þe shyppe vn-to the londe		Partonope goes ashore,
He layde hyt owte, and þat a-none,	852	
That he myghte vn-to þe londe gon.		
When he to þe londe come was,		
He thonked Gode tho of hys grace,		
That alle thes perrellys he had welle paste. [leaf 11, back]	856	
Butte yette fulle sore was he a-gaste,		
For he sawe no-pynge that [bare] lyffe,		
Mañ ne chylde, wydo ne wyffe.		but does not see any human being.
And he also for thyrste and hunger	860	
Was ryghte febeH, hyt was no wonder ;		
And on hys hors hunger was sene,		
For lacke of mete he was ryghte lene.		

	Bvtte when pys chylde Partonope	864
	On longe was come, a-non gan he	
	A-bowte hym loke on enery syde.	
	He sawe the cuntre bothe large and wyde.	
	Yette on thys shyppe he be-gan to holde,	868
	He sayde be hym that Iudas solde	
	Thys shyppe was me[r]velus made.	
	In alle hys lyffe he ne hadde	
	Sey so evryous a wroghte thyng.	872
	He then trowed <i>per</i> was no man leynge	
	By crafte of honde cowde suche on make,	
	Butte yeffe a clerke cowde vnder-take	
	By nygromansy to make hytte ;	876
	For hyt passeth mannes wytte.	
He thinks he has come to an enchanted country.	The towne, the casteH he be-helde,	
	Howe curiously they were bylde :	
	Off blacke marbeH was made <i>pe</i> waH,	880
	Enchekeryd weH wyth Crystalle,	
	Wyth lasper also, <i>pat</i> was so bryghte.	
	In-to the cuntre hyt gaffe grette lyghte.	
	Thys grette mervayle he can be-holde ;	884
	Hys herte be-gan faste to colde.	
	He sayde : “ Allas, what may <i>pys</i> be ? ”	
	He thohte he was but in fayre,	
	And weneth hyt were <i>pe</i> develles werke.	888
	For weH he wyste <i>pe</i> nyghte ys derke,	
	And nyghte hyt was vppon <i>pe</i> see ;	
	On longe <i>hyt</i> was so lyghte* <i>pat</i> he	
	Myghte se to ryde alle a-bowte	892
	In alle the cuntre, thys ys no dowte.	
	Also <i>pe</i> haueu was large and wyde,	
	x thowsande shyppes <i>per</i> -yn myghte ryde	
	For any drede of <i>pe</i> see,	896
	Whatte wynde or wedder enen <i>hyt</i> be.	
	When he <i>pe</i> cuntre devyset had,	
	In herte he was no-pynge gladde,	
	Butte forthe wyth-alle <i>hys</i> hors he toke,	900

Partonope  
rides into  
the town.

867. and written twice and the first crossed out.

868. loke crossed out before holde.

891. MS. adds to se after lyghte.

And streyghte to towne, as seyeth þe boke, He rodde as faste as euer he myghte, And to the gate he came fulle ryghte.	[leaf 12]	
Butte when he to þe gate come, Hys eye he caste vppe ther-on, Be-helde hyt wysely alle a-bowte, And then he sayde wyth-owte dowte :		904
“ Thys ys of so grette and heyghte, Ther can no man deuyse be sleighte Thys towre to wyne in no wyse.”		908
And harde hyt was for to deuyse The curyous makynge þat þer-on was.		912
And In he rydethe and esy pas. The stretes were paupr þat were full longe ; On euery syde howsynge stronge Off blacke marber full weþ I-bake.		916
A-bofe þer-on, I under-take, Pomelys þer stode of golde full fyne ; Ther-on by crafte and goode engyne Egelys of golde filekerynge þer stode, Lebardes and lyonys also fulle goode Vppon þe gabellys* of golde I-pured,		920
And other bestes dyuerse figured, And alle, as they haden ben on lyfe, By crafte þey meuyde wonder blyfe, þat neuer, sethen þat he was boren, Had he seyne such a towne be-foren.		924
Thys fayre towne of wych I tolde, The boke of ffrenshe, þat ys fulle olde, Hyt deuyseth in such a degre Hyt were to longe as nowe for me Alle þat to telle, þys ys no naye.		928
þer-fore I lefe hyt in goode faye, And woþ go forth vn-to my mater, And hyt lyke yow me to here.		932
Thys yonge chylde Partonope, For thyrste and hunger wotte not he What to don—Gode be hys gyde— And forth he full esely dothe he ryde.		936

Description  
of its  
splendour.

916. I crossed out before weþ.

922. MS. garbellys.

Partonope  
enters a  
house,

but ob-  
serving a  
castle,

He þoʒte of þys fayre syghte, 940  
 Hys herte sum-what be-gan to lyghte,  
 And sum-tyme he thoʒte a-yen  
 Alle þys ne was butte fantayne.  
 Then sawe he where þe palys-yate 944  
 Stode wyde open, and in þer-atte  
 He rodde, *and* downe frome hys horse he lyghte,  
 For ferther ryde he ne myghte.  
 And when he of hys hors lyghte, [leaf 12, back] 948  
 Hym thoghte he sawe moche lyghte  
 Off torches and off ffyre also.  
 In-to the halle wente he thoo,  
 Fayre clothes he sawe þer layde 952  
 Thorowe þe halle on euery syde.  
 Off brede and wyne he sawe grette plente,  
 Off mete there lacked no maner of deynthe.  
 He sawe stonde on þe cuppe-borde 956  
 Cuppes of golde for any lorde,  
 Sponys of golde and of Syluer also.  
 "Nowe, lorde," sayde he, "what may I do ?  
 For deð I am ney for honger." 960  
 Also he had moche wonder  
 To se of Ryches so grette plente,  
 And no man on lyfe butte he.  
 Forthe thorowe þe halle walked he 964  
 The palys wyth-In forþe for to See.  
 When he was þorowe þe halle gon,  
 He sawe be-fore hym ryghte a-non  
 A towre of marbelle ryghte fayre þer stode ; 968  
 The yates of Iron were fulle goode.  
 Vpon the towre then loked he.  
 "O lorde," he sayde, "what may thys be ?"  
 Styll he stode, *and* hyt be-helde, 972  
 In what wyse hyt was bylde.  
 Then was hyt a castelle stronge.  
 A-bowte þe walle fulle brode *and* longe  
 A dyche þer was of water clere. 976  
 The brygge there-ouer was fulle nere  
 An e ffote, I trowe, of lenghe ;

955. maner deynthe gives a better reading.



Hyt wolle be drawe <i>wyth</i> lytelle strenghte.		
The fayre towne he sawe a-ffore	980	
Hys grette bewte had I-lore.		
Thys place was wonder fayre to se.		
Than þoʒte thys chylde Partonope		
þys place shulde be goode Resone	984	
Be chyffe palys of the towne.		
And to hym-selfe sayde he :		he decides
“Whatte [ys] ther-In I shalle se.”		on con-
In atte the gate he made a loppe ;	988	tinuing his
Thys was the sotie, hyt [was] wyde ope,		way.
Hys herte waxe lyghte as leffe on lynde,		The gate
For he supposeth ther-In to fynde		was open
Men I-nowe hym to dysporte,	992	
And <i>wyth</i> mete hym to comforte.		
In-to the halle vp wente he,	[leaf 13]	and Parto-
A ryghte goode fyre <i>þer</i> myghte he see.		nope enters
The halle also fulle ryally	996	the hall.
Wythe golden clopes <i>and</i> attaby		
Was hongyd fulle welle, wyth-owten dowte,		
Off ryghte grette heyghte rownde a-bowte.		
Off o þynge meruelyd grettely he :	1000	
Man ne chylde cowde he non see.		
He sawe <i>þer</i> laye boþe clope <i>and</i> borde,*		The tables
þoʒe hyt had ben a-fore a lorde,		were spread.
That sethe þe tyme þat he was borne	1004	
So fayre sawe he neuer be-fforne.		
Than þoʒte þys chylde : “What may þys be ?		
Thys ys deuyllys werke,” seyde he.		
And as he stode þus in thys thoghte,	1008	
A-none be-fore hym were I-broghte		
A peyre of bassennys fayre I-curyd,		Invisible
Off ffyne golde ryghte welle pured.		hands bring
Alle thys be-helde Partonope.	1012	him basins
Vn-to hym-selfe þys sayde he :		to wash.
“These bassennys curyd þat I see,		
For sotie be resone þynketh me		
Ther-of to wasshe hyt arne broghte.”	1016	

1002. *MS.* brede.1004. *MS.* possibly sethen.

And to wasshe was he be-thoghte.\*  
 He wassheð hys hondes ryghte a-none.  
 To soper þoʒte he for to gone,  
 As he þat was for very hunger 1020  
 Loste, for sothe, hyt was no wonder.  
 Whan he hys hondes wa-she hadde,  
 He sawe no wyghte þat ones hym bade  
 To soper sytte in no place. 1024  
 þen thoʒte he, be Goddys grace,  
 To soper sytte þen he wolde.  
 A-none hym-selfe wyth herte bolde  
 A-myddes þe benchē downe he sette. 1028  
 The borde\* a-none, wyth-owte lette,  
 Be-fore hym lay ryghte weð a-rayed.  
 Off pys syghte he was dysmayed  
 So ryalle seruyse for to see, 1032  
 And no man on lyfe þer butte he.  
 Ryghte a-none, when he was sette,  
 Mete grette plente þer was fette.  
 Torches be-fore þe mete In come, 1036  
 Off lyghte ther was full mykel\* wone.  
 Torches of broche by-fore\* hym stode, [leaf 13, back]  
 Cuppys of golde wyth wyne fulle goode,  
 For sothe hym to yete ryghte welle. 1040  
 Butte yette he was a-feide sum delle.  
 A-bowte þe halle faste loked he,  
 On grette mervayle he myghte see :  
 He sawe þe bordes in þe halle, 1044  
 Welle I-coveryð bothe grette and smale ;  
 Fulle of mete stode every borde.  
 But thorowe þe halle ther was no worde,  
 For man ne woman sawe he none 1048  
 In þe place but he allone.  
 Butte neuer the later, so seythe þe boke,  
 To hys mete fresshly he toke ;  
 And for sothe hyt ys no wonder, 1052  
 For þer-to droffe hym very hunger.  
 And when he had yete ryghte welle,

Partonope  
 sits down  
 to table.

No word  
 is spoken.

1017. be] MS. bo.  
 1037. MS. myker.

1029. MS. borne.  
 1038. fore written twice.

Fayne wolde he haue dronke <i>hys</i> fylle.		
Alle-thoze he had grette thruste,	1056	Partonope is afraid of drinking.
For sothe drynke he ne druste :		
For in drynke, he seyde, he resone		
Myghte welle be herberowed <sup>l</sup> poysons.		
For alle <i>pat</i> he sawe <i>wyth</i> hys eye,	1060	
Hym <i>pozte</i> hyt was but fantasye.		
Cuppys of golde be-fore hym stode		
<i>Wyth</i> dyuerse wyne, <i>and pat</i> fulle goode,		
And <i>wyth pat</i> weH to drynke for sope hym luste,	1064	
For he was Inly sore a-thruste.		
A-pon <sup>l</sup> <i>pe</i> ryghte syde of <i>pe</i> dese		
He sawe serued <sup>l</sup> a ryalle messe,		
As thoze a quene <i>per</i> had bene ;	1068	
And <i>pat</i> was ryghte weH a-sene,		
For hyt was seruyd <sup>l</sup> in hey deuysel		
<i>Wyth</i> metes and drynkes in dyuerse wyse.		
Partonope <i>hyt</i> faste can <sup>l</sup> be-holde,	1072	
He sawe <i>pe</i> vesseH were aH of golde.		
A-monges <i>pes</i> vesseH he sawe wyne stode		
In a rýche cuppe <i>pat</i> was fulle goode.		
Thys cuppe was of safer ffyne,	1076	but at last overcomes his fear.
Hyte moste nedes showe weH wyne.		
<i>pe</i> couache was of Rube redde,		
Thys chylde <i>per</i> -of toke grette hede.		
<i>Wyth</i> -In hym-selfe he gan <sup>l</sup> to pynke	1080	
Off <i>pat</i> cuppe he wolde drynke.		
Ther-to <i>pozte</i> hym he had a skylle,		
For the ssafer for sothe ne wylle		
Suffer in hym no poysons to a-byde.	[leaf 14] 1084	
“ For sope,” he thohte, “ what euer me tyde		
Ther-of I wolde drynke a draghte.”		
And <i>wyth</i> hys honde <i>pe</i> cuppe he rawghte.		
To hys mowthe he gan <sup>l</sup> <i>hyt</i> sette,	1088	
Hym <i>pozte</i> <i>pey</i> were ryghte weH I-mette.		
There he dranke wyne fuH goode,		
Hym <i>pozte</i> <i>hyt</i> comforte welle <i>hys</i> blode.		

1061. MS. *santasye* (long s).1074. n crossed out after *pes* ; stode written above stonde, which is crossed out.

And when he had dronke *pys* drawghte, 1092  
 To hys mete ffreshely he rawghte,  
 And to hym goode comforte toke,  
 Thys seyethe my auctor, þe ffrenshe boke.  
 Sytþe he had dronke of *pys* cuppe, 1096  
 He þoʒte he myghte þe Safer sowpe ;  
 For thys was *hys* Opynton,  
 That cuppe wolde holde no poyson.  
 And he sowpethe alle in ese, 1100  
 And maketh hym-selfe welle at ese.  
 When he had so sowped all *hys* wyll,  
 And of þe cuppe dronke hys ffylle,  
 Than hym luste no more to sowpe. 1104  
 Vppe gope þe mete and eke þe cuppe,  
 The clothe vp-drawe, þe towaye layde.  
 A-non ryghte in a lytelle brayde  
 He wasshe hys hondes, *and* vppe he stode. 1108  
 Than gan chaunge alle hys blode,  
 He loked a-bowte, he myghte þer see  
 Off torches and lyghte grette plente,  
 Butte man on lyfe sawe he none. 1112  
 "Lorde," sayde he, " what may I done ?  
 I not," he sayde, " what me ys beste.  
 But he þat made bothe Este *and* weste,  
 Safe me, yeff hyt be hys wyll, 1116  
 In thys myschyffe þat I ne spyll."  
 And when he had all *pys* I-þoʒte,  
 " Be Gode," he sayde, " þat me hath wroʒte,  
 I wolde as ny as euer I can 1120  
 Take herte to me, and be a man.  
 And what so euer me be-tyde,  
 Whyther so þat thys lyghte me gyde,  
 After I wolde, what euer be beste, 1124  
 For sone ys tyme to go to reste."  
 And so after wyth-In a lyteff whyle,  
 I trowe þe mowntans of a myle,  
 To chamber the torches toke þe waye. 1128  
 Than thoʒte the chyld : " Now, by my ffaye, [leaf 11, bk.]

The tables  
are cleared.

Torches  
show him  
the way to  
a bed-room.

1096. MS. possibly sythen. 1097. ss crossed out before Safer.

1128. thorches crossed out before torches.

Folowe I wolle, what so be-tyde.  
 Gode of heuen, be nowe my gyde!"  
 When he was come in-to þe chamber, 1132  
 The walles were as bryghte as ambere.  
 A beel þer-In ther henge fulle ffyne,  
 Hyt was honged be goode engyne.  
 The Couertowre was of Ermone goode. 1136  
 Thys chylde be-helde, and styлле stode,  
 And sayde: "Lorde, what may thys be?"  
 And faste a-bowte he gan to See.  
 He blessyd hym thryes w<sup>yth</sup> goode entente. 1140  
 þen sayde he: "Lorde Omnipotente,  
 þat haste me saued alle thys waye,  
 Be nowe my helpe, lorde, I þe praye;  
 For I wot neuer what to do, 1144  
 Yeffe thy *grace* go nowe me ffro."  
 He gan fulle faste loke a-bowte,  
 Howe he myghte do he had grette dowte.  
 Then In þe chymneye he sawe a ffyre, 1148  
 And to þe ffyre he drewe hym nere,  
 þe ryall fyre and þe bed he gan be-holde,  
 Clopes he sawe fulle mony a ffolde  
 Off golde fulle ryche, hyt ys no drede. 1152  
 The grette ryche[s] ys nowe no nede  
 Me to denyse, ne hyt to telle,  
 Hyt were full longe for me to dwelle.  
 Owte of þe chamber þe lyghte forth yede, 1156  
 Then gan þys chylde haue myke drede,  
 And þohte: "Allas, what may I do,  
 Nowe þys lyghte ys gonne me fro?"  
 A Shete of raynes full fayre I-sprade 1160  
 Vppon a forme ryghte by þe bedde  
 He sawe, and downe þer-on hym sette,  
 And þohte he wolde w<sup>yth</sup>-owte lette  
 Make hym redy. What shulde he do? 1164  
 He þohte he wolde to bedde go.  
 Hys Spores a-none were of I-take,  
 No lenger þohte he for to wake.  
 Off gowne, of hosen, of gon hys shone; 1168  
 In-to þe bedde he yede a-none;

The torches  
disappear.

Partonope  
goes to bed.

The room becomes dark.	þe cloþes to hym fulle softe he drowe, I trowe of fere he had I-nowe, For þen he sawe þe chamber aH derke, He þoʒte thys was a wonder werke. For fere he dryste not ryghte weH slepe, He was In better poynte to wepe.	1172
	Thys lay he styлле aH in a traunse ; He was a-ferde of some myschaunse Shulde hym be-falle or hyt was daye.	1176
	And as he was In thys a-ffraye, And hys herte fulle nere quappynge, In þe flore he herde comynge	1180
	A þynge fulle softly what euer hyt were, Where-off fully he gan to fere. Mernayle he had what hyt myghte be.	1184
	“Allas þe tyme,” then sayde he, “That euer I was of woman bore, For welle I wotte I am butte lore.” Vnder þe cloþys he can hym hyde, And drow hym to þe beddys syde, Weny[n]g hyt had ben sum euylle þynge That he herde in þe flore comynge.	1188
A lady joins him in the bed.	And þen hyt was, wyth-owten drede, A yonge mayde, ho so luste to rede The story in frenshe, þer shalle he se She was a laydy of grette degre, That homely to hyr owne bedde come. And wyth hyr hondes vppe she nome The cloþys alle, and In dyd crepe, For þer she wolde, she þoʒte, slepe.	1192
	Whether she were fayre or ellys no, Nere þe chyld she dressyd here tho. Stylle sho lay, and no-þynge sayde, A grette whyle after þat she was layde ; For she ne herde ne felte no-þynge	1200
	Off Partonope þat was so yenge, Fulle stylle he lay and durste not stere, Hys herte was so fulle of flere, For he ne wyste what þynge hyt was.	1204
	Me þynkethe he stode in a wonder case :	1208
Both lie still.		

[leaf 15]

In bedde they be thes to yonge,  
 They neyther to other sayde no-pynge.  
 The toñ dar not for very fere,  
 þe tother for shame can no chere.  
 A-shamed she ys for wommanhede,  
 Thynkenge þat she hape in here bedde  
 A lusty man, and she I-wys [leaf 15, back] 1216  
 Wettynge welle a mayde she ys,  
 Here maydenhode so yonge for to lese,  
 Supposyng welle she may not chese,  
 As she þat had in sochie plyghte 1220  
 Here-selie broghte ; for alle here delyte  
 And aH here plesaunce was hym to haue  
 To here husbande, and so to saue  
 Here worshyppe ; for fully þys was her pozte. 1224  
 Off alle þe worlde no-pynge she Roghte,  
 Off kyn, ne ffrynde, ne creature,  
 Bat pynkyng howe sho myghte endure  
 Euer of hym to haue plesauns ; 1228  
 For she wythi-owten varyauns  
 Purposyd euer to ben hys.  
 What say ye loueres, was lyt not thys  
 A gentylle herte of here þys was, 1232  
 Off lyghte borne, and in suchie case  
 Had brozte here-selie in blame and balawnce,  
 That here honowre lay in suchie chaumse ?  
 But here-after she fownde hym vntrewe. 1236  
 Alle here lyffe she myghte welle rewe  
 Vppon hyr-selie, and echie man haue rowthe,  
 That euer so fayre on for here trowþe  
 Falssely shulde deseyued be 1240  
 Off here lofe in eny degre.  
 Butte atte þys tyme I wolle no more  
 Speke of þys mater, ne trete be-fore  
 Off parellys after þat may be-falle. 1244  
 But to þat\* lady I clepe and calle  
 That Venus ys called, goddas of lone,  
 þat in heuen sytteste a-boue,

The Trans-  
 lator's, or an  
 Interpola-  
 tor's, re-  
 flections  
 on the  
 situation.

1231. On margin of MS. in the same hand : notatur.

1245. MS. adds day before lady.

The lady is  
afraid that  
the guest  
should think  
her too  
forward.

Partonope  
fears the  
devil is at  
work.

Brynge þys lady to here desyre,	1248
þat haste so sore sette on ffyre	
In here serues þys her trowbeH herte,	
þat she here-after fele no smerte	
For here trowpe, ne for here kyndenes.	1252
Alle nyghte þus In grette dystresse	
Lyethe þys goodely lady ffre.	
For alle þys worlde not not she	
In what wyse she myghte beste	1256
Be acquontede wyth here geste,	
Wyth here loue þat was so dere.	
Ofte þerfore she chawngeth chere,	
And In here-selfe thynkethe thys :	1260
“ Yeffe I make hym chere, I-wysse,	[leaf 16]
I am a-ferde leste he wolle wene,	
And here-efter of me deme	
Other-wyse þen godely were,	1264
Thys ys alle my moste ffre,	
And falle here-after in lelosye,	
And parauenture þynke þat I	
Off a-nother wolle be wonne	1268
As lyghtely, and þen were be-gonne	
An endeles sorowe for euer-moo,	
Then were my Ioye for euer goo.”	
Thus laye þys lady arguynge	1272
In here-selfe and sore fferynge,	
Prayinge Gode of hys grace	
To be here conselle In þys case.	
Thus caste she perellys, and In grette fere	1276
Lyethe alle nyghte, and I dar swere	
On the toder syde Partonope	
Ys so a-ferde þat trewly he	
Wenethe fully for to be dedde.	1280
He can nō concelle ne no redde,	
But lyethe as styлле as any stone.	
He not to home to make hys mone,	
But wenythe hyt were Illusione	1284

1251. *he crossed out before fele.*

1264. *of me seems to be crossed out before þen.*

1273. *sore] e (or u) corrected from some other letter.*



- Off þe deuylle *and* of conivrysone,  
 Dar he not speke In no wyse.  
 Lette se nowe ho can beste deuysel  
 þes tweyne to make a-quentyck to be. 1288  
 For sothe I dar welle seye þat she  
 For shamefaste dar noȝte saye,  
 The toder weneth for to dye.  
 Off alle þys fere make we a fyne. 1292  
 þe ffrenshe boke fulle welle In Ryme  
 Telleth hȝt shortely, *and* noȝte in prose.  
 Therfore fully I me-purpose  
 After myn auctor to make an ende. 1296  
 Thy[s] fayre lady þat was so hende, The lady  
happens  
to touch  
Partonope.  
 Streyghte forþe here legge, *and* happed to flele,  
 Trewly þe ffrenshe boke seyeth þe hele  
 Off þys wofulle Partonope. 1300  
 "Owte! alas þen!" sayde [s]he, She orders  
him angrily  
to leave the  
bed.  
 And In a maner gan to crye,  
 For sothe I wolle not lye,  
 Myne auctor seyeth hȝt was not lowde. 1304  
 Hyt semeþ welle for soþe she cowde [leaf 16, back]  
 Mykelle goode, *and* þerfore she  
 Spake fulle softe, for þer shulde be  
 No grette a-ffray, ne no sterynge. 1308  
 She þoȝte þys mater In to brynge  
 That here worshyppe sauyþ were,  
 For þat euer was here moste ffere.  
 As In anger tho she sayde thys : 1312  
 "Owte of my bedde, thow mester man,  
 Hye þe faste, *and* þat a-none!  
 Hoo may þou be? what doste þou here?  
 Hyt were better for þe þou were 1316  
 An hunderþ thowsande myle henne.  
 For and hȝt were wyste of my men,  
 Thowe sholde not skape, þou shuldeste be dedde.  
 Hey þe faste owte of my bedde. 1320  
 For and I crey *and* make a-ffray,  
 Or yeffe þou ly styлле tylle hȝt be daye,  
 Haddeste thowe an honderde mennes lyves,

1317. MS. *scarcely* thowsonde.

	Thowe shuldeste ben alle to-hewe <i>wyth</i> knyves.	1324
	Hey þe faste þat þou were hennes!	
	Ey mayde Mary! of what contre or whennes	
	Arte þou come so boldely	
She is the Queen of the country.	In-to thys contre? I telle þe I	1328
	Am quene <i>and</i> lady of þys lond.	
	How dorste þou euer take on þe honde	
	In-to bedde onus thy ffote to sette	
	<i>Wyth</i> -owte my leve? Fulle euell mette	1332
	Shalte þou be or to-morowe nonne;	
	For þou shalte se þan fulle sone	
	Thowe shalte <i>wyth</i> ffeterys be harde knytte,	
	And depe prow downe In-to a pytte,	1336
	Where þou shalte neuer þy hondes see	
	As longe on lyve as þow shalte be.	
	Allas, alas! betrayed I am	
	Of a comelynge straunge, a stronge man.”	1340
Partonope hopes to obtain the lady's favour.	Thys yonge man, þys Partonope,	
	A-ffrayde he was, but yet was he	
	Comforted weh in oo þynge.	
	He wyste welle, <i>wyth</i> -owte lesynge	1344
	Hyt was ne deuell ne no ffynde	
	For he herde her haue in mynde	
	Crystes moder, the mayden Mary.	(leaf 17)
	And he þat worde he gan a-spy	1348
	Hyt was a woman, what euer she were,	
	But of o thyng he was to lere	
	Whether she were wydo, mayden, or wyffe.	
	But glade was he þat of hys lyffe	1352
	He howpeth fully to be in swerte,	
	For he wyste welle syker þat she	
	Was of so hye kynrede borne,	
	Alle-po she haþ spoke be-florne	1356
	Wordes of malys <i>and</i> cruelte,	
	Yette fully trusteth <i>and</i> howpeth he	
	That he shalle haue of hyr fulle grace.	
	And <i>per-wyth</i> -alle he pynketh to embrace	1360
	Thys ffayre lady in hys armes too.	
	Then he be-thohte hym, <i>and</i> I do soo,	
	I notte <i>per</i> -of what harme myghte falle.	

And ryghte a-non þer-wyȝth-alle	1364	He relates his adven- ture,
He gaid to Syghe fulle pytuosly:		
“Medame,” he sayde, “I axe mercy		
Off yow þat arne so mercyable,		
For I wolle make to yow no ffabelle,	1368	
Butte telle yow playnely my desece,		
In howpe yowre wrathe to a-pese		
And stoppe alle yowre malencoly.		
Thys ys þe sope, medame, þat I	1372	
Happed to chase a wylde beste		
Yender in Arderne, þat huge foreste.		
A bore hyt was, I wolle not ly,		
After hym so faste I ganne to hy,	1376	
Tylle derke nyghte felle vppon me;		
And þen I myghte no lenger see		
Thys wylde borre forth to chase.		
And þen I poȝte to chese a place	1380	
Where-In þat I myghte be		
Herberowed; an hy vppon a tre		
I me sette for very fiere,		
For I sawe alle a-bowte me where	1384	
Wylde bestes fulle þyke layen.		
I was fulle Sore a-ferde to dyen		
Alle þat nyghte, tylle hyt was daye.		
And In þe mornynge for sope I saye	[leaf 17, back] 1388	
A shyppe rydynge in þe see.		
Thyder poȝte to lye me,		
And [when] I to þe shyppe kame,		
Off þe fayrenes grette kepe I name,	1392	
And þer I howped refresshyd to be.		
Theder-In perfore I hyed me		
Wyȝth myne hakeney in my honde.		
And þus, medame, in-to thys londe	1396	and how he has come to the country
I am come and in-to þys cyte,		
Where-of ye clayme lady to be,		
And in-to bedde wyȝth-owten leve.		
Ther-fore I pray yowe noȝte to greue.	1400	
For alle þys day in þe towne		
I haue go both vppe and downe.		

1382. any *crossed out before* an.

Man) ne chylde cowde I non) see;  
 And þus my-selfe I herborowed me; 1404  
 Where-fore, my lady, mercy I cry.  
 For truly, medame, þoze I shulde dy,  
 And I shulde departe yowe fro,  
 I notte to home ne wheder to go. 1408  
 I knowe no cuntre fer ne nere,  
 And þus I am yowre presonere.  
 Blessyd be fortune þat wyth hys whele  
 Hath alle my sorowe turned to wele, 1412  
 For þer I wende wyth wylde beste  
 Haue be denowred in yon) fforeste,  
 Hape me sende in-to yowre honde,  
 þat arne chyffe lady of alle þys londe, 1416  
 To be my lady and my gyde.  
 What euer ye wolle þat me be-tyde,  
 I wolle þe same. what euer hyt be,  
 My dere lady, haue mercy on) me." 1420  
 "Sir," sayde þys lady, "I haue not to do  
 Off þyne ese ne of þyne woo,  
 Butte faste I bydde þe hey þe henne.  
 For wytte ryghte weH þat I haue men) 1424  
 þat wolle a-rye the fulle Ile,  
 And þer-fore wyth þy goode wyll  
 I conselle þe faste hens to gone.  
 Wette ryghte welle I am not allone." 1428  
 "MAdame," he sayde, "hyt ys no skylle.  
 Ne resone neyþer, but by yowre wyll, leaf 18  
 That euer I shulde here he[r]borowde be,  
 Saue onely porowe yowre benygnyte 1432  
 And yowre gracijs homanhede,  
 Where-of I truste ye wolle take hede."  
 "Syr, hyt nedythe no man) yowe teche  
 Off fantasy ne of flayre speche." 1436  
 Sayde thys lady. "I fele ryghte welle,  
 Butte alle þys helpeth þe neuer a delle,  
 For þoze þowe were as worthy a knyghte  
 As euer was moste worthy, be nyghte 1440  
 I haue knyghtes faste me be-syde

1436. s crossed out before of.

The lady  
repeats her  
command.

Partonope  
asks her  
permission  
to stay.

She  
threatens  
him.

- That shulle a-bate alle thy pryde.”  
 “MAdame,” sayde Partonope,  
 “Gode for-bede *pat* euer shulde be 1444 Partonope  
insists on  
staying.  
 In me founde suche a-vyse,  
 Ye myghte welle saye I were to nyse,  
 Yowe to showen dysdayne or pryde.  
 For I wol neuer be but glade to a-byde 1448  
 And stonde to yowre ordynaunce,  
 And what euer so be my happe or chawnce,  
 þoze yowre knyghtes shulde me slene,  
 I wolle no ferther, I may not fleue. 1452  
 I say for me I wolle not ryse.  
 I can not þynke In what wyse  
 I myghte owte of *pys* chamber passe.  
 I putte me holy in yowre grace.” 1456  
 “Syr,” she sayde, “ryse vppe a-none,  
 And I my-selfe wol wyth þe gone,  
 And to þe dore I wolle þe lede.  
 Thy[s] ys my conselle *and* my rede. 1460  
 Yeffe of my conselle ye geffe no forse,  
 To-morowe ye shulle wyth wyld horse  
 Be alle to-drawe as sone as daye,  
 Thys ys fulle sothþe, wyth-owten nay.” 1464  
 “MEdame,” he sayde, “truly,  
 I may not go, I am so wery,  
 Ther-fore yowre mercy euer I crye.  
 And yeff so be *pat* I shalle dye, 1468  
 And wyth my detþe I may yowe plese,  
 Thys ys to me a ryghte grette ese.  
 For yeff ye wol I drawe be  
 Wyth hors and hongeþ on a tre, 1472  
 Rather þen we de-parte a-twyñ, [leaf 18, back]  
 I geffe yowe lefe wyth-owte syn  
 Thys to sle me, so Gode me saue,  
 Reeke I not yowre mercy to haue.” 1476  
 Thys yonge man, thys Partonope,  
 What more to sey wotte not he  
 But suffer hys payne pacyently,  
 In truste, in howpe to haue her mercy. 1480  
 1419. to yowre *crossed out before* stonde.

The lady  
orders him  
once more  
to rise.

Partonope  
refuses

The lady  
takes pity  
on him.

He syked softly, he lyethe fulle styлле,  
 'As he þat dar not say owte hys wyлле.  
 When thys lady þys sykyng herde,  
 Here herte wyth-in her body fferde 1484  
 Lyke as þe leffe dothe on a tre,  
 When hyt ys blowe, as þou may see,  
 Wyth hydowesse wynde *and* tempaste grette.  
 Here body was colde, yette dyd she swete; 1488  
 Hyt semed as þowe hyt had be  
 Travelyd wyth þat in-ffyrmyte  
 That flefer ys cleped, or else þe agwe.  
 She gan her repente *and* also rewe 1492  
 Off thys desese þat sho had do  
 To þe chylde; sho þohte also  
 He was but yonge *and* tender of age.  
 Borne *and* broghte forþe of heye parage. 1496  
 "Allas," she þohte, "þe ylke nyghte *and* whyle  
 þat euer I shulde hym so fowle revyle,  
 As þowe he were of no degre."  
 In here herte she gan to haue pyte. 1500  
 Faste vppon hym þe mastery take,  
 Sho þohte fully a-mendes to make.  
 And wyth þat she be-gan to wepe;  
 The ters ranne downe by here cheke. 1504  
 Sho sobbed, she syked petuesly,  
 Sho porposed her to aske mercy  
 Off hym þat fayne wolde mercy haue.  
 Nowe me pyneketh, so Gode me saue, 1508  
 Sho owte of very homanhede  
 Off hys desese to take grette hede.  
 And so sho dyd, þys ys no naye;  
 For also syker as any daye, 1512  
 Ther ys in erthe no-þyng \* so kynde  
 As be þys wymmen, ther as þey fynde  
 Here serwandes trewe and stydfaste. (leaf 19)  
 Ther-fore þys lady at the laste 1516  
 þohte fulle on hym to haue pyte.

1506. s crossed out after to.

1513. MS. þyng.

She haþe loste here wordes of cruelte,  
 And sykethe *and* wepyth tenderlye.  
 And þen a-none fulle softlye, 1520  
 Ther as sho fryste to hym warde laye,  
 On here ryghte syde, þys ys no naye,  
 Fro hym sho turned to þe lyfte syde.  
 So nye hym sho þohte sho nolde not abyde. 1524  
 And þus sho lyethe as styлле as a stonne.  
 Then þohte þys chyld: "What shalle I done?  
 Sho ys turneð a-way fro me.  
 I wolle here folowe, what euer Sho be." 1528  
 Fro hym he putte forthie hys honde.  
 He soghte faste, tylle þat he fonde  
 Thys yonge lady, I yowe ensewre.  
 But suchie a-nother creature 1532  
 He ffehte neuer of flesche *and* bonne,  
 And nere þys lady he gan to gonne.  
 Ouer here hys arme he gan to laye,  
 Thys ys soþe as I yowe saye. 1536  
 So softe, so elene she was to fele  
 þat where he was he wyste not welle.  
 Plesaunee had hym ouer-come  
 þat aH hys wyttes were fro hym nome. 1540  
 Whan þys lady hys honde can fele,  
 Whatte to done sho wotte not welle;  
 But ferssely hys honde sho put a-gayne,  
 Turneð her to hym warde, *and* sayde: "Lette þen! 1544  
 Be warre," sho sayde, "whatte wol ye do?"  
 Thys chylde no-þyng durste say þer-to  
 For very shame, but styлле he laye  
 Ney alle þe nyghte tylle on þe daye. 1548  
 Thys laye þey styлле be on a-corde,  
 He durste not speke for alle þe worlde.  
 Thys lay þey styлле, tylle at þe laste  
 After hys lady he gan to graspe 1552  
 Wyth hys honde fuH cowardely.  
 And forth wyth-aH fuH faste bye  
 Thys ffayre lady he can hym laye. [leaf 19, back]

Partonop  
approaches  
her.

He embraces  
the lady.

For shame he durste no worde seye 1556  
 Tylle longe *and* late, and atte pe laste  
 Hys arme ffreshely he ouer her caste,  
 And she hyt suffered pasyentlye.  
 Than sayde sho to hym full mekely : 1560  
 " For pe lone of Gode, I praye yowe lette be."  
 And *wyth* þat worde a-none ganne he  
 In hys armes her faste to hym brase.  
 And fulle softly þen sho sayde : " Allas ! " 1564  
 And her legges sho gan to knytte,  
 And *wyth* hys knees he gan hem on-shote.  
 And *per-wyth*-aH she sayde : " Syr, mercy ! "  
 He wolde not lefe ne be *per*-by ; 1568  
 For of her wordes toke he no hede ;  
 But þys a-way her maydenhede  
 Hape he þen rafte, *and* geffe her hys.  
 Thus Entergamynyd they I-wys. 1572  
 Suche game a-fore he neuer a-sayde.  
 Thys yonge lady was alle dysmayde  
 Off her-selfe, for trewly she  
 In suche a plyzte had neuer erste be.\* 1576  
 Thus hape she sufferyd, sho seyeth ryzte nozte,  
 Butte lyethe fulle styлле alle in a thozte,  
 Tylle atte pe laste, *wyth* voyse full basse,  
 Twyes she sayde : " Allas, allas, 1580  
 That I am sore *and* also wery !  
 For, syr, I telle yowe truly,  
 Had I had strenghte or ells myghte,  
 I dar welle say In aH þys flyghte 1584  
 Ye shulde not haue had þat now ye haue.  
 But welle I wotte, so Gode me safe,  
 Myne a-mendes ys aH I-made."  
 And *wyth* þat worde she wox aH saddle, 1588  
 And tenderly she gan to wepe.  
 " My sorowe," sho sayde, " ys not to seke."  
 þat worde herde Partonope.  
 " My dere herte," þen sayde he, 1592  
 " Be not heuy, ne be not wrotlie,  
 For I wolle make to yow an wotlie,

Shes  
sich.

as I begin  
to weep.

Partonope  
comforts  
her.



As sore as eu<sup>er</sup> ye wolle me charge,  
þoze I were ryghte nowe at large, 1596  
As I am yowre prisonere,  
I wolle be bothe ferre *and* nere

at your

Off mony a semely manne they me tolde,           [leaf 20]  
Off knyghtes þat were in batayle full bolde,                 1600  
Off mony on fulle of gentylnes.

[leaf 20]

Butte for to speke of more or lesse,  
They that in Fraunce haue be,  
Toke grette hede in enery degre  
Wychie beste shulde be for my prowre.

The envoys  
sent to  
France  
had seen  
Partonope,

Than had they moste Joye of yowe.  
 þey tolde me they had fownde  
 A man, to seeke þe worlde so rownde,

1608

Suche a-nother myghte nonne be  
Fownde ther-In in alle degre.

Semely he was *and* also younge,  
And cosyn he was vn-to þe kynge, 1612

Broughte forþe *and* borne of hey degre.

Hys name [they sayde] ys Partonoje. and praised  
him so much,

Off yowe they tolde so grette goodnesse,  
Off hey bewte so grette noblesse, 1616

Of curtesy so grette abundans,  
þat þorowe alle þe remme of Fraunce

Off gentylnes ye here þe pryse,  
As off yowre age also ryghte wyse. 1620

1598. *Catch-word* At youre. *The restum ends here, the rest of the MS. is written on paper. One leaf, scarcely more, is lost in the middle. The Lady here makes herself known as Queen of Byzantium. As the Lords of the Empire wished her to marry, she had sent carous round all the world.*

1606. had? *crossed out before* had.

1620. *As*] *MS.* a kind of inverted short s, somewhat like a d. It may have been meant for as or and.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

2 A man, To seeke the worlde Rounde,  
Swiche a-nother myght none be 1609  
Founde as he was in alle degree.  
Semely he was and also ying, [leaf 1]  
And cosyu) nygh vn-to the kyng, 1612  
Brought forthe and brone of the ying degree.  
Hys name they sayde ys Partanope.

Of yow tolde so grete goodenesse,  
So hygh beaute, so mocheH nobylnesse,  
Of curtesy so grete habundaunce, 1617  
That thurgh-oute alle the Rewme of  
    Fraunce  
Of gentylnesse ye beryth the pryse,  
And as of yong age also Ryght wys.

that she at once fell in love with him,	Thys was proclaymed þe hey renouwne	
	Off yowre manhode þorowe euery towne.	
	Of yowre hey worshyppe when I hyt herde,	
	Trewly, my Ioye, myn herte fferde	1624
	As [thoʒe] hyt hadde ffully be	
	For euer rauesshyt [away] fro me.	
	And gode of loue þer-wyth a-none	
	So sharply shotte hys fyre flone	1628
	Thorowte myne ere in-to myne herte	
	þat In no wyse I myghte a-sterete	
and deter- mined to go to France.	To yowe onely for to obeye me	
	To loue yowe beste in alle degre.	1632
	þen porposyt I me a-none	
	þat In-to Fraunce I wolde gon	
	To haue knowlage of yowre persone,	
	And thus my-selfe aH a-lone	1636
	Shope me for to passe þe see.	
	Wyth me þer were [but] maydenes iij.	
	And streyghte in-to Normande	[leaf 29, back]
	Ouer the see, not for to lye,	1640
She landed at Tresport.	I Sayled, and ryued atte a porte,	
	Wyche haue[n] [ys] I-named Tresporte.	
	Frome thens streyghte in-to Fraunce	
	I yede to see the Ordynaunce	1644
	Off þe kyng and of hys mayne.	
	And ther I sawe, my loue, howe ye	
	Were moste playinge wyth þe kyng.	
	Hyte semeð weH he louyð yowe a-bofe aH þynge :	1648

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Thus was proclaimed the hygh renown	To haue knowlech of your persone,	
Of youre manhode thurgh euery thown.	And thus my-self alle alone	1636
Of youre hye worship when I hit herde,	Shope me for to passe the See.	
Trewly, my Ioye, myn hert ferde	Wyth me were but mayndens thre,	
As thogh hit hadde ffully be	And streyght in-to Normandye	
For euer ravesshed a-way fro me.	Ouer the See, not for to lye.	1640
And god of love therwith a-none	I sayled, and Ryved at a porte,	
So sharply shotte hys fyry flone	Which haue[n] ys named Tresporte.	
Thurgh-oute myn Ere in-to my hert	From thennys streight in-to Fraunce	
That in no wyse I myght astert	I yede to see the ordynaunce	1644
But onely for to obey me	Of the kyng and of his meyne,	
To love yow best in alle degree.	And there I sawe, my love, how ye	
And than I purposid me a-none	<sup>1</sup> Were moost Plesyng with the kyng.	
That I wolde in-to Fraunce gone	Hyte semeð he loved yow a-boue alle thyng :	[ <sup>1</sup> leaf 1, back] 1648

Alle þat ye dyd was hys a-corde, Ye were be-louyd w <sup>yth</sup> alle þe worlde. There sawe I yowe ffyrste, my nowne Ioye. Heuy I was to departe yowe ffro. 1652 xv dayes I sogernyd ther; And þat tyme myne herte dyd lere A-boue alle other to loue yowe beste. And streyghte fro thens to þe fforeste 1656 Off Arderne þe kynge shope hym to come To chasse þe boore,* as he was wonne. Alle thys dyd I þorowe my crafte, Tylle I hadde yowe frome hym rafte. 1660 The boore I made so faste to ffle, For I wyste welle, my lone. þat ye W <sup>yth</sup> cruelle herte ye wolde hym chasse. And so ye dyd, tylle in suchie place 1664 He yowe broghte, tylle ye ne wyste Where þat ye were in þat fforeste. Thys borre aH day chased ye, Tylle nyghte ffylle on, ye myghte not se. 1668 And* on the morowe, when hyt was daye, I made yowe se a shyppe fulle gaye By an anker rydyng on the see. Alle þys was made by crafte of me. 1672 Thys crafte I dyd, yette more I can. In alle þys tyme sawe [me] no man, Ne noghte shalle vn-to þe daye þat I be weddyd, þys ys no naye. 1676	Through her witch-craft she made Partonope follow the boar.	She sent the enchanted ship,	herself being invisible all the time.
1658. boore] MS. dere.	1669. And] MS. Tylle.		

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

Alle that ye dyd was his a-corde. Ye were be-lovyd of alle the worlde. There see I yow first, myn owne Ioye. Hevy I was to departe fro yow away. Fyftene dayes I sojourned there; 1653 And in this tyme myn hert did bere A-boue alle other to love yow best. And streyght from thens to the forest Of Arden the kyng shope hym to come To chaace the Boore, as he was wonne. Alle this dyd I thurgh my crafte, Tylle I had yow from hym rafte. 1660 The Boore I made so fast flee, For wele I wyst, my love, that yee	Wyth cruett hert wolde hym chaace. And so ye dyd tylle in swche place He yow brought, tyl ye ne wyst 1665 Where that ye were in that forest. This boore alle day thus chased ye, Tylle nyght fyll on, ye myght not see. And in the morow, whan hit was day, I made yow see a Shipp full gay 1670 By Ankyr rydyng in the See. Alle this was made thorow crafte of me. Thys crafte dyd I, yet more I canne. Of alle this tyme say me no man, Ne not ne shaft in-to that day 1675 That I be weddyd, thys ys no nay.
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Where-fore, my loue, I yowe praye  
 That ye neuer here-after þynke ne saye  
 That I shulde euer to hasty bee [leaf 21] 1680  
 To loue lyghtely, in no degre,  
 To *parforme* any other hys plesyre.  
 Alle-thowe I suffer yowre desyre.  
 For when ye enteryd in-to thys cyte,  
 I had ordeyned, my loue, þat ye 1684  
 Shulde haue byn herberyd at yowre ese.  
 For alle þynge þat myghte yowe plesse,  
 As ferforthe as Gode sende me wytte,  
 I hadde fully ordeyned hyt 1688  
 In a palys fulle delectabelle—  
 Leuythe hyt weH, þys ys no ffabelle—  
 Ther I had ordayneð ye shulde haue be  
 Seruyd worchypfully for yowre degre, 1692  
 Tylle I had holde my parlemente,  
 And alle my lordes, be on a-sente,  
 Hadden fully a-corlette be  
 That ye shulde haue wedded me. 1696  
 And I þohte be on a-corde  
 Ye shulde haue be my souerayne lorde.  
 In-to a palys, þat ys large and wyde,  
 I sawe yowe enter, and þer-In a-byde 1700  
 Wolde ye notte; but In þe palys  
 þat pryncipalle was, a-pon þe deyse,  
 Homely ye sate, my nowne swete.

She had  
 made every-  
 thing ready  
 for him in  
 the city,

but he pro-  
 ceeded on  
 his way,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Where-fore, my love, I yow pray 1677  
 That neuer here-after ye thynk ne say  
 That I shulde euer to hasty be  
 To love lyghtly in any degre 1680  
 To parfourn now alle my desyre.  
 Therfore I suffer alle youre plesyre.  
 For whan ye entred in-to this Citee,  
 I had ordeynyd, my love, that ye  
 Shulde haue ben herbowred at youre  
 ease. [leaf 2] 1685  
 For alle thyng that myght yow please,  
 As ferforth as euer God sent me wytte,  
 I hadde fully ordeynyd hite 1688  
 In a paleys full delectable—  
 Leuyth weH this ys no fable—  
 That I had ordeynyd ye shulde haue be  
 Servyd worshipfully for youre degre,  
 Tylle I had holde my parlament, 1693  
 And alle my lordys, by one assent,  
 Hadde fully therto accorded be  
 That ye shulde haue weddyd me. 1696  
 And thus I though[t] by her accorde  
 Ye shulde haue ben my souerayn  
 lord.  
 In-to a paleys, that ys large and wyde,  
 I say yow entre, and theryn a-byde  
 Wolde ye not / but in the paleys, 1701  
 That principall was / there vpon the  
 days  
 Homely ye seeten, myn owne swete.

- There sawe I yowe bothe drynke *and* etc. 1704  
 And after þat, when þat ye luste,  
 To a chamber ye wente to haue yowre reste.  
 Ye spared not In-to my bedde  
 Homely to\* gonne, alle on-ledde. 1708 till at last she finds him in her bed.  
 On-ware of me I fynde yowe here.  
 Ryghte welcome be ye, my herte dere,  
 My hertes Ioy, myn<sup>d</sup> erthely make.  
 In euylle I pray yowe ye ne take 1712  
 Thoȝe I suffer<sup>r</sup> yowr<sup>r</sup> plesauns.  
 I se þat hyt ys the ordynauns  
 Off gode of loue, howe sore me smerte.  
 Hyt was me shape or then<sup>d</sup> my serke." 1716  
 "MI dere lady," sayde Partonope,  
 "By yowre wordes I fele þat ye  
 Haue byseed<sup>d</sup> yowe bothe ferre *and* nere  
 Off myne astate besely for to enquire. 1720 Partonope thanks the Lady for the welcome she has given him,  
 By yowre wordes I fele ryghte welle (leaf 21, back)  
 Ye knowe my conselle euery delle,  
 Wheder hyt haue ben wysdome o<sup>r</sup> foly.  
 Ther-fore wyth alle my herte nowe I 1724  
 Thanke yowe, my nowne herte dere,  
 Off thys plesauns þat I had here.  
 Where-fore I pray yow euer þat ye  
 Wolle þynke þat I shalle euer be 1728 and protests that he will always be faithful to her.  
 Trewe to yowe wyth-owten varyans,
1708. to] MS. ye. 1718. ~~a~~ crossed out before fele.  
 1724. MS. alle twice.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- There say I yow bothe drynk and etc.  
 And afterward, when ye lyst, 1705  
 To chambyr ye went to haue youre  
 Rest.  
 Ye spared not in-to my bedde  
 Homely to gone alle vnbeede, 1708  
 Vnware of me I fynde yow here.  
 Ryght welcome ye be, myn<sup>d</sup> hert dere,  
 Myn<sup>d</sup> hertys Ioye, myn<sup>d</sup> erthly make,  
 In euylle I pray yow that ye ne take  
 Though I suffre alle youre plesaunce,  
 Sythen I see hyt ys the ordynaunce  
 Off god of love, how sore I smert.  
 Hyt was me shape rather than my  
 shert." 1716
- "MY dere lady," sayde Partanope,  
 "By youre wordes I see that yee  
 Haue besyed yow bothe ferre *and* nere  
 Of myn<sup>d</sup> astate besyly to enquire. 1720  
 For by youre wordes I fele ryght wele  
 That ye know my gouernaun[c]e euery  
 dele,  
 Whether hyt hath be wisdom or ellys  
 foly, [leaf 2, back]  
 There-fore wyth alle myn<sup>d</sup> hert now I  
 Thank yow, myn<sup>d</sup> owne herte dere,  
 Of this plesaunce that I haue now here.  
 Where-fore thogh that euer ye  
 Wyll thynk that I shaft euer be 1728  
 Trew to yow wythouten varyaunce,

And euer-more gladde to do yowe plesauns  
 A-bofe alle other creature ;  
 Thys I am redy yowe to ensewre 1732  
 By othe or bonde, or in whatte wyse  
 Yowre gentylle herte can best deuyse.  
 Welle I wotte I am yowe dere,  
 Sethe ye haue chose me to be yowre ffere.\* 1736  
 Ne trewly I can not þynke þat ye  
 Wolle euer in any wyse be  
 Wonne lyghtely frome me in any wyse,  
 Suche thoȝte in me shalle neuer ryse. 1740  
 Ne In yowre herte lette no ffoly  
 Brynge to yowre mynde þat Ielosity  
 Shulde euer suche a master be  
 þat I shulde þynke, my lady, þat ye 1744  
 In yowre herte cowde be vntrewe,  
 Or lyghtely chaunge [me] for a newe.  
 For welles I wotte here be-fore  
 I haue draȝt Ielosity, butte [n]euer-more 1748  
 Efter thys day haue hym in mynde  
 þat fals traytore þat ofte reste vnkynde,  
 That loueres made vnstydfaste  
 Tylle here lones, tyll at þe laste 1752  
 Here grette lone was broghte to hate,  
 And after þat for euer debate.

1736. MS. sethe (or sethen) I haue chose yowe to be my ffere.

1746. Second chaunge crossed out.

1749. myn crossed out before mynde.

1752. loueres crossed out before lones.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And euer-more gladde to do yow ples- aunce	Bryng to youre mynde that Ielowsy Shall euer so ouer-maystry me
A-boue any erthly creature :	That I shulde thynk, my lady, that ye
This am I redy yow to ensue 1732	In youre hert coult be vntrew, 1745
By othe or bonde in what wyse	Or lyghtly chonge me for any new.
Youre gentyle hert best canne deuyse.	For welles I wote here be-fore
And welles I wote I am youre dere,	I haue dredde Ielowsy, but neuer-more
Syth ye haue chose me to youre feere,	After this day haue hym in mynde 1749
Ne trewly I canne not thynk that ye	That fals traytoure that ofte ys vnkynde.
Wolde euer in any wyse be 1738	Hath lovers made and vnstedfast
Wonne lyghtly in me in any wyse	To her loves, tylle at the last, 1752
Swyche thought fro me shall neuer a- ryse. 1740	There grete love was / hath brought in hate,
Ne in youre hert let no ffoly	And afterwarde euer-more a debate.

Partonope  
warns  
against  
jealousy.

And alle hys crafte ys but fals ymagynacion  
 Off þat was neuer put in exsecucione ; 1756  
 As ofte tyme a man shalle dreme a þynge  
 þat ys in-possibell, and yet in slepyng  
 He shalle wene hyt myghte be ryghte weH,  
 And þat hyt were as sope as þe gospelle. 1760  
 Thys case felle onus in thys same londe [leaf 22] An example  
 Off a man þat bare hys wyffe on honde of the effects  
 þat he was Cokoolde, and sho was to hym vntrewe, of jealousy.  
 For every day þat he wolde lone a newe. 1764  
 Yette cowde he neuer put þys þynge in preve.  
 þat he was cokoolde, hyt was hys fulle be-leve,  
 And euer hys wyffe wepte and sayde naye.  
 The sely woman was In grette affraye, 1768  
 And he so sore ymagened of þys thyng  
 That on a nyghte, as he lay slepyng,  
 Ielosity þozte he wolde make hym a-fferde.  
 He þozte he sawe hys ney3bore drawe owte hys swerde, 1772  
 And fulle hys scawbarte he þozte þat he pyssed.  
 When he had don, where he be-come he nyste.  
 Owte of hys slepe woddely he a-woke,  
 For-ferde of Ielosity aH hys body quoke. 1776  
 "Owte, allas !" sayde he, "þat I was boore !  
 Nowe hyt ys worse þen euer hyt was be-fore.  
 For welle I wotte be myne ymaginacion  
 The dede ys done and put in exsecucion. 1780  
 My dreme haþe showed me by expereauns  
 He þat pyssed he[re] in my presauns  
 In my scawharde, he haþe don þe dede."  
 And þus Ielosity haþe quytte þe fole hys mede. 1784  
 And þerfore putte Ielosity owte of mynde ;  
 For In þat case ye shalle me neuer ffynde,  
 þat euer mystrusty shalle I to yowe be.  
 And do þe same, whyle þat ye lyffe, to me ; 1788  
 And þen shalle owre hertes stonde in reste,  
 And eche of vs shalle welle oper truste.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And alle hys crafte ys but fals Imagi-  
 nacion  
 Of thyng that neuer was putt in exe-  
 cucion : 1756  
 As ofte tyme a man shaH dreme of  
 thyng  
 That is vnpossyble, and yett in slepyng  
 He shaH wene hyt myght be ryght wele,  
 And that hit were as sothe as gospell.  
 And ther-fore puttyth Ielowysy oute of  
 mynde : 1785  
 For in that caas ye shaH me neuer fynde  
 That euer mystrusty shaH I to yow be.  
 And do the same, whyle ye lyve, to  
 me ; [leaf 3]  
 And than shulde bothe oure hertys  
 stonde in rest. 1789  
 For eche of vs shaH other welle trest.

Partonope  
wishes to see  
the Lady,

But yff I yowe louyde, for soþe I were vnkynde.  
To do my plesauns euer redy I yowe ffynde. 1792  
Ther-to so softe, so fayre shape ye be,  
þat and hyt lyke yowe I myghte yowe onus see,  
Ye shulde þer-wyth do me so hey plesauns,  
Hyt shulde neuer passe owte of my remembrauns." 1796

but she can-  
not comply  
with his  
desire till  
one year and  
a half has  
passed.

"MI swete lone," sayde þys lady fre,  
"Ye shalle not fayle no nyghte to haue me  
Redy to parforme yowre hertes desyre.  
In kyssyng, in felynge, and in all þat may be pdesyre, 1800  
To yowe, my herte, I wolle euer redy be ;  
Safe onely syghte desyre þat noghte of me, [leaf 22, back]

In the mean-  
time he may  
have all  
kinds of  
pleasures.

Tylle tyme come, wyche ys neyder fer ne nere  
Butte too yere hem and euen halfe a yere. 1804  
Thys shalle to yowe be no hevy a-bydyng.  
Off me ye shalle haue playe, speche, and ffelynge,  
Howndes [and] hawkes ye shalle haue eke I-nowe,  
Mules and stedes also to bere yowe 1808  
Bothe in foreste and eke also In ryvere,  
Where euer ye luste, ferre or else nere.  
Clothes of sylke ye shalle haue goode and fyne,  
Fyshe and flesshe, goode bredde and eke goode wyne, 1812  
Fayre townes and castelles to heft In your hede,  
And euery nyghte a fayre\* and a softe bedde,

1807. MS. perhaps ek.

1814. MS. adds fyre after fayre.

#### Unic. Coll. MS.

But I yow loued, for sothe I were vn-  
kynde.  
To my plesaunce enyr redy I yow fynde.  
Therto so softe, so fayre shapte be ye,  
That and hit lykyd yow I myght yow  
onys see,  
Ye shulde do me therwith so hye ples-  
aunce,  
Hyt shulde neuer passe oute of my  
remembraunce." 1796  
"MY swete lone," sayde this lady  
free.  
"A nyghtys ye shulle redy haue me  
To parforme alle youre hertys desyre.  
In kyssyng, in feelyng at alle youre  
plesyre 1800  
To yow, my hert, I wyll euer redy be :  
Saue onely syght desyre ye not of me,  
Tylle tyme come, which ys nother  
ferre ne nere

But two yere henne and one half a  
yere, 1804  
This shaft to yow be none hevy a-  
bydyng.  
Of me ye shulle haue speche, play, and  
felyng.  
Howndys and hawkys ye shulle haue  
y-now, 1807  
Mulys and Stedys redy to bere yow  
Bothe in-to forest and in-to Ryuere,  
Where euer ye lust, ferre or ellys  
nere.  
Clothis of Sylk ye shaft haue goode  
and fyne,  
Fysshe and flesh, goode Brede and  
ryght goode wyne, 1812  
Fayre townes and Castellys to hylle in  
yourre hede,  
And euery nyght a fayre and a softe  
bedde,



- And me per-In redy yowe to comforte,  
 Wyth alle my herte to make yowe dysporte. 1816  
 Other company gete ye now but me  
 Off no man ne woman, tyH þese yeres be  
 Passed and goñ and fully broghte to ende.  
 And be þat tyme þynge þat ys nowe blynde, 1820  
 Shalle be to yowe ryghte opon I-nowe.  
 Ye shaH se aH folke, and aH folke shaH se yowe.  
 Be conseH of my kynges\* ye shalle þen se  
 I shaH be wedded vn-to yowe, Partonope.\* 1824  
 In thys mene whyle hyt shalle so ordenyte be  
 þys lone be-twyn vs shaH be kepte preve.  
 Be then shalle aH þe londe be [on] a-corde  
 Assente ye shalle be my souerayne lorde. 1828  
**[Thynkyth not this tyme shaH be to longe:]**  
 þys ys þe acorde be-twyn my lordes and me,  
 þat alle þys tyme sene shalle ye not be,  
 Tylle I haue chosen suchie on þat lyketh me. 1832  
 Nowe haue I chose soche on as me luste to haue.  
 Alle þys dydde I for yowe, so Gode me safe.  
 þe order of knyghtehode in þys tyme shaH ye take,  
 þe pepuH may yowe þen in no wyse for-sake. 1836  
 Hyt shaH on yowe þen be so semely a syghte  
 þat þorowe þe worlde þey cowde not chese a knyghte  
 1823. kynges] MS. knyghtes. 1824. MS. Partonape.

She will join  
 him every  
 night ;  
 otherwise he  
 is to be  
 alone.

When the  
 time has  
 expired, he  
 is to marry  
 the Queen  
 by the  
 assent of all  
 her lords.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- And me ther-in redy yow to Comforte,  
 Wyth alle my herte to make yow  
 dysporte. 1816  
 Other company gete ye none but me  
 Of man ne woman, tylle these yeres be  
 Passyd and gone and fully brought to  
 ende.  
 And by that tyme thyng that now ys  
 blynde, 1820  
 ShaH be themme to yow ryght opyn  
 y-nowe.  
 Ye shulle see alle folke, and they shaH  
 see yow.  
 Be Counsaile of alle my kyngys ye  
 shaH than see  
 I shaH be weddyd to yow, Partanope.  
 In this meane while hit shaH so  
 ordeynyd be 1825  
 This love betwen vs shaH be kept  
 pryvee.  
 Be than shaH alle my londe by one  
 a-corde [leaf 3, back]  
 Assent that ye shaH be my souerayn  
 lorde. 1828  
 Thynkyth not this tyme shaH be to  
 longe ;  
 This ys the agrement of my londe,  
 That say aH this tyme I shal not be  
 Weddyd / tylle I haue chose suche as  
 lyketh me. 1832  
 Now haue I chosen one as me lyketh  
 to haue.  
 Alle this I dyd for yow, so God me  
 save.  
 The ordre of knyght in this tyme shaH  
 ye take, 1835  
 The peple than may not yow forsake.  
 Of yow than shaH be so semely a syght  
 That in the worlde they cowde not  
 chese a knyght

Being of  
Hector's  
blood,

A more a-beller to be here gouernowre,  
þoze þey wolde haue here lorde and Emperowre. 1840  
Off Ectorys blode ye be þat worthy knyghte,  
Where euer [he were] In batelle or in fyghte  
Off knyghte-hode euer he bare þe pryse a-waye.  
Ye know thys wylle, hyt may neuer be sayde nay. [leaf 23]  
Alle-way he louyde cheualrye. 1845  
þys was ou cause, my dere herte, þat I  
Chesse yowe to be my lorde and eke my loue,  
þys ys trowpe be Gode þat sytteth a-bofe. 1848  
And sethe ye be come of gentylle blode,  
Off Ector of Troye, þat sette no pryse be goode,  
Butte sette hys loue euer in knyghte-hode,  
Loke ye sewe forpe þat no-belle blode, 1852  
And sette yowre herte euer in cheualry.  
Loke In yowre persone fayle no curtesy,  
And be lowly to smale as welle as to grete,  
þat men mowe say þat passe by þe strete : 1856  
“ Loo, yender gope the welle of gentylnes.”  
þus shaft ye bere the name of hey nobles.  
Thys þorowe þe londe of yowe shalle ryse a fame,  
þat þorowe þe worlde Enhaunsed shaft be your name, 1860  
Wychie shalle be so hey a loye to me  
þat I may ponke Gode þat I may see

1849. MS. possibly sethen.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A more able to be her gouernoure.  
Though they wolde haue to her lorde  
an Emperoure. 1840  
Of Ectors blode ye be that worthi  
knyght.  
Where euer he were in batayle or  
fyght,  
Of knyghthode he bare the pryse a-way.  
Ye knowe this; hit may not be sayde  
nay. 1841  
A-boue alle thyngys he loved cheualry.  
This was ou cause, myn hert, that I  
Chesse yow to my lorde and eke my  
love,  
This ys trowth by God that sytteth a-  
bofe. 1848  
And syth ye be come of gentyle bloode,  
Of Ector that sette no pryse by goode,

But sette his lust in high knyghthode,  
Loke yow sew forth that manhode,  
And sette youre hert euer in cheualry.  
And in youre persone lat fayle no  
curtasy 1854  
And lowlynesse bothe to smalle and  
grete,  
That they may say, as ye passe by strete :  
“ Loo, yonder gothe the welle of gentyl-  
nesse.” 1857  
Thus shaft ye bere the name of  
nobynesse.  
Thorow the lande of yow shaft ryse a  
fame,  
And enhaunsed shal be youre name,  
Which shaft so hye loye to me be  
That I myght thank God that day to  
see 1862

þat ylke daye þat y was so full of grace  
 þat I be-sette my loue In so goode a place, 1864  
 To se my loue þe worthyeste of þe worlde.

And goode, sw[e]te herte, beþe\* nowe of myn a-corde,  
 And be not heuy, thowe ye may\* notte se  
 As yet my persone; for trewly hgt shaß not be 1868  
 Here after-warde owre bothies beste.

If he tries to  
 see her, it  
 will prove  
 fatal to both  
 of them.

Lette no soche poßtes reve yowe of your reste,  
 And loke here-after ye neuer desyrious be  
 Be crafte of Nygromansy to haue þe syghte of me, 1872  
 Vn-to þe tyme þe day be come and goo  
 þat we mowe openly showe vs bothie too.  
 For yeff ye do, trewly ye shalle be dedde.

Ye mowe not scape, to ley a lasse wedde, 1876  
 And I shulde lese my name for euer-moo.  
 My goode, dere herte, loke ye do neuer Soo.  
 Alle soche fantasyes, for Goddys loue, lette be;  
 A-bofe aß þynge haue mercy, my swete loue, on me! 1880

MI fayre loue, my goode, swete herte dere,  
 Off my persone haue ye no ffere.

He has  
 nothing to  
 fear;

Demythe me not to be an euett þynge  
 That shulde be crafte yowre sowle In synne brynge, 1884  
 Hytte to departe frome heuen blysse." [leaf 23, back]

And wyth þat worde she can hym kysse,  
 Wyth wepynge, and sayde: "For soþe I am

1868. MS. keþe. 1867. may] MS. me.  
 1869. A letter crossed out after beste.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Ye to hane goodely so moche grace;  
 Therto God send yow bothe tyme and  
 space. 1864

And swete hert, be now of myn a-corde,  
 As I haue yow chosen for my lorde,  
 And be not heuy thogh ye may not see  
 My persone / yet truly hit shaß be 1868  
 Here-after for oure bothes best. [leaf 4]  
 Let no suche thoughtes reve youre Rest,  
 And here-after ye neuer desyrious be  
 By any crafte to haue the syght of me,  
 In-to ihe tyme that day be come and  
 goo 1873

That we may opiny shew vs bothe two.  
 And yf ye do otherwyse ye shaß be dede.  
 Ye mow not scape, thogh ye wolde lay  
 other wed 1876

And I shulde leese my name for euer-  
 moo.

My dere hert, loke ye do neuer soo.

Alle suche fantasyes now lat be;

A-bove alle thyng save my worship and  
 me. 1880

My fayre love, my swete hert dere,  
 Of me feere ye not in no manere;  
 Ne demyth that I shulde be an evyth  
 thyng

That shulde youre soule to myschief  
 bryng, 1884

Hyt to departe fully fro hevyn blysse."  
 And with that worde She gan hym  
 fast kysse.

Wyth wepyng She sayde: "For sothe I  
 am"

- she is a true  
Christian,
- Borne *and* broghte for-þe a trewe crysten woman, 1888  
 And my lefe ys fully In Crystes lore.  
 And euer haþe ben sethe I was bore.  
 Truste hyt weH, my dere loue, I woH not lye,  
 I truste I[n] Cryste þat was borne of Marye, 1892  
 þat boghte vs frome heH wyth hys presious blode.  
 I aske of yowe, my herte, neuer more goode  
 Butte for hys loue þat ye wolle loue me beste.  
 þan may I þynke my herte ys sette atte reste. 1896  
 For ye shalle neuer wytte me do any þynge  
 To Ihesu Cryste þat shulde be dysplesynge;  
 þat ys euer *and* shalle be myne entente  
 Fully to kepe hys commawndemente. 1900  
 I Pray yowe, loue, þat ye woH do þe same.  
 A-boue alle þynge I loue Ihesu name.  
 Off alle þe worlde he ys lorde *and* syre;  
 He made erthe, water, Eyre, *and* ffyre. 1904  
 He ys maker of euery creature;  
 He made man enen after hys ffygure."
- Partonope  
is sorry that  
he is not  
allowed to  
see her.
- Whan sho had sayde, þus onswered Partonope:  
 "I am ryghte gladde þat I may knowe *and* see 1908  
 þat ye truste *and* lone Gode almyghte.  
 But sory I am I may not haue þe syghte  
 Off yowe þat ben my souereyn lady dere.  
 I shalle fulle longe þynke\* on þys ij. yere 1912  
 And other halfe. Howe shaft I þus endure?  
 1890. MS. possibly sethen. 1912. MS. þynge

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Borne A trew Crystyn woman, 1888  
 And my beleve ys fully Crystes lore,  
 And euer hath ben syth I was bore.  
 My love, trusteth wele, I welle not lye,  
 I be-lyve on Cryste that was borne of  
 Mary. 1892  
 That bought vs wyth hys precions bloode,  
 I aske of yow neuer no more goode  
 But for his love that ye love me best.  
 Than may I think that I am in rest.  
 For to me ye shaft do that thyng 1897  
 That to Ihesu Cryst shulde be dys-  
 plesyng;  
 This ys and euer shaft be myn entent  
 Fully to kepe his comaundement.  
 I pray yow, love, that ye wyll do the  
 same. 1901
- A-boue alle thing I love Ihesu ys name.  
 Of alle the worlde he is lorde and Syre;  
 He made erthe, water, Eyre, and fyre.  
 He ys maker of euery creature: 1905  
 And made man after his ffygure."
- Whan She had saide, Thus answerid  
 Partonope: [1 leat 4, back]  
 "I am ryght gladde that know and see  
 That ye trust and leue on God  
 almyght. 1903  
 But sory I am that I may not haue the  
 syght  
 Of yow that be my lady souerayn  
 dere.  
 I shaft long think on this two yere  
 And other half. How shaft I thus  
 endure? 1913

Lette me yowe se, *and* I yowe ensvre."—

"Speketh not of syghte, let aH þes wordes be.

I pray yowe fully ye woH haue mercy on me, 1916

And byse yowe aH-way myne honowre to saue,

And saue your-selfe, þat ye no harme haue."

Partonope ys nowe faste falle on slepe.

Partonope  
falls asleep.

Hys fayre lady than taketh on hym grette kepe, 1920

And kysseth hym swete, *and* þynketh fully þat sho

In other heuen kepte neuer for to be.

Offte sho was In porpose hym to wake

To haue more plesauns of hym þat ys her make. 1924

Wyth hym to play was aH her moste delyte.

Yette alle her luste sho woH putte In respyte. [leaf 24]

She þoʒte grette trauaile aH þat nyʒte had he ;

Hym to wake, hyt had ben grette pyte. 1928

Stylle sho lay, tulle hyt was opyn daye,

That she myghte, In bedde as sho laye,

Se þe sonne he[r] bemus sprede In so bryghte

þat aH þe chamber was laughynge lyghte. 1932

Thys Partonope owte of hys slepe a-woke.

As he caste vp hys ey, sodenly he gan loke

Alle a-bowte þe chamber ; he sey so gret a lyghte, 1935

Alle þe dayes of hys lyffe he seye neuer soche a syghte.

Grette Ioye had he of þys chamber, as he myghte welle.

Butte yette was þer on þynge þat lyked hym no delle :

He looked after hys lady þat he louyd soo. 1939

When he  
awakes the  
next morn-  
ing, the  
Lady is  
gone.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Lat me yow seen, and I yow ensure."

"Spekyth of no sewerte, lat alle this be.

I pray yow fully to haue mercy on me,

And besy yow myn honoure for to save,

And youre-self, that ye none ha[r]m

haue." 1918

Partanope ys now softe fast on slepe.

This fayre lady of hym takyth keepe,

And kyssith hym swete, and thinkyth

that She 1921

In other hevyn kepith neuer to be.

Ofte She was in purpose hym to a-wake

To haue more plesaunce of hym. hir

make. 1924

With hym to play was hir moost de-

lyte.

Yet alle hir lust she put in respyte.

She thought grete trauaile that nyght  
had he ;

Hym to wake had She grete pyte. 1928

Stylle She lyeth, tyH hit was vpon day

That Beemys of the sonne than She

say.

This Partanope of his sleepe a-woke.

As he cast vp his eye, sodenly gan he

loke 1931

A-boute the chamber, he sawe grete

lyght ;

In his lyffe sawe he neuer suche a syght.

As he had of the chambre as myght

welle.

Yet oo thyng lyked hym neuer a dele :

He looked after his lady that he louyd

soo. 1939

1933. MS. adds to before a-woke, which was first written a-wake.

Hys lokynge seruyde hym not, for sho ys frome hym goo,  
That felethe thys wofulle Partonope. 1941

"Allas," he sayde, "what may thys be?

My loye ys gonne, whyder I ne wotte,  
And what to do for sope I notte." 1944

And sope to sey *and* not to lye,  
Vppon þe bedde he caste hys eye,  
And seye þe chamber so ryche a-rayedþ  
þat off þe bewte he was Dysmayed. 1948

He mervelythe grettely of þe bryghtnes.  
And *þer-wyth* he be-gynnethe hym-selſe to dresse  
Owte of hys bedde, þys ys no dowte.

And as he loked thys a-bowte, 1952

Vppon þe bedde he seye where laye

New clothes  
is ready for  
him.

A gowne alle newe, þys ys no naye.

He þoʒte þat þys [noble] garmente  
Was layde there to þat entente 1956

þat he shulde hyt on hym do,

And, shorte tale to make, he dyd so.

And when he hadde hyt on hys bakke,  
In the gowne fownde he no lakke. 1960

For to hym hyt was as welle I-shape

As thowe þe mesure had ben I-take

For hym verely off Porpose.

And *þer-wyth*-alle a-non he rosse. 1964

Hosen *and* shone a-none he fonde ther

A-rayde for hym in þe beste manere.

He dresses,

Whan he was redy and a-rayedþ,

Off hys newe clopes he was welle payde. [leaf 24, back] 1968

1958. *Two letters crossed out after to.*

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Hit servyd of nought, for than She was  
goo. 1949

Than sayde this woofull Partanope:

"Allas, what may this be?

My loye ys goo, whider I ne note.

And I shaft do I note wele wote." 1944

He saw the chamber so ryche a rayed

That of the beaute he was dysmayed.

He mervayled gretely of the bryght-  
nesse. [leaf 5] 1949

And there-withall he gan hym dresse

Oute of his bedde, this ys no doute.

And as he loked thus now a-boute, 1952

Vppon the bedde he sawe where lay

A Gowne alle new, this ys no nay,

He thought that this noble garment

Was layde there to that intent 1956

That he shulde hit vpon hym doo,

And, short tale to make, he dyd soo.

And whan he had hit do vpon his  
bakke,

In that gowne fonde he no lakke. 1960

Hosyn and shone than fonde he there

Arayed for hym in the best manere.

Whan he was redy and full arayed,

Of his new clothes he was well payed.

- Owte of the chamber he þoʒte to goo.  
 Then Soudenly was broghte hym too  
 A newer of water and a bassyne,  
 Bothe hyt were of golde fulle ffyne, 1972  
 A towelle þer-wyȝth of Parys werke.  
 Thys seruise was to hym full derke,  
 For man ne chyldre cowde he non See.  
 He wysshe hys hondes, and owte yede he 1976  
 Off þys chamber, þat was so gaye,  
 In-to þe halle, and þer he Saye  
 The bordes coueryd wyȝth cloþes fyne.  
 Hyt was made redy for he shulde dyne. 1980  
 Than þys yonge Partonope þoʒte :  
 "Alle thys a-rye ys for me broghte."  
 A-myddes þe benchie downe he hym sette,  
 þer was no wyghte hym for to lette. 1984  
 Off mete and drynke had he plente,  
 þus seyethe þe boke, þer lacked no deynthe.  
 Off on þynge he was heuy and sadde :  
 þer sayde to hym no man ' be gladde,' 1988  
 Ne bade hym ne mery be and blythe.  
 He sawe no-þynge þat euer bare lyve.  
 When he had dyneȝ, he þoʒte tho :  
 "Alle þys day whatte may I do ?" 1992  
 And streyghte he rose vp fro þe deyse ;  
 And þorowe þe halle and downe by þe gryse  
 In-to þe cowrte streyghte yede he.

and goes to  
breakfast in  
the hall.

He goes  
down into  
the palace  
yard.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Oute of the chamber he thought to goo.  
 Than sodenly was brought hym tho  
 An ewer wyth water and a basyn,  
 Bothe they were of golde full fyne, 1972  
 A towell therwyth of Parys werke.  
 This servyse was to hym full derke,  
 For man ne childe cowde he none see.  
 He wasshith his handes, and oute yede  
 he 1976  
 Oute of this chamber, that was so gay,  
 In-to the halle, and there he say  
 The Bordes covered with clothis fyne.  
 Hit was made redy for he shulde dyne.  
 Than thought this yonge Partanope :  
 "Alle this aray ys made for me." 1982  
 Amyddes the benche he down hym sett,  
 There was [no] wight hym to lett. 1984  
 Of mete and drynke had he plente,  
 Thus sayth the Booke, he lacked ne  
 deynthe. [leaf 5, back]  
 Of oo thyng was he hevy and sadde :  
 There sayde to hym no man be gladde,  
 Ne bad hym ete merily ne blyve. 1989  
 He saw no-thing that euer bare lyffe.  
<sup>1</sup> Whan he had dyneȝ, he thought tho :  
 "Alle this day what may I doo ?"  
 And streyght vp he rose fro the dees.  
 Thorow the halle and down by the  
 grees  
 In-to the court streyght yede he. 1995

	He loket a-bowte, he cowde not se	1996
	Off hys wery <i>and</i> lene hakeney	
	That he <i>per</i> lafte yesterdaye.	
	He loket a-bowte, and faste be-helde	
	<i>þys</i> castelle ryalle, howe hyt was bylde.	2000
	And as he ceste <i>hys</i> eye a-bowte.	
	He sawe where stode, <i>wylh</i> -owten <sup>d</sup> dowte,	
where a black horse is brought to him.	A Corser <i>þat</i> was bothie fayre <i>and</i> able	
	For any kyng, <i>þat</i> streyghte owte of <i>þe</i> stabelle	2004
	Was brouhte for he shulde on <sup>d</sup> <i>hym</i> ryde.	
	He was a-ferde <i>hym</i> for to be-stryde,	
	Or for to lepe vppon hys backe,	
	Be-cause <i>þat</i> he was so blacke.	2008
	Some euell thyng he wende hyt had be,	[leaf 25]
	And styll stante thys Partonope,	
	And off <i>þys</i> courser toke grette kepe,	
Partonope rides to the tower.	And atte <i>þe</i> laste vppon <i>hym</i> lepe.	2012
	Nowe ys yonge Partonope	
	Vppon hors-backe, <i>and</i> streyghte rydethe he	
	Thorowte <i>þe</i> cowrte ryghte to <i>þe</i> gate.	
	When he was <i>þer</i> , he <i>þo</i> zte alle-gate	2016
	That fayre towre he wolde see.	
	Fro horsebacke lyghtely lepyth he.	
	Vppe <i>þorowe</i> <i>þe</i> towre he goþe <i>wylh</i> -alle.	
From its top he looks about him.	He lafte not tyll he was on <i>þe</i> walle,	2020
	There as he myghte se rownde a-bowte,	
	The castelle wyth-In. <i>þe</i> cyte <i>wylh</i> -owte.	
To the south is the sea.	Towarde <i>þe</i> sonne <i>þan</i> loketlie he.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

He loket a-bowte, he cowde not see	For blak hit was / styll stode Parta-
Of his leene and wery hakney	nope.
That he now left there but yesterday.	And of this courser toke grete kepe.
He lokyd a-bowte, and fast be-heelde	Yet atte last on <sup>d</sup> <i>hym</i> he keepe.
This castyl, how hit was by elde.	2012
And as he cast his eye weth a-bowte,	And thourow the courte yn-to the yate
He sawe where stode alle withoute	Rydethe he, and thought algate
A courser that was fayre and able	2016
For any kyng / that streyght oute of	That fayre Toure he wolde see.
stable	From horsbak lyghtly lepeth he.
2001	Vp thorow the toure he gothe withalle.
Was brought that he shulde on <sup>d</sup> <i>hym</i>	He levethe not tyll he was on the
ryde.	walle.
2004	2020
He was a-ferde <i>hym</i> to be-stryde,	There as he myght see rownde a-bowte.
Som' evyþ he wenyth hit had be,	2009
	The castyl wythin / the citee withoute.
	To-ward the Synne that loket he.



- Alle þe coste\* was notte but see. 2024  
 Thorowe wyche he sawe be resone  
 By shyppe come marchandyse in-to þe towne,  
 Clopes of golde and Spycery  
 Frome Alysaunder *and* fro Surry, 2028  
 Clowys, macys, *and* Galyngale,  
 Off suger *and* canelle fuþ mony a bale,  
 Off medecynes boþe more *and* lesse  
 To hele folke of here Sekenes. 2032  
 On þe toder syde þen lokeð he :  
 A M<sup>t</sup> Erberys þer myghte he see  
 þat longen to þe Cytezenis of þe towne,  
 There myghte he se hem walke vp *and* downe. 2036  
 Ther-to he sawe so mony gardynes,  
 And by þe [see-]syde \* no-þynge but vynes.  
 On þe thryde quarter gan he loken  
 Off þe castelle, as seyethe þe boke. 2040  
 þat ys of ffrenshe, wyche ys myn auctor.  
 Ther as he lokeð ouer þe towre,  
 As fferre as euer he myghte see,  
 Hyt was butte corne alle þe cont[r]e. 2044  
 And medowe wyth gras so weþ I-growe,  
 And enyn redy for to mowe.  
 On þe iiij quarter of þe castelle  
 He lokethe owte, *and* vysethe hym welle. 2048  
 Many fayre syghtes sawe he there,  
 Hem shalle I telle *and* ye wolle here :  
 Ther sawe he þe haven large *and* wyde. [leaf 25, back]
2024. MS. castelle. 2031. A letter crossed out before boþe.  
 2038. MS. sydes.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Alle that Cooste was nought but see,  
 Thurgh which he sayled by reson  
 Be Shipp come Merchandyse to the  
 town. 2026  
 On the tother syde then lokeð he : 2033  
 A thousand herbers there myght he see  
 That longyd to Citezenis of the town,  
 There myght hem see walk vp and  
 down. 2036  
 Ther-to he saw so many gardynes,  
 And by the See-syde no-thing but  
 vynes.  
 On the thirde quarter gan he loken
- <sup>1</sup> Of the Casteþ, as sayth the Booke.  
 That ys french, which ys myn auctoure.  
 There as he lokeð than ouer the Toure.  
 As ferre as he euer myght see, [leaf 6]  
 Hyt was Corne aþ that contree 2044  
 And medowe with grasse so weþ by-  
 growe,  
 And evyn redy for to mowe.  
 On the fourth quarter of this Casteþ  
 He lokeð oute and a-vysed hym weþ.  
 Many fayre syghtys say he there. 2049  
 Hem shaft I telle yf ye wylle here :  
 There saw he the haven large and wyde.

- A Mt shippes per-on) myghte ryde 2052  
 Saffe I-nowe for any tempaste,  
 Thus tellethe me þe ffrenshe geste.  
 Ouer thys haven þen sawe he  
 A brygge of stonne *and* not of tre, 2056  
 Wyth towres *and* cornellys so weH I-made,  
 On) them to loke hys herte dyd glade.  
 Atte þe ende of þe brygge in þe contre  
 beyond which there is a castle,  
 A castelle aH Newe þer myghte he se 2060  
 So welle I-towred, so large a-bowte,  
 Ther-In myghte herborowe, wyth-owten) dowte,  
 Mony a knyghte *and* mony a squyer,  
 A kynge hym þo3te wyth alle hys power. 2064  
 He my3te see no-þynge x myle a brede  
 surrounded by large fields  
 Butte alle was corne *and* grene mede;  
 Off lengthe h3t was mony a myle.  
 þys towre be-helde he a ryghte grette whyle. 2068  
 Be-ende aH þys was huge fforeste,  
 and a huge forest.  
 No-þynge þer but brydde *and* beste.  
 Thys yonge man alle þys be-helde,  
 The towne, þe castelle, so weH I-bydde, 2072  
 þe See, þe vynes, þe gardynes large,  
 The haven) so fulle of shyppe *and* barge,  
 Off corne, of mede so grette plente.  
 He þo3te þys was a delectabeH contre. 2076  
 Thys droffe he fforþe wyth flayre syghte  
 At night-fall,  
 The longe day, tylle h3t was nyghte.

2054. gr crossed out before geste.

Univ. Coll. MS.

- Athens and Shippys theryn) myght ryde  
 Saffe ynogh for any tempest. 2053  
 Thus tellyth now the french geest.  
 Ouer this haven) then) sawe he  
 A brygge of Stone and not of tree,  
 Wyth Towres and cornellis so weH  
 y-made,  
 On) hit to loke his hert was glade.  
 Atte ende of the brygge in-to the  
 Contree 2059  
 A castell alle new thre myght he see  
 WeH towred, and so large a-boute.  
 Theryn) myght be herbowred, withoute  
 doute,  
 Many a knyght and many a Squier  
 And a lorde of fuff grette power. 2064  
 He myght see then myle on) brede  
 But alle Corne and grene meede;  
 Of lenght hit was many a myle.  
 He by-helde than) a grette whyle,  
 Be-yonde alle this was huge forest.  
 No-thing theryn) but whilde best. 2070  
 Thus the vynes and gardynes large,  
 The havyn) fuff of Shippes and barge,  
 Of Corn, of mede so grette plente, 2075  
 He be-heelde wele alle the contree,  
 So delectable vn-to his syght  
 That welny comyth vn-to nyght. 2078

- Downe fro þe towre now\* þynkethe he goo.  
 When he was downe, þer founde he þo 2080 Partonope  
 The fayre corser þat was so blacke. rides back to  
 And streyghte he lepethe vpon hys backe, the palace.  
 And rydeth forth to þe halle dore,  
 There as he fownde þys hors be-fore. 2084  
 Frome hors he lepeth wyth-owten moo;  
 In-to þe halle þen doþe he goo,  
 That was cheffe of þe palys.  
 There as þe fyre was a-fore þe deyse, 2088  
 In a cheyer homely he hym sette.  
 Whatte he wolde haue, a-none was fette.  
 And þus he warmethe hym by þe fyre,  
 Tylle tyme was to goo vn-to sopere. 2092 After supper  
 And when hys soper was redy dyghte, [leaf 26] the torches  
 He ryseth a-none ryghte, guide him  
 And sette hym euen a-myddes þe deyse, to the  
 And sowpethe alle in goode pesse. 2096 bedroom.  
 Ther was no wyghte þer-of hym lette,  
 Ne atte hys soper hym onus grette.  
 And thus he sowpethe atte goode leysere.  
 When he had done, streyghte vn-to þe ffyre 2100  
 He gothe, and warmethe hym atte þe beste,  
 Tylle hyt was tyme to go to reste.  
 And when tyme was to go to bedde,  
 Wyth torches he was thyder ledde, 2104  
 In-to þe chamber þat was so bryghte.  
 In shorte tyme after voyded þe lyghte.

2079. now] MS. he.

2099. s (?) crossed out before he.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Downe of the Toure now thenketh he  
 goo, 2079  
 The fayre Courser he fonde redy tho,  
 That he there lefte, and vpon he leepe,  
 And so rydeth here and there, and  
 toke goode kepe [leaf 6, back]  
 Of that fayre Paleys, and atte last be-  
 fore the halle  
 There he lyght, and went in att dore  
 with-ath,  
 Where he fonde a fyre be-fore the deys  
 In the halle of that fayre Paleys.  
 In a chayre homely he hym sette 2089
- With no man he there mette.  
 And thus he warmyth hym by the fyre,  
 Tille tyme was to goo vn-to Sopere. 2092  
 Than he sytteth a-myddys the dees,  
 And Soopeth meryly and ys in pees. 2096  
 Welles he seruid in alle manere degree,  
 Yett neyther man ne woman sawe he.  
 Whan he hath Sooped at his leysyr,  
 He rose vp, and went to the fyre. 2100  
 Lyght of Torches he saw in that stede.  
 And whan tyme was to go to bedde,  
 In-to the Chambyr went the Torchis.  
 He foloweth after and thydyr approachis.

- He made hym redy wyth-owte moo  
 Streyghte in-to þe bedde to goo. 2108
- The Lady  
 joins him.  
 And when he was in bedde layde,  
 Sone after, wyth-In a lytelle brayde,  
 Comethe hys ladye fayre and fire.  
 Her In hys Armes þen takethe he, 2112  
 And kyssethe her, and makethe her feste,  
 And wyth her doþe what ener hym leste.  
 Than seyde þys ladye, þys ys no naye :  
 She asks her  
 lover how he  
 has spent  
 the day,  
 "My lone," quod she, "howe hape þys daye 2116  
 Bynne spente, and In whatte manere ?  
 Tellethe me nowe, myne owne herte dere."—  
 "Madame," Sayde Partonope,  
 "I haue hyt spente in þys degre : 2120  
 Ouer þe yate I haue be,  
 On þat grette towre, where I myghte see  
 The towne, þe castelle rownde a-bowte,  
 And alle þe contre, wyth-owten dowte, 2124  
 So plentuos of wyne and come.  
 I sawe neuer suchē a syghte be-forne."  
 "Syr," sayde þe lady, "þys is soþe.  
 As flier as any man rydeth or goþe 2128  
 Thorowe þe worlde þat ys so rownde,  
 So flayre a place may neuer be flownde  
 þat hape In hym so grette delyte,  
 And þer-to stante in so flayre a syghte. 2132  
 When fyrste I herde of yowe tydynge,

*Uaic. Coll. MS.*

- He made hym redy to go to bedde ;  
 Hit was redy and fayre spredde,  
 And whan he was in bedde layde, 2109  
 The lyght was voyded at a brayde.  
 To hym come his lady fayre and free,  
 Hir in his armes than taketh he, 2112  
 And hir clyppith swetely, and kyst,  
 And dothe with hyr what hym lyst.  
 "Manne sayde this lady in hyr  
 manere : 2115  
 "Telle me, my love, my swete and  
 dere,  
 How this day ye haue be rewld in  
 dysporte ?"  
 "Frewly," sayde he, "I had grete  
 comforte. 2119  
 For on the grete Toure atte yate a-ferie  
 I haue be this day at my layser,  
 Where I myght see the town a-boute,  
 The Castell and the Centre, withouten  
 doute. 2124  
 So plentevous of grasse, vyne, and  
 come.  
 I sawe neuer such a syght be-forne."  
 "Love," She sayde, "for oure bothe  
 prytyte 2127  
 "I made this place Plesunt in delyte.  
 Whan I of yow had fyrst tydynge, 2133

I lefte besynes of other þynge,\*  
 And made þys place so fresshe *and* gaye,  
 Thynkyng, my herte, *þat* ye yowre playe [leaf 26, back] 2136 for their  
secret love.  
 Shulde haue *þer-In* and I also,  
 Wyth-owten knowlage of any moo.  
 And *þer-fore* now, my herte dere,  
 Sythe ye now haue ensured me here 2140  
*þat* ye shulle neuer by crafte me see,  
 Yowre ensurawnce in no wyse breke ye,  
 But kepeth tenderly vn-to my daye,  
 Tylle eche of vs of other maye 2144  
 Vn-grucchede of eny haue plesaunce;  
 Ellys myghte *þer* falle grette dystaunce  
 For euer be-twyn yowe *and* me,  
 Wyche Gode for-bede *þat* euer shulde be. 2148  
 And *þer-fore* doþe fully by my rede;  
 Ye myghte fulle lyghtely ellys be dede,  
 And I shamed for euer-moo.  
 My goode swete, doþe neuer Soo; 2152  
 Ye wolde, I trowe, holde me to blame.  
 Butte I tolde yowe the name  
 Off þe see *and* eke of þys castelle.  
 My loue, now vnderstonde me welle, 2156 The name of  
the city is  
Chef d'Oire.  
 Thys grette see ys named Doyre,  
 The cyte ys called Chyffe De Oyre.

2134. MS. þynger. 2140. MS. possibly sythen.

2154. the written above y my, which is crossed out.

2158. Oyd crossed out before Oyre.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For hit shulde be to youre plesyng,  
 Thynkyng that ye and I alle oure  
 dysporte,  
 And to vs no man haue resorte.  
 And therefore now, myn hert full  
 dere,  
 Syth ye haue ensured me here 2140  
 That ye shaft neuer by crafte me see  
 Tylle that we shaft weddyd be,  
 Youraunce kepith vnto that day;  
 And than freely ye me see may.  
 Ellys myght there falle grette dystaunce  
 And of youra myrth shrewde dysple-  
 saunce, 2146

Which God forbede that ye shulde be so  
 nyce, [vyce:  
 And there-fore dothe fully by myn a-  
 For yf ye do Contrary, hit shaft turne  
 to shame 2149  
 Of vs bothe / and lesyng of my name  
 For euer and yow to shenshipp also.  
 Therefore lat it be neuer so do.  
 And yf ye wylle wete of this casteþ  
 And of this See, I wylle yow teþ. 2154  
 And of thre Names, How they be called:  
 This Casteþ that ys welle walled  
 Men calle hit Chief doir-  
 And the See ys named Doyre. 2158

2155. MS. thie or this?

- Thys CasteH sette I in þys fayre syghte,  
 þat we twayne myghte haue delyte 2160  
 For euer In thys lusty place ;  
 Ther-to I pray Gode sende vs grace.  
 Here, In þe dyche, for soþe I haue,  
 þat ys harde rocke, fulle mony a cave 2164  
 Hewed *and* made by goode engyne,  
 On caue þat ys alle of marbryne,  
 Where-In onȝ hyghte Hernelus  
 Dwelled, þat haȝ to hys spowse 2168  
 One Betrycee, wyche was hys wyffe,  
 þat broghte hym forpe in here lyffe  
 .v. ssonnys, and alle had order of knyghte.  
 Bolde *and* harde þey were in ffyghte. 2172  
 When þe gallyottys onȝ þe See  
 Hadde robbyd marchandes, þen wolde he  
 Owte off fyghte wyth hem gonne.  
 Off hem he toke fulle mony onne, 2176  
 And In-to presone made hem dye, [leaf 27]  
 And toke fro hem Robbery.  
 So of þys see the name ys Doyre,  
 The castelle hate Chyffe De Oyre, 2180  
 Thatt ys y-bylte wyth mane towre.  
 And, my leue, my name ys Meliowre.  
 And leuyd Ryȝth welle, þer ys no thyng  
 Thatt ys or may be ynne [my] kepynge, 2184  
 Redy ytte schalle euer vnto yow be,  
 Yff ȝe ordeyne no crafte to see

2171. ode *crossed out before* order.

2175. MS. *perchaps* syghte, but the passage is evidently corrupt.

2181. Here begins a new hand.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

- In the casteH Dyche forsothe I haue  
 In harde Roche fult many a cave 2164  
 Hewyn and made by goode engyne,  
 Of whiche oone ys Called Marbryne,  
 Where dwellyd oone that light Hernelous  
 Samtyne / and he had a spouse, 2168  
 One Beatryce, that bare him sones fyve  
 That after were knyghtys in her lyve,  
 And when the Gallyottys vpon the See  
 Had robbed Merchauȝt of the contre,  
 Than wolde they oute and fyght with  
 hem. [leaf 7, back]  
 And thus they toke many men,  
 And fro hem had grete robbery, 2178  
 And in presone wolde make hym dye.  
 And trustith wel, there ys no thyng  
 That ys or may be in my kepyng, 2184  
 Redy hit shaft euer to yow be,  
 Yf ye ordeyne no crafte to see

- My person by-fore the assygned day."  
 Partonope\* answeyrd *and* sayde: "Nay,  
 In me ther schalle neuer be fownd [such] fowly.  
 Trewly, my lady, y hade leuer dye."—  
 "Speke we no more of thus matere,"  
 Sey[d]e thus lady, "butt tellyth me where 2192 She asks  
Partonope  
whether he  
would like  
to go to the  
forest or to  
the river.  
 To-morewe ye wylle desporte yowe  
 Wyth howndys or hawkys. Tellyth me now,  
 Wylle 3e to Reuer or to wode goo?  
 Ye mowe now chese of bothe too. 2196  
 Yff 3e wylle to the wode gonne,  
 Aftir dynre to yow anone  
 An horn ther schalle to yow be brogthie.  
 Thowe a man hadde Parys sogthie, 2200  
 Sucche an horn cowde no man fynde.  
 Loke ye leue ytte no3th be-hynde.  
 And whenne ye be the medowys passyd,  
 Sette horn to mowthe, an blowe ytt faste. 2204  
 Be-fore yow 3e schalle see anone  
 Rennyng\* howndys fulle many wone,  
 Fayre grayhowndes *and* grete lymores.  
 And yeffe ye\* luste to see Reueres, 2208  
 In a chamber here be-hynde  
 I schalle yow bryngge ther 3e schalle fynde  
 Sacrys, lanard[s], Tarcellys gentylle,  
 Gerfawkones, ffawkonys, thatt fleyth so hye 2212
2188. MS. Partompe.      2206. MS. Rennyngnye.  
 2208. ye] MS. the.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- My persone be-fore this assygned day."  
 Partanope answeyrd and saide, "Nay,  
 In me shaH ther [never] be founde suche  
 foly. 2189  
 Forsoth, lady, me had leuer to dye."—  
 "Speke we no more of this matere,"  
 Seid this lady, "but telle me where  
 To-morow ye wylle dysporte yow  
 With houndes or hawkes, telle me now,  
 Wylle ye to the Ryvere or to the woode  
 go?  
 Ye mowe now chese of bothe two. 2196  
 If ye wole to the woode gone,  
 After youre dynre to yow a-none  
 PARTONOPE.
- And horne shaH be brought in youre  
 syght.  
 Take hit and go forthe fuH ryght.  
 And whan ye be the medowes past,  
 Sett hit to youre mouth, and blowe hit  
 fast. 2204  
 Be-fore yow ye shaH see a-none  
 Rennyng houndes fuH many one,  
 Fayre Grehoundes and grete lymours.  
 And yf ye lust to see the Revours,  
 In a Chamber here be-hynde  
 I shaH you teche were ye shaH fynde  
 Sacres, laners, Tercelles many, 2211  
 Gerfawcon, ffawcon, that fle so hye  
 F

- In-to the skye thatt Ioye ys to see.  
 Of alle these dysportes now chese\* ye."—  
 "Madame," he sayde, "me luste beste  
 To-morewe to hunte yn the foreste."— 2216  
 "Nowe, sere," she sayde, "do as ye luste." [leaf 27, back]  
 And there-wyth-alle she hym kyste,  
 And [sone] affter they fylle onne slepe,  
 Wat they dydde more toke y no kepe. 2220  
 In bedde thay laye, thus ys no naye,  
 Tylle onne the morewe lighth daye  
 Into the chamber yeff sueche a lyghte  
 Thatt welle to ryse see he myghte. 2224  
 Vppe he rose, for ytte was tyme.  
 He made hym redy for to dyne.  
 Wanne he hadde dynyd, he toke the horne,  
 Thatt onne the walle henge hym be-forne, 2228  
 Lepte vppe on hys hors, and rydyth faste  
 Tylle he was alle the medawys paste.  
 He blewe hys horn, thus ys no dowe ;  
 He was welle herde ij myle abowte. 2232  
 Whenne he hadde blowe, thenne mygth he see  
 [M]ywtes of howndes come nygheynge nere,  
 Couplud wyth sulke and noyth wyth here.  
 Lemers to hym thenne come lepynge, 2236  
 They where as soffte as eny selke,  
 And ther-to whyte as eny mylke.

2214. MS. cheses.

*Vinc. Coll. MS.*

- In-to the Skye that Ioye ys to see. 2213  
 Of alle these dysportys now chese ye."  
 "Madame," he sayde "me lyketh best  
 To-morow to hunt in the forest."—  
 "Now Syr" she sayde "do as yow  
 lest." 2217  
 And so therwith She hym kyst,  
 And sone after they fel on slepe,  
 Of other Ioye toke they no kepe. 2220  
 And Thus in play and slepe thay lay  
 Tylle on the morow that hit was day,  
 Than his lady was forth past.  
 He Cowde no Better but rose at last.  
 And whan he had dyned, he toke the  
 horne 2227  
 That on the walle heng hym be-forne,  
 Lepeth vpon hors, and forth he rydeth  
 Tylle he was past the medowes sydes.  
 He blew his horn, this ys no doute,  
 Hyt was wele herd two myle a-boute  
 Mutes of houndes of alle degree 2233  
 Came toward hym, as he myght see,  
 Coupled with Sylk and not wyth heere.  
 Lemours a-boute her nekkes here  
 Her lees were as soffte as sylk,  
 And theto whyte as eny Mylk. 2238

2235. in a coupled has one stroke too many ; same as 2213. in Vincoupleth.



- Into the foreste he rydythe apase ;  
 Anone fownde alle ffresehely the trace, 2240 The houndes  
find the  
track of a  
boar.  
 Off a passyngt wylde bore.  
 Thys Partonope, wythi-owte more,  
 Vnkowpelyd hys howndes, *and* taketh in lesse  
 These fayre lemers, *and* thay not sesec 2244  
 Alle the howndes to seke the foreste,  
 Tylle fownde ys the wylde beste.  
 Now ys the wylde bore fownde.  
 The howndes to hym now Rennyth fulle rownde, 2248  
 The grete as welle as do the \* leste.  
 The crye to here yt were a feste  
 For an emperowr an for a lorde.  
 So hole they Renne by one acorde 2252 They follow  
the boar,  
 To thys bore, thus ys no naye,  
 So ffresche thay Renne alle the daye.  
 Tylle he ganne wery, thus ys no dowte,  
 They broghte [hym] so faste abowte. 2256 till he  
becomes  
exhausted,  
 Atte the laste thus wylde beste [leaf 28]  
 For-sakethe clene the thycke foreste.  
 Vnto the lande drawyth he,  
 There as stode Partonope 2260  
 Wythe the lemers ynnne hys lesse.  
 He lette hem slyppe, *and* faste they presse  
 To-ward the beste ; and pat seyth he.  
 Wythe alle hys my3the he gynnyth flee. 2264  
 Hys fly3thte may hym serue of now3thte ;  
 2243. w *underdotted* before &. 2249. do the] MS. dothe, *for* dothe  
 2255. he] MS. ye. the ?

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

- In-to the fforest he rydeth a paas, 2239  
 A-none he fonde alle fressh the traas  
 Of a passyng sterne, wylde Boore.  
 This Partanope, withouten more,  
 Vncoupleth his houndes in-to the  
 forest  
 Forto fynde now this wylde Beest.  
 Wh[e]n this Boore was y-ffounde, 2247  
 They ronne to hym hoole and sounde  
 Bothe the moost and eke the leest.  
 The crye to here hit ys a feest  
 For an emperoure or for a lorde.  
 So cloos they ranne by one a-corde, 2252  
 So fresshly they ronne alle that day,  
 Tylle he wex wery of hys way. 2255  
 They broghte hym so thykke a-boute  
 That he was fayne of alle that route.  
 And atte last this wylde greete beest  
 For-saketh the thykke forest,  
 And to the launde than draweth he,  
 There as ys stondyng Partanope 2260  
 Than with the lynours in hys lees,  
 He lettith hem slyppe, and forth thay  
 prees  
 Toward that Boore, and that sawe he.  
 Wyth alle hys myght he gynnyth to  
 fle, 2264  
 But hys flyght servith hym of nought ;

- and stands  
at bay.
- For ynne sucche pleyte thay haue hem broȝhte,  
He myȝhte noȝth couer yn-to hys denne.  
Ther-to he was so wery off Renne, 2268  
He myȝhte no ferther, thys ys no naye.  
Stylle he standythe, and bydythe the baye.  
There-to come anone fulle Rownde  
Alle the racches, *and* down to grownde 2272  
They haue hym drawe wyth grete stryffe,  
And thus the bore [hath] loste hys lyffe.  
Wat dothe thenne Partonope?  
Hys swerde anone drawyth owte he, 2276  
And alle to-brekyth the wylde beste,  
And wyth yt makyth hys howndes a feste.  
Be than alle thys thyng was done,  
Hytt was hys tyme to drawe home, 2280  
There as he thoȝhte to haue hys Reste.  
He bare noȝth wyth hym off thus beste;  
Hys hors he toke, *and* onne hym l-pe<sup>th</sup>.  
More of hys howndes toke he no kepe, 2284  
Sauē ij lemyers, thus ys no naye.  
Wyth hym he toke, and Rode hys waye,  
That onne dayly he myȝhte dysporte.  
For tylle nyȝhte come hadde he no sporte, 2288  
Nowe Rydyth he strawte to the castelle.  
Where as he fownde alle thyng Ryth welle,  
Hys soper rely and welle y-made.

2272. MS. rattles!

2283. MS. lepe.

2282. bare] a l'le o.

2290. fownde] o l'le a.

## U. in U. MS.

- For in such pleyte they haue hem  
brought. (leas, back)  
He myȝhte not Couer to hys denne.  
Ther-to he was so wery of renne, 2268  
He myȝhte no ferther, this ys no naye.  
Stylle he standythe, and bydythe the baye.  
There-to come anone fulle rownde 2271  
The Racches, and down to the grownde  
They haue hym drawe with grete stryffe,  
And thus the bore hath loste hys lyffe.  
Wat dothe that is Partonope?  
Hys swerde anone owte draweth he,  
And alle to-brythe wyth this wylde beste,  
And with hit maketh hys howndes  
feste. 2278
- Be than alle thys thyng was done,  
Hys tyme to drawe home, 2280  
There as he thought to haue his rest.  
He bare not wyth hym of this beste;  
Hys hors he toke and on hym l-pe.  
More of these howndes tok he no kepe  
Sawe two lymers, this ys no naye, 2285  
Wyth hym he toke, and rode his way,  
That onne daylyght myght hym  
dysporte.  
For tylle nyght he had no more  
amborte.  
Now rydyth he straight to the castle.  
Where he fownde alle thyng ryght well.  
Hys soper rely and well y-made, 2291

- He sopyd freschely and makeȝth hym gladde. 2292  
 From soper Rysyth Partonope,  
 And ynne-to Chamber thenne gothe he,  
 Weder thatt the torches streyȝth hym ledde.  
 He makyth hym redy and gothe to bedde, 2296  
 Where as he fyndyth fayre Meliowre,  
 Thatt ys chefe lady of the towre,  
 Wyche thatt he ffeynte euer ynne\* O pleyte. [leaf 28. back]  
 For here Ioye and here delyte 2300  
 Ys hym to make Ioye *and* playe.  
 That ffeynte he bothe nyȝth and daye.  
 Nowe may thys man grete Ioye make,  
 That loue hath sende hym sucche a make 2304  
 That he may bathe\* ymme so hye a blysse.  
 Alle nyȝthte they leye *and* clyppe and kysse.\*  
 And she hym tellyth nobel storyes,  
 Offe loue of knyȝthode olde victoryes. 2308  
 Hym to dysporte faste besyeth sche.  
 Alas, thus story schendyth me.  
 For alle my loue canne y haue noȝthte  
 Butte cawse of care *and* sorow *and* thoȝthte. 2312  
 Now wolde God hytte myȝth be soo  
 Thatt sche loued me as y here doo.  
 Partonope stonde in blessed plyte,  
 For of hys lady he hathe hys delyte. 2316  
 He lackyth no-thing of here grace,  
 And y stonde euem in contraryys case.  
 He seyth here noȝth, but he hath leyser

2299. MS. adds a second yn.

2305. MS. bothe.

2306. MS. clyp te and kyssyde.

The Poet  
complains of  
the cruelty  
of his Lady.

## Unic. Coll. MS.

- He soopeth fresshly and maketh hym  
 glade. 2292  
 From soper ryseth than Partanope,  
 And in-to Chamber so gooth he.  
 Whider as the Torchis streyght hym  
 ledde, 2295  
 He maketh hym redy and goth to bedde,  
 Where as he fyndeth fayre Melyoure,  
 That ys chief lady of that Toure.  
 Which maketh hym grete ples-aunce.  
 She hym loveth withoute varyaunce.
- They lye bothe in Ioye and blyss, 2305  
 Alle nyght they clyppe and kysse,  
 And she hym telleth noble storyes  
 Of love and knyȝthode olde storyes.  
 Partanope stont in Blessid plyte.  
 For of here ladyshyppe he hath  
 full delyte. [leaf 28]  
 He lackith no-thing of her grace,  
 But hath hys tyme and space 2316  
 To speke, to play alle in the derke.  
 He may be loyfitt in his werke,

After 2316. *Partonope* is full of here.

To fele, to kysse, and to haue hys plesowr. 2320

And y se my lady day be daye,

Here graeyous worth ys euer naye.

[I] Have the euyl and [he] the gode,

Wherefore me thynkyth myn herte-bloode 2324

Fulle offte tyme away dothe mylte.

I fare thenne as y ne felte

Gode ner hylle, but lye yme a trawnee.

Thys hathe ffortune eazhte me yme a chause 2328

Vppon hys dyce thatt neuer wylle turne.

Thus muste y euer yn wo soiorne.

Butte playnely exeusyth me,

I am noyth in thus in-firmyte. 2332

God schelde me euer fro that mischaunce

To hoppe so ferre yme lone-ys dawnee.

For y am comawndyt of my souereyne

Thys story to drawe fulle *and* playne, 2336

Be-cawse yt was ful vnkowthe *and* lytel knowe,

Frome frenche yme-to yngelysche, that beter nowe

Hyt myyth be to ener-y wythte.

Therefore y do alle my myythte 2340

To saue my autor yme sucche wyse

As he that mater luste devyse, [leaf 29]

Where he makyth yme grete compleynte

In frenche so fayre thatt yt to paynte 2344

In Engelysche tynngge y saye for me

My wyttys alle to dullet bee.

He tellyth hys tale of sentament,

I vnder-stonde noyth hys entent, 2348

Ne wolle ne besy me to lere.

Therefore straythte to the matere

I wylle go of Partonope.

Fulle xij mo[n]thys hathe he now be 2352

In hert-ys loye fulle playnere,\*

One day to hunte, another to pe Renere.

Thys hath he broyth the yere to sende,

2353. yme *enend* an!

2353. playnere] MS. of plesowr.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thus in hertys loye full playner, 2353  
O day to hunt, a nother in the Ryver.

And so hath he brought the yere to  
ende. 2355

The Trans-  
lator is com-  
manded by  
his Sove-  
reign to do  
the French  
story into  
English.

Twelve  
months have  
passed.

- That canne remembraunce put\* hym in mynde 2356  
 In wat pleyte he ys broȝhte ynnē.  
 He hath forȝete alle hys kynne ;  
 He thynekyth [on no-thing] ferre ne nere,  
 Butt on howndes and hawkes for the reuere, 2360  
 And omne hys lady fayre and bryȝhte,  
 Tylle ytte be-felle vppon a nyȝhte  
 Thatt ynnē [the] monythē that was of Septembere  
 Thatt can he fully hym remembre 2364  
 Off Cleobolys, the gode [kyng] of France,  
 And off hys moder, that ynnē grete dystawnee  
 And ynnē werte stote of hys lyffe.  
 Hys dethe\* wyth euery man was Ryffe, 2368  
 No man cowde speke of hys welefare.  
 There-fore he wote welle ynd grete care  
 Stante hys moder ffor hys sake.  
 Where-fore he purposyth amendys to make, 2372  
 Now thynekyth ynnē hys hert Ryȝth hye :  
 "I wolle take leue to goo and see  
 My moder, the kyngē my Emme alle-soo."  
 There-wyth he makyth hym redy to goo 2376  
 Strayȝhte to bedde, so ytte was Eue.  
 For there he thoȝhte to take hys leue.  
 In-to the bedde nowē goyth hee,  
 Where as he ffeyste hys lady ffre, 2380  
 Redy to make hym gode chere. (leaf 29, back)  
 Here lesson was not newe to lere.  
 Now be-gynnyth to speke Partonope
2356. put] *MS* but. 2368. *MS*. denthe or deutehe.  
 2371. or stonte ?

Then  
 Partonope  
 happens to  
 think of  
 Clovis and  
 his mother.

He asks his  
 Lady's leave  
 to go home.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Than he gan to put in his mynde 2356  
 In what plyte he ys brought ynnē.  
 He hath forgeten alle hys kynne ;  
 He thynketh on no-thing ferre ne nere  
 But on hundes and hawkes for the 2360  
 Ryver.  
 And on his lady fayre and bryȝht,  
 Tylle hyt be-fell onys on a nyȝht,  
 In the moneth that was of Septembr  
 Than he ganne hym to remembr 2364  
 Of Cleobelys, the goode kyng of Fraunce,  
 And of hys modyr that in grete  
 dystaunce  
 And in werousnes stoode of hys lyffe.  
 Hys deth wyth euery man was 2368  
 ryffe,  
 For no man of hys Contre couth  
 telle  
 Whether he fared evyth or welle.  
 Therefore he wote welle in grete care  
 Stont hys moder of hys welfare. 2372  
 Now in his hert thynketh he :  
 "I wole take leve to go and see  
 My moder, the king myn eme also."  
 And whan he had leyser therto, 2376  
 Than to speke begynneth Partanope

- To hys lady: "Madame," seyde hee, 2384  
 "I praye yow thatt 3e in no wyse greve  
 Off my wordys, for trewly of lene  
 I muste praye yow, thus ys no naye;  
 For ytte ys go fulle money a daye 2388  
 Offe my fryndys thatt y ne herde.  
 I wolde ffayne wete howe they ferde."—  
 "My nowne loue," thenne sayde sche,  
 "Ye schalle haue gode leue of me; 2392  
 And lokyth alle-way thatt 3e be trewe  
 To me, and chancheth for no newe:  
 For Fraunce stonde in sucche plyte nowe,  
 Hytte [hath] ryghte grete nede of yow; 2396  
 For kyng Cleobolys hathe loste hys lyffe; \*  
 In Fraunce ys not but werre and stryffe.  
 The power of Fraunce ys dyscomfyte.  
 And y schalle telle yow yn wate plyte 2400  
 Yowr fader stande, for he ys dede.  
 Yowr moder leuyth, an canne no rede;  
 And Bloys stante thus wyth-owten dowte,  
 Hytte ys beseged Rownde abowte. 2404  
 Drawe yow to armes and knyghthode,  
 And loke there lacke ynne yow no manhode.  
 Loke 3e be large and geuyth faste.  
 Where to haue goode be not agaste; 2408  
 Ye schalle haue y-nowe of me.  
 And [yf] ye canne aspye ther be  
 2397. MS. wyffe. 2403. or stonte?

Melior  
grants his  
request,  
adding that

King Clovis  
is dead,

and that  
enemies  
have in-  
vaded  
France.

"Be brave  
and gener-  
ous," she  
says.

Univ. Coll. MS.

- To hys lady: "Madame," sayde he,  
 I pray yow that ye in no wyse greve  
 Of my wordes that I shaß meve. 2386  
 I must pray yow of leve, this ys no nay;  
 For hit gone ys full many a day  
 Of my frendes that I ne herde. [The rest of the text is in a different hand.]  
 I wolde fayne wytte how they ferde." —  
 "My nowne love," then sayde She,  
 "Ye shaß haue goode leve of me; 2392  
 And loke Alwey That ye be Trew  
 To me, and chonge not for a New.  
 For Fraunce stont in suche plyte now  
 Hyt hath ryght grete nede of yow; 2396  
 For kyng Cleonclys hath lost hys lytle;  
 In Fraunce ys but werre and stryffe.  
 The power of Fraunce is dyscomfyte,  
 And I shaß telle yow in what plyte  
 Your fader stont, for he ys dede. 2401  
 Your Moder lyvyth, and can no rede.  
 And Bloys stont thus wythouten  
 doute; 2404  
 Hyt ys seged rounde a-boute.  
 Drawe yow to armes and to knygh[t]hode,  
 And loke ye lakke no manhode.  
 Looke ye be large and gevyth fast.  
 Where to haue goode be not agast;  
 Ye shaß haue ynough of me. 2409  
 Any yf ye can espye that ther be

- Any worthy knyghtys thorow the londe,  
 In alle the haste loke that ye fownde, 2412  
 There as they bene ynd armes bolde,  
 Wyth gode y-now hem to wytli-holde.  
 Loke thatt ye be gentyll, lowly, and meke,  
 And geuyth to hem gode clothys eke. 2416  
 Alle-so of speche beyth fayre and lowlyche  
 As wele to the pore as to the Reeche.  
 Affter my counceyl loke thatt ye\* wyrke, [leaf 30]  
 And louyth\* welle God and holy chyrche. 2420  
 Ye mowe notte fayle of hye cheualrye,  
 Yff 3e loue God and owr lady.  
 And o thyng, my loue, y praye \* yowe  
 That ynd no wyse ye\* ne besy yow howe 2424  
 By craffte of nygromansy me to see. "Above all,  
 For yt wolle for yowr worse be. beware of  
 Whenne 3e haue y-broghte thus worke to a 3ende— and come  
 Ther-to sone yow Gode grace sende— 2428 back to me  
 In Fraunce loke affter dwelle not 3e, as soon as  
 Butte faste hye yow agayne to me. the war is  
 Tylle ye be [at] Doyre loke 3e not cesse over."  
 For yowr worchyp and myne ese."— 2432  
 "Medame," sayde he, "thus gode lesson  
 Schalle y welle kepe and thys sermone.  
 Nor nener for kunny[n]ge thatt here speke\* Partonope  
 assures her  
 that he will  
 never break  
 his word.
2419. ye] MS. thow. 2420. MS. lound.  
 2423. MS. adds the before yowe. 2424. ye] MS. of.  
 2435. MS. spepe.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- And worthy knyghtys thurgh the  
 londe,  
 In alle the haast looke ye foonde 2412  
 There as they been in armes bolde  
 Wyth goode ynowgh hem to with-holde.  
 Looke ye be gentyll, lowly, and mecke,  
 And gyffe to hem clothis eke. 2416  
 Also of speche both free and lowlych  
 As wele to poore as to Ryche.  
 After my counseyl looke ye wyrche.  
 And love wele God and holy Chirche.  
 Ye may not fayle of hye cheualry, 2421  
 If ye love God and worship oure lady.  
 And o thyng love, I pray yow  
 That in no-thing ye be besy now 2424  
 By crafte of Nygromansy me to see.  
 For hit wolle for youre worst be.  
 Whan ye haue brought this werre to  
 ende—  
 Therto God yow grace sende— 2428  
 In Fraunce longe after dwelle not ye,  
 But fast hye yow ayen to me.  
 Tylle ye be at Doyre loke ye not cesse  
 For youre worship and myn ease."—  
 "Madame," sayde he, "this goode 2433  
 lesson  
 Shaal I kepe for my sermon. [leaf 10]  
 And for no-thing that I can here speke

Schalle y neuer my Couenaunte breke, 2436  
 Ne yn no wyse besy me  
 Er the day sette yow to see."  
 Nowe haue thay bothe lafte talkynge  
 And falle ynto grete thyneckynge. 2440  
 Thys lyth Partonope tyll yt ys day,  
 Thenne he abowte hym se welle may  
 To ryde or go where so hym luste.  
 In bedde he thyneckyth no lengger reste. 2444  
 He rysyth vppe ynne grete haste,  
 An on hys lorney hyythte hym faste.  
 He toke hys cowerser that was Coole blacke,  
 And lyghtly lepyth apon hys backe, 2448  
 And takyth wyth hym hys lemers too;  
 Off meyne wyth hym taketh he no moo.  
 Hyt nedythte noth telle how he toke hys leve,  
 He dydde yt preuely ouer eve. 2452  
 Off oder thyng takethe he no kepe,  
 Butte strayght he rydyth forthe to the [s]chyppe,  
 Wyche furste hym broghte to thatt Cetee.  
 Wyth-owten more there-in gothe he, [leaf 30, back] 2456  
 And takyth hys horse wyth hym in honde.  
 Wanne he was there-ynne he<sup>e</sup> fownde  
 A bedde alle redy and clenly made,  
 Where-of he was Ryghte ynly gladde. 2460  
 He made hym redy, and ynne diide crepe,  
 He hadde grete nede forto slepe.  
 Off thus fayre schyppe alle the mayne,

2458. he] MS. y.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

My covenant wole I not breke." 2436  
 Now haue they bothe left talking  
 And falle in-to grete thenkyng. 2440  
 Thus lyeth Partonope tyll hit was day  
 That the lyght verily he say.  
 In bedde he wole no longer rest.  
 To ryse vp hem semyth best; 2446  
 And toke hys courser that was blak,  
 And lyghtly lepyth vpon hys bak,  
 And taketh wyth hym his lymers  
 twoo.  
 Of meyny takyth wyth hym no moo.  
 Hit nedyd not to take more leve,  
 For it was do preuely over eve. 2452  
 Of other thyng toke he no kepe,  
 But streyght he rydeth to the Shippe.  
 Whych fyrst hym brought to that  
 ctee.  
 Wythoute more thereyn gothe he, 2456  
 And taketh hys hors with hym on  
 honde.  
 Whan he was yn there, he fonde  
 A bedde redy, alle clenly made,  
 Whereof he was ryght Inly glade. 2460  
 He made hym redy, and yn dyd crepe,  
 He had grete nede for to slepe.

The follow-  
 ing day  
 Partonope  
 embarks  
 with his  
 black steed  
 and his two  
 hounds.



Off wyche he myȝtite noȝth on see,	2464	The invis-
Vppe drowe anker yn alle the haste.		ible crew
The schyppe anone begynnnyth sayle faste,		heave
Thatt er thatt day was comen to ende—		anchor.
The schyppe so saylythe afore the wynde—	2468	
He hadde alle passyd the grete see,		
And yune to Lyere was comyn hee,		The ship
Where as he muste nedys abyde ;		sails up the
He myȝtite no ferther for thatt tyde.	2472	Loire.
The schyppe was grete, he myȝtite noȝth passe.		
The water of Leyre alle-so was		
Butte strayte, <i>and</i> eke yt was scholde.*		
There thay can faste owte folke	2476	
The gabelle, on wyche the anker was		
Tyed, owte, <i>and</i> a grete pas		
The grete anker they lette owte slyde,		
Be wyche thys grete schyppe schulde Ryde.	2480	
The schyppemen alle bothe more and lesse		
Owte of the schyppe the bote gan dresse		
In-to the watere thatt hatythe Leyre.		
[A bed] Thay hym dressyd welle and ffayre	2484	Partonope
In-to the bote, and yt was arayed		is landed,
Wythe clennely clothys, and þer-in they leyde		while still
Alle slepyng Partonope.		asleep.
Off thus araye nothyng wyste he.	2488	
Thys was me thenketh a wonder reyse.		
Whenne he woke, then faste be Bloyse		He awakes
Aryved thus ȝonge Partonope.		near Blois.

2475. MS. schalde, *scarcely* scholde.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Vp was the ankyr drawe in haste,		For the water so shalow was.	2474
And the Sayle ys crosse the maste.	2465	Therefore the cable they gan oute folde	
Who hyt takeled he cowde not see,		By which the anker was y-folde.	[11. 10.
But in pees so stylye lyeth he.		<sup>1</sup> The anker They leete oute slyde	back]
This Shyppe sayleth and passith the		To make the Shippe to ryde.	2480
See,		Anone a boote was sette in to Leyre,	2483
And in-to the water of Lyer they		And a bedde theryn goode and fayre.	
comen be,	2470	On thys bedde Partanope slepyng	
Where as he must nedes a-byde ;		Was leyde, therof not wetyng.	2488
He myȝt no further for the tyde.		This was now a wondyr reys.	
The Shipp was grete, he myȝt not		Whan he woke, then fast by Bloys	
passe.		Aryved this yong Partanope,	

	Wyche he knewe [welle] for hys contre.	[leaf 31]	2492
	Wan he was landyd, then ganne he blyve		
	Hym loke abowte, butte thyng on lyve		
	Sane horse and grehowndys cowthe he non se,		
	Wyche he brogthte wyth hym to the see.		2496
	The bote no lengger there wolde soierne,		
	Butte to hys schyppe gan faste returne.		
	Butte ho was gyde kowde he nott see		
He thinks of	Off thus bote, and styлле stode he		2500
Melior and	And thynketh on Melioure, hys hert swete.		
bursts into	For pety of here the terys a-downne crepe		
tears.	Owte off hys eyen down by hys cheke.		
	Hys hert tenderyd, and ganne to wepe,		2504
	And thynkethe sone to turne a-yen		
	To se hys lady, hys hertes quene.		
	Here-to he prayythie God sende grace :		
Proceeding	And onne hys Iorney he gynnyth to pace.		2508
on his	Off the Cuntre he nymmythte grete garde,		
Journey	And seyth where Bloys stante, and thedyrwarde		
	The way fulle preyely taketh he ;		
	He wolde nogth blythely aspyed be.		2512
	And as he nyed Bloys nere,		
	In the way he sawe [how and] where		
he meets	Agayne hym come xii somerys,		
twelve black	Charged wyth golde and Ryche auerys#.		2516
sumpter-			
horses,			
	2505. MS. thynkethe.	2516. MS. arayes.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Which he knew wele for his Contree.	Hys hert tendred, and gan to wepe.	2504
Whan he was landed, than gan he	And thenkith sone to turne a-yen	
blyve	To see hys lady and his Queen.	
2493	Here-to he prayeth God send hym	
Hym loke a-boute, but thyng on lyve	grace ;	
Sawe hors and grehoundes couthe he	And on his Journey forthe he gan	
none see,	passee.	2508
Which he brought wyth hym to the	Of the contree he taketh grete garde.	
See.	He seeth where Bloys stont, and thy-	
2496	derwarde	
The Boote no lenger wolde sogourn	The way luff prively taketh he ;	
But to his Shippe fast gan retourne.	He wole not blyely aspyed be.	2512
But who was gyde couthe he not se	And as he come then Bloys nere.	
Of this Boote, and styлле stont he	In the wey he sawe how and where	
2509	Agayn hym Come xij Somers,	2515
And thenketh on Melior, his hert	Charged wyth golde and ryche auerys.	
swete.		
For pyte of hir hys teres down crepe		
Oute of his eyen down by his cheeke.		

- The horse were blacke euery-chone,  
 Ryȝth fayre coursers; and wyth hem come  
 xij ȝonge men thatt hem dede lede,  
 Welle cladde yn sylke, wyth-owten drede. 2520  
 Alle be-hynde there come a knyȝhte  
 Thatt was ther master, and thatt was Ryȝhte,  
 For he [had] large of the message.  
 He was very whyte for age; 2524  
 He was fulle semely, of stature longe;  
 In ȝowthe hytte semed he hadde bene stronge.  
 Wanne he hadde syȝhte of Partonope, [leaf 31, back] 2528  
 Hys message ynne thus wyse sayde he :  
 "Syr," he sayde, "y saye yow gretynge  
 Fro [s]wyche onne thatt aboue alle thyng  
 Thatt Erthely ys, to yow hathe geffe  
 Here body, here herte, and alle here loue. 2532  
 And as ye\* ben [here] herte swete,  
 Sche prayytie ye schulde not here for-gete.  
 Alle thys tresowre sche hathe yow sente,  
 And as to here loue, to thus entente 2536  
 To mayntayne yowr warres, and that in arnes  
 Ye schulde be worchyppful, and of Charnes  
 Be Ryȝhte ware, that ȝe ne be  
 Wythe [hem] be-gyled." Thenne seyde he 2540  
 To thus knyȝhte: "God me defende  
 Here ynne sucche wyse to offende."—  
 2533. ye] MS. he.

laden  
with gold,  
and led by  
twelve  
young men.

Their mas-  
ter, an old  
knight, tells  
him that  
these treas-  
ures have  
been sent by  
Melior to  
defray  
the expenses  
of war.

The knight  
warns him  
against  
charms.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- The hors were blake euerychone,  
 Ryȝth fayre coursers; and with hem  
 come 2518  
 Twelve young men that dyd hem lede,  
 Wele cladde in sylke, withouten drede.  
 Alle be-hynde there Come a knyght  
 That was her mayster, and that was  
 ryȝt, [leaf 11]  
 For he had charge of the message.  
 He was alle white for verray age; 2524  
 He was full semely, of stature longe;  
 In youth hit semyd he had be stronge.  
 Whan he had syȝt of Partanope,  
 His message in this wyse sayde he: 2528  
 "Sir," he sayde, "I say yow gretynge  
 Fro suche one that a-boue alle thyng  
 That erthly ys, to yow hath yowe  
 Hir body, hyr hert, and hir love. 2532  
 And as ye byn hir hert swete,  
 She prayeth yow that ye wol not hyr  
 foryete.  
 Alle this tresoure She hath yow sent  
 As to hyr love, for this entent 2536  
 To mayntene youre werres, and that in  
 arnes  
 Ye schulde be worthy / and of charmes  
 Be weþ ware that ye ne be 2539  
 With hem begyled." / Then sayde he  
 To this knyght: "God me defende  
 Euer in sucche wyse her to offende."—

Partonope  
is to be  
knighted by  
Melior, and  
by no other.

"Welle," seyde thys knyȝtȝhte, "yette haue I to saye  
To yow yett more. Sche dothe praye 2544

In armes *and* tur[n]ewmentys ye lusty to be,

In Iustys alle-so ; butte lokythe thatt 3e

Be ware thatt knyȝtȝhte no man yow make.

Thatt dede wolle sche vppon here take 2548

Thatt day thatt 3e weddyd schulle bee.

Wythe yowr swerde anone wolle sche

Yow gyrd yn alle pepuȝ syȝtȝhte.

Sche schalle yow geue the worder of knyȝtȝhte. 2552

And kepe yow welle for God-ys sake

That by no Craffte Eny man yow make

To se yowr lady er tyme be."

The mes-  
sengers take  
their leave,  
and disap-  
pear.

And wythe thatt worthe alle wepyng he 2556

Turned hym *and* gothe hys waye.

These ȝonge men, thatt yn selke so gaye

Were clothyd, to hym they come anone

To take ther leue ; for they muste goone 2560

Wyth here master home agayne.

And then they seyde : "Syr, loke 3e bene

Euer-more to yowre lady trewe, [leaf 32]

Ellys yt wyll yow bothe rewe, 2564

And thatt 3e not to longe so lone,

Butte to yowr lady sone returne."

And wyth thatt worthe sodenly they be

Vanaschyd away, that trewly he 2568

2545. tur[n]ewmentys] u or n written above r.

2568. vanaschyd] second a like o.

Univ. Coll. MS.

"Wele," sayth this knyght, "yet haue  
I to say

To yow more. She dothe yow pray 2544

In armes, in turnementys ye lusty be

And in lustes loke that be ye.

Be ware that yow knyght no man

make. 2548

That dede wole She vpon hir take 2548

That day that ye shulle weddyd be.

With youre Swerde a-none wyll She

Yow gyrd in alle the peples syght.

She shaft yow gylle the ordre of

knyght. 2552

And kepe yow weh for Goddys sake,

Be no crafte no man yow make

To see youre lady or tyme be." 2555

And with that worde alle wepyng he

Turned hym and gothe his way.

These yonge men in sylke so gay 2558

Were clothid / to hym they come a-none

To take theire leue, for they muste gone

With hyr maister home a-ye[n].

And they sayde : "Syr, looke ye ben

Euer to youre lady fult trew, [1 ff. 11, bk.]

And that ye not longe sogourne, 2565

But to youre lady sone returne."

And with that worde sodenly they be

Vanesshid a-way, that trewly he 2568

- Wote neuer were thay bene [be]come.  
 To Bloys hathe he the waye nome.  
 A-ffore hym⁹ gothe thus xij somerys  
 Streyȝhte to the gate, where as the porterys 2572  
 Stode to-gydere and sawe thus syȝhte,  
 And thanekyd hyely God alle-myȝhte.  
 They sawe the somerys Charged wyth Ryechees.  
 The CasteH stode ynne grete dystresse ; 2576  
 They thoȝth yt come by God-ys grase.  
 Inne they lette the somerys pace.  
 Sone affter came Partanope.  
 [And whan⁹ they aspyed hit was he, 2580  
 And they myȝht redyly hym⁹ know,  
 Down⁹ on⁹ knees they gan⁹ falle low,  
 And welcomed hym⁹ with alle her hert.  
 And in alle hast one in ded stert, 2584  
 And to the lady, his moder, saide he :  
 "Youre Son⁹ ys come, Partanope."]  
 Sche gan⁹ to fraye of sodente,  
 Butte yette ynne haste vppe Rysyȝth sche, 2588  
 And gothe here sone for to mete.  
 Whanne sche hym⁹ sawe, sche gynnyȝthe to wepe  
 For very Ioye, and ther-wyȝth-alle  
 Here armes, thatt were long⁹ and smale, 2592  
 Abowte hys neeke sche dede leye.  
 Sche myȝhte for Ioye no worthe seye,  
 2579. MS. scarcely come.

Partanope  
arrives at  
Blois.

The porters,  
recognizing  
him, fall  
down on  
their knees.

His mother  
comes to  
welcome  
him.

---

Univ. Coll. MS.

- Wote neuer where they be become.  
 To Bloys hath he the waye nome.  
 Aforne hym⁹ gone these xij Somers  
 Streyȝht to the yate, whe[re] as the 2572  
 porters  
 Stode to-gyder and sawe this syȝht,  
 And thanked hyȝhly God almyȝht.  
 They sawe the Somers charged with  
 rychesse.  
 The casteH stode in grete distresse ; 2576  
 They thought hit come by Goddys  
 grace ;  
 And in they lete these Somers passe.  
 Sone after come this Partanope,  
 And whan⁹ they aspyed hit was he, 2580  
 And they myȝht redyly hym⁹ know,  
 Down⁹ on⁹ knees they gan⁹ falle low,  
 And welcomed hym⁹ with alle her  
 hert.  
 And in alle hast one in ded stert, 2584  
 And to the lady, his moder, saide he :  
 "Youre Son⁹ ys come, Partanope."  
 She gan⁹ affray of this sodeyn⁹ caas,  
 And ryseth vp in a grete raas, 2588  
 And gothe hir Son⁹ for to mete.  
 Whan⁹ Sye She gynnyȝthe to wepe  
 For verray Ioye, and therewith-aȝ  
 Her armes, that were longe and smaȝ,  
 A-boute his nekke She dyd lay. 2593  
 She myȝht no worde for Ioye say,

- And kyssed hym wyth dedely chere.  
 Sche ferde as thow sche weste neuer where 2596  
 Sche hadde bene, and ther-wyth downe  
 To grownde sche fylde omne a sownne.  
 And sone aftir sche dydde awake  
 Owte off here sownynge, *and* gynnythite take 2600  
 Here hert to here fully agayne.  
 And then sche seyde: "Where haue 3e bene,  
 My dere sone, my Erthely Ioye,  
 Thatt neuer y hadde tokyn fro the, 2604  
 Letter ne worthe thatt me my3th ese,  
 To me thus hathe bene grette dyssease.  
 Kyng Cleobollys he ys dede, [leaf 32, back]  
 Yowr fader alle-so; thus ys the threde 2608  
 I stande, an am ynne grete dowte.  
 My ney3thbowrys here rownde abowte  
 Haue Rebellyd and dysheryed me  
 Off fayre castellys no lesse thenne thre, 2612  
 Thatt stonden here ynne the moresse  
 Rownde abowte the caste of Bloys."  
 "Madame," sayde thus Partonope,  
 "Beth off gode comfort; y hope that 3e 2616  
 In schorte tyme schalle stonde yn ese.  
 Y knowe Ry3thite welle alle yowr dyssease.  
 Butte dothe dyscharge alle thys somerys,  
 And sendyth abowte for kny3tes *and* squyers. 2620

2609. stande] a fairly distinct. 2613. MS. possibly maresse.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- And kessed hym with a dedely chere.  
 She ferd as thogh She wist not where  
 She had be, and therwith downe 2598  
 And whan after She was a-wake  
 Oute of hir swownyng and gynnythite take  
 Hir hert fully to hir a-yen, [leaf 12]  
 And then She seyde: "Where haue  
 ye ben,  
 My dere Son, myn herthly Ioye,  
 That neuer letter ne worde sent with  
 oye, 2604  
 That myn hert gretly myght ease.  
 This hath be to me a grete dyssease.  
 King Cleonelys now ys dede,  
 And youre fader also; thus in drede 2608  
 I stonde, and am in grete doute.  
 Myn neyghbours here a-boute 2611  
 Haue rebellid and disherited me  
 Of flayre castellis no lesse than thre,  
 That stonde here in this Marreys  
 Rounde a-boute this Castell of Bloys."  
 "M<sup>a</sup> Adame" sayde this Partanope,  
 "Both of goode comforte; I  
 hope that ye 2616  
 In short tyme shaft stonde in ease  
 I know ryght wele youre dyssease,  
 But dothe discharge alle these Somers,  
 And sendyth a-boute for knyghtis and  
 Squyers. 2620

- I schalle noȝhte spare for no gyfte  
 Hem to wyth-holde by my thryffte  
 To saue yow yowr herytage,  
 And c. M<sup>i</sup> y wolle welle wage." 2624  
 In alle the haste thenne dothe sche  
 Here letterys sende alle the Cuntre  
 [For knyght, yomen, and goode Squyer  
 A certeyn day to come to dyner. 2628  
 Tydyng ranne thorow the contree]  
 Thatt home was comen Partonope.  
 The thythyngys to hys fryndys buthe gladde,  
 Hys Enmyys ther-off no Ioye made. 2632  
 Whenne the cheualrye of the Cuntre  
 Herde saye thatt Partonope  
 In very trowthe\* was come home,  
 Faste to hym ward they gynne gone. 2636  
 He hym reseuyd wythe goodely chere,  
 They be Ryȝth gladde to feynde hym there.\*  
 To thowsand knyȝhtys there he wyth-helde,  
 Thatt redy were to go to the fylde, 2640  
 When thatt euere hym lesste to Ryde.  
 Partonope wolde no lenger abyde,  
 Butte to the stronge Castellys thre  
 The streyȝhte way anon wylle he\*. 2644
2635. MS. trawthe.  
 2638. MS. They feynde be Ryȝth gladde off hym there.  
 2644. wylle he] MS. taketh he, which properly belongs to l. 2648,  
 the scribe having dropped four lines, here supplied from Univ. Coll.  
 MS.

The knights  
of the coun-  
try, hearing  
that Parton-  
ope has re-  
turned,  
hasten to  
Blois.

Partonope  
regains his  
mother's  
castles, and  
then goes to  
succour the  
King at  
Pontoise.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- I shaȝt not spare now for no yefte  
 Hem to with-holde now by my  
 thrifte  
 To saue yow and myn heritage, 2623  
 And hundreth thousand I wol wage."  
 In alle the hast than dothe She  
 Hir letters send alle the Contree  
 For knyght, yomen, and goode Squyer  
 A certeyn day to come to dyner. 2623  
 Tydyng ranne thorow the contree  
 Thatt home was come Partanope.  
 These tydyngis to his frendys were  
 glade,  
 His enemyes herof no Ioye made. 2632
- Whan the cheualry of that contree  
 Herde say how that Partanope  
 In verray trouth was come home,  
 Fast to hym ward they gan gone. 2636  
 He hem resseyvid with goodely chere.  
 They be right glade to fynde hym  
 here.  
 Two thousand knyghtes there [he]  
 with-helde, [1 leaf 12, back] 2640  
 That redy were to go to feelde,  
 Whan that euere hym lyst to ryde.  
 Partanope wole no lenger byde,  
 But to these stronge Castelles thre  
 The streyght way a nonewylle he.

PARTONOPE.

G

[Short tale to make, this ys no lees,  
 The castellys, the Contree he sett in pees.  
 Wythoute more lette than Partanope  
 Streight to the kyng the way] taketh he 2648  
 To a stronge CasteH men callythe Pynnyfe.  
 There lythe the kyng, thatt of hys lyffe [leaf 33]  
 Ys fulle wery, thus ys no drede;  
 For he hathe nother Cownset ne rede 2652  
 Off kynne, off frynde, ne off hys lyggys.  
 There-fore ynne grete drede hys he.  
 And there ys a kyng hathe Agysor  
 Come in-to Fraunce, thatt as a bore 2656  
 Or lyon or wolffe ys ravenous.\*  
 He scleyth, he rubbythe, he leuyth no howse  
 Vnbrente, saffe Castelle and wallyd townys.  
 He hathe wythe\* hym dyuerse nacionys 2660  
 And grete Numbere of Cheualrye  
 Off Norway, of Glygland, of Orcanye,  
 Off Erlond, off Fresselond, of Denmarke,  
 Thatt fully destroyen alle thatt marche. 2664  
 He hopyth fully to conquere Fraunce;  
 Agaynyste hym ther ys no resistance.  
 Another ys there a grete werrowre,  
 A kyng thatt ys namyd Surnegowre, 2668

The heathen  
 king Agisor  
 is devastat-  
 ing the  
 country.

Another  
 heathen king  
 is Surne-  
 gowre,

2651. no] MS. to. 2657. MS. revenaunce or revenaunce.  
 2660. wythe written twice.  
 2663-64. Denmarke: marche] a like o.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Short tale to make, this ys no lees,  
 The castellys, the Contree he sett in  
 pees. 2648  
 Wythoute more lette than Partanope  
 Streight to the kyng the way taketh he  
 To a stronge castelle men calle Poun-  
 nyfe.  
 There lyeth the kyng, that of his lyfe  
 Is full wery, this ys no drede;  
 For he ne hath Cownsaile ne rede 2652  
 Of kynne, nor frend, ne of his leeges.  
 Therefore in grete drede he now is.  
 For there ys a kyng that higheth  
 Agysore

Come in-to Fraunce lyke as a Boore  
 Or a wolf that ys ravenous. 2657  
 H[e] sleeth, robbeth, and leveth none  
 hous  
 Vn-brent but castellis and wallid  
 towrs.  
 He hath with hym dyuers Chyvalours  
 Of Norway, Glytland, and Denmark  
 nacion, 2662  
 That the marches put in confusion.  
 He hopith fully to conquerre Fraunce;  
 Ayen him ys no resistance. 2666  
 Another ther ys a grete werrioure,  
 A king named Sir Sornogowre,



Yonge, hardy, manly yn fy3thte,		a worthy
And ther-to a passynge semely kny3thte.		young
For and he hadde bene off Crystys lore,		knight.
I trowe men <sup>n</sup> haue neuer* by-fore	2672	
In Romaunce herd a worthyer kynge.		
He loued kny3thhode aboute alle thynges.		
The kyng of Fraunce ys onne Pvntyfe.		
Tydyng <sup>g</sup> -ys he heryth* of werre and stryffe	2676	
Thorowe alle Fraunce yn every Cuntre.		
In thus CasteH wyth hym there be		The King of
Offe frenche an flemysche, as y wene,		Fraunce has
Butte x M <sup>ti</sup> ; and there agaynys bene	2680	only ten
And .c. M <sup>ti</sup> wyth kyng Surnegowre,		thousand
There-fore off Cheualrye he ys namyd folowre.		men :
And alle thus heryth Partonope.		Sornegour
A-none to the kyng faste hyythe he,	2684	has one
And wythe hym brynggythe a ffayre mayne, [leaf 33, back]		hundred
Fyffe M <sup>ti</sup> kny3thtes, wyche thatt be		thousand.
In armes fresche and welle arayde ;		
Here wags he hathe hem welle payde.	2688	Partonope
Nowe tythynggyste of Partonope		brings with
To the kyng ys come, and gladde ys he,		him five
And gothe agaynys hym owte of hys towre,		thousand
And reseuyd hym wyth grete honowre,	2692	knights.
And hys desese tellyth in haste		
To Partonope, and how sore agaste		The King
		explains his
		hopeless
		position.

2672. neuer] MS. here.

2676. MS. beryth.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Yong, hardy, and full ffeers in fyght,*	A-none to the kyng fast hyeth he,	2684
And therto a passyng semely knyght.	And with hym bryngith a fayre meyne	
The kyng of Fraunce ys now in Poun-	Fewe hundred knyghtis, whiche that	
tyfe.	he	[leaf 13]
2675		
Tydynges he heryth of werre and	In armes fressh and weft a-rayde ;	
stryfe	They be of her wages weft payde.	2688
Thorow alle Fraunce in every Contre.	Now tydynges of this Partanope	
In this casteH with hym ther be	Are come to the kyng, and gladde ys	
Of frenche, of flemmynges, as I wene,	he,	
But ten thousand ; and there a-yenst	And gothe a-yenst him owte of his	
bene	tonre,	
2680	And hym resseyvith with grete	
And hundred thousand with kyng Sor-	honoure.	2692
nogoure,	And his dyssease he tellith in hast	
That of chevalry ys named the floure.	To Partanope, and how sore a-gast	
Alle this herith yonge Partanope.		

2669. MS. syght.

He ys of kyng Sornagowre,  
 For he ys so stronge a werrowre. 2696  
 He thynkyth thus lond to conquere.  
 "I may not slepe for sorowe *and* fere :  
 He brennyth and wastyth alle the londe,  
 I haue no power hym to wyth-stande." 2700  
 Alle thus heryth Partonope.  
 He seyyth butte lyteH, butte more thynkyth he.  
 Atte the laste he sayde to the kyng :  
 "Me mervelyth gretely off on thyng. 2704  
 Why sende 3e no3the for alle menne  
 Thatt to yowr Crowne lege bene?"—  
 "So haue y do," thenne seyde the kyng.  
 "They wylle obbeye me nothyng. 2708  
 Y canne ynne no wyse trewly see  
 Butt thatt they neyder holde me  
 For kyng, for souereyne, ne for no lorde."  
 Partonope answeyd atte thatt worthe : 2712  
 "Thenne sethen ytte wolle no beter be,  
 Pray God of helpe, and he wolle see  
 To hys seruand euer yndede.  
 I canne no more butte thus I rede." 2716  
 The kyng now leuyth alle thys mater,  
 And strey3hte gothe in to [hys] dyner,  
 And wyth hym takyth the Partonope.  
 Ry3th gladde of hym for sothe ys he.\* [leaf 34] 2720  
 Thys Pynnyfe ys a CasteH Ryalle,

His liege-  
men will not  
obey him.

Pontoise is  
strongly  
fortified.

*The first four lines of leaf 34 are a repetition of ll. 2702-5, with the following differences of spelling: seyythe, lyteH, thynkyth, seyde, mervelythe, of O thyng, no3the.*

Univ. Coll. MS.

He ys of this kyng Sornogoure,	Prayeth God of helpe, and he wole
For he ys so fiers a werrioure. 2696	see
Partanope answerith the kyng: 2703	To his Sernaunt at euery nede.
"Me mervelyth gretly of oo thing.	I canne no more, but thus I rede."
Why sende ye not flor alle men	The kyng leueth alle this matere, 2717
Thatt to youre crown lyge been?"	And comyth in-to the halle.
"So haue I do," then sayde the kyng,	And ryght a-none therwith-alle,
"They wolle a-bey me no-thing. 2708	And streyght gothe in to his dynere,
Ne know me for her souereyn lorde."	And with hym taketh Partanope.
Partanope answerith at that worde:	Ryght gladde of hym forsothe ys he.
"What yf yt wolle no better be, 2713	This Pynnyfe ys a CasteH ryall. 2721

- Closyd welle wyth Ryȝth a stronge walle,  
 Fulle of towres wyth-owten<sup>n</sup> dowte.  
 A deche ryȝthe depe goythe Rownde abowte, 2724  
 Fulle of water, and harde to wyne.  
 Ther-to the Castel ys wyth-ynne  
 Off men<sup>n</sup> of armes stuffet welle.  
 Off warre vesture hyt\* lackethe neuer a delle. 2728  
 Nowe hadde these hethen<sup>n</sup> men<sup>n</sup> in costome  
 Euery day armed ffreschely to come  
 To profere skermesche to thys castelle.  
 Thay spare noȝthte to come Ryȝthte to the walle. 2732  
 And these were knyȝthtes of kyng Sornagowre,  
 Wyche off cheualrye bare the flowre,  
 Where-of he lasfe hadde atte the Castelle of Chanarde  
 A M<sup>ti</sup> knyȝthtys and neuer a cowarde. 2736  
 xx<sup>ti</sup> M<sup>ti</sup> he lasfe be-hynde  
 Wyth kyng Agysor\* soior[n]yng.  
 No wonder ys thowe the kyng be  
 Off Fraunce aferde, for fewe folke hathe he. 2740  
 There-fore he comawndyth ynne grete haste  
 The porterys to sparre the gatys faste,  
 Thatt ther schulde no man<sup>n</sup> owte Isse,  
 Knyȝthte ne squyer, butte be hys avyse. 2744  
 The Ethen<sup>n</sup> wyth grete boste and cryyng  
 To the Castelle-gate for Scarmesyng  
 Eny day comen<sup>n</sup> wyth grette pryde,  
 The Cuntre prayden<sup>n</sup> yn<sup>n</sup> euery syde. 2748
2728. hyt] MS. hys.      2729. MS. costonne.  
 2734. MS. bore?      2738. MS. Claysar.

but is  
 threatened  
 every day by  
 Sornegour's  
 warriors,

thousands of  
 whom are  
 left partly  
 at Chars,  
 partly with  
 Agisor.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Wele closyd with water and walle. 2722  
 The hethen<sup>n</sup> men<sup>n</sup> had in custom<sup>n</sup> 2729  
 Armed fresshly euery day to come  
 To profer Skyrmyssh to this Castell.  
 They spare lit not neuer a dele, 2732  
 And thise were knyghtes of Sornogoure,  
 Whiche of cheualry bare the floure,  
 Where-of he had left at Castell Chaynard  
 Ten<sup>n</sup> thowsand knyghtes to kepe the warde. 2736  
 And twenty thowsand he left be-hynde
- <sup>1</sup> With kyng Gysore sogeournyng.  
 No wondyr ys thought the kyng be 2739  
 Of Fraunce a-ferde, for few folke had he;  
 [1 leat 13, back]  
 Wherfore he comaundeth that none schulde be nyse  
 To passe the yates but hit be at his a-vyse. 2744  
 The hethen<sup>n</sup> with grete booste and crying  
 To the Castell-gate for skermysshing  
 Euer they come with grete pryde, 2747  
 And take grete pray on euery syde.

The booty is  
all sent to  
Agisor.

Sornegour  
himself is at  
Chars.

He com-  
mands his  
rear to join  
him on Saint  
James's day.

Ten thou-  
sand men  
ride at once  
to Pontoise,  
without  
waiting for  
their king.

Watte euer ther prayes where nette, schepe, or horse,  
Thay sende alle to kynge Agysores.

Atte Chars lyethe kynge Sornegowre [leaf 34, back]

As fers ynne batyt as eny bore 2752

Thatt wylde ys, and lyythe ynne Denne.

He comawndythe sertayn of hys men

To Ryde to hys re[re]warde,  
Thatt thay schulde geue hym in charge 2756

To euery man in hys degree

Thatt they algate schulde be

Wythe hym atte synt Iames ffeste,

Thatt hathe Baptyste bothe moste and leste. 2760

Thys was vppon wytsoneday

That kynge Sornegowre at Chars leye,

Hys Rennerys dysconeryd the Cuntre,

There herde he fyrste of Partonope. 2764

Wanne thatt tythyngys they ganne here,

Off Partonope themne dydde they ffere.

The saryzynys ganne here cownceH take,

And charged alle men they schulde make 2768

Hem redy and arme hym faste,

For they wolde ryde yn alle haste.

A none x M<sup>th</sup> redy were

Onne horse-backe armed wyth schelde and spere. 2772

v. c. off these, as I rede,

Helden hole to-gyder wyth-owten drede.

The oder v. c. owte of araye

Ranne and prykyd the Cuntre alle daye.\* 2776

2749. prayes] s like r.

2763. MS. Remerys.

On leaf 34, back, the last nine lines (after 2776) are crossed out in MS. Then follows catch-word: ranne and prykyd, and at the top of leaf 35 is repeated: Ranne and prekyde the Cuntre alle daye.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

At Charse lyeth kyng Sornogoure 2751

As feers in batayle as any Boore. 2752

He sendith to his rewarde tho 2755

That they shuff make hem redy and

come hym to,

This was vppon the whitsonday 2761

That Sornogoure made this a-ray.

His Renners dysconere alle the cuntree,

And there they herde first of Par-

tanope.

2764

The Sarazyns than they goune feere,

And a Counsaile then makyn there.

Anone ten thousand redy were 2771

On horsbak armed with Sheelde and

Spere.

Fyve hundred of these, as I rede,

Helde hole to-gyther withouten drede.

The tother oute of aray than

Alle day the Countree prykyd and

ranne;

2776

Thay rafte maney man<sup>h</sup> hys lyffe.

[leaf 35]

Thay cesyd nott tylle thay where atte Pynnyffe.

Thorow the Contre thenne Rose the crye.

The frenchemen<sup>h</sup> onne the castel<sup>h</sup> onne hys, 2780

Owte of the Cuntre herde grette afrage,

Whyth hym<sup>h</sup>-sylfe hadde grette dysmaye.

The hethen<sup>h</sup> luste notte to abyde here kyng,

The ffrenche men<sup>h</sup> thay dradde no-thinge. 2784

A-none as euer Partonope

Thys noyse heryth, wattu dothe he

Faste butte armethe hym in alle haste?

And Comaw[n]dythe hys sowdyowres faste 2788

They make hem<sup>h</sup> redy, for he wolde Ryde,

He thynckyth no lenger for to abyde.

v. c. now on<sup>h</sup> horse-backe [he hade]

Welle armed; and thenne hee bade\* 2792

The porterys faste vndo the gate.

Butte he wolde lette no man<sup>h</sup> passe ther-ate,

Tylle tyme thatt he the kyng<sup>h</sup> myghte y-see

Redy to ryde and hys mayne. 2796

The kyng<sup>h</sup> ys armed and Redy to Ryde.

Affter hym<sup>h</sup> ther wolde no man<sup>h</sup> abyde.

Two M<sup>th</sup> men<sup>h</sup> alle redy he

Armed hadde, and thenne Partonope 2800

Spake to the kyng<sup>h</sup> ynne thus wyse:

["Sir, I pray yow, lat me devyse"]

Howe thatt 3e gouernyd schalle be.

Kepythe to-gedyr alle yow<sup>r</sup> mayne, 2804

Partonope  
arms him-  
self.

He bids the  
porters open  
the gate.

Two thou-  
sand men are  
ready to  
sally.

The King is  
to remain  
behind.

2788. MS. sawdyowres.

2792. hee bade] MS. bade hee.

Univ. Coll. MS.

They refte many a man of his lyfe.

They sees not tylle they come to Poun-  
tyfe. 2778

Thus they made a sudeyn affray. 2781

They in the Caste<sup>h</sup> gan<sup>h</sup> dysmay.

Anone as euer this Partanope 2785

This noyse herith, what dothe he?

Armed<sup>h</sup> hym<sup>h</sup> in alle that hast,

And with alle his souldiours as fast

He thinketh no lenger for to a-byde,

But to hym<sup>h</sup> ys redy for to ryde. 2790

He bade the porters vndo the yate, 2793

But they wolde not late none oute  
therate, 2794

Tylle the kyng were redy to ryde. 2797

Than<sup>h</sup> after hym<sup>h</sup> he dothe a-byde. 2798

<sup>1</sup> He spake to the kyng in This wyse:

"Sir, I pray yow, lat me devyse 2802

How that ye shaft governed be. [11. 14]

Kepeth hole to-gydyr youre meyne,

And y schalle go affore and mete  
 Wyth these hethen; butte locke 3e lete  
 None off yowr' hoste fro yow goo.  
 Butte 3yff 3e se ytte stonde soo 2808  
 Thatt of helpe y haue grete nede,  
 Me\* to Rescowe than faste 3e spede."

Partonope  
 rides into  
 the field,  
 and is at  
 once  
 attacked by  
 a heathen  
 knight.

Now [of] the kynge Partonope  
 Hys leue takyth, and ffreschely Rydyth he 2812  
 Ouer the brygge yn-to the fylde,  
 To hym war[d] comyng he be-helde  
 Freschely armed and hethen kny3thite  
 Thatt hym asawylett wyth alle hys my3thite. 2816  
 Partonope pulleth owte hys swerde,  
 As he [that] was no-thinge aferde. [leaf 35, back]  
 He gaffe the hethen kny3th a dynte  
 Wythite hys swerde thatt neuer stynte. 2820

Partonope  
 cleaves his  
 lead.

This  
 knight's  
 name was  
 Heldin.

Tylle cleuen was hede and helme anone,  
 Strey3thite vnto the breste bone.  
 He ffelle downe dede yn alle here sy3thite.  
 Heldines hy3th\* thus kny3thite. 2824  
 He was of grete\* reputacon  
 Amonge the hethen, for here gownfanon  
 He bare euer-more ymme Batayle.  
 Thus sayyth myn Autor wyth-owten fayle. 2828  
 Thys hathe Heldynes harde y-hent  
 Off thus skarmosche the fyrste dent.  
 Partonope wolde no3th sese  
 Off grete strokys, butte yn be-gynnythe to prese, 2832  
 2810. Me] MS. ye. 2824. MS. by3th. 2825. MS. crete.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And I shaft goo a-fore and meete 2805  
 With these hethen; but looke ye  
 leete  
 None of youre Oost from yow goo.  
 But yf ye wyle see het stant soo 2808  
 That I of helpe haue grete nede,  
 Me to rescow than fast ye spede."  
 Now of the kyng this Partonope  
 His leue takith, and forthe rydeth  
 he

Over the Brygge in-to the feelde, 2813  
 Where he sawe and be-heelde  
 How that and hethen knight  
 Be-gan hym to assayle with his myght.

Partonope pulleth oute his Swerde,  
 And of hym is no-thinge a-ferde. 2818  
 He gaff that knyght suche a dynt  
 That thurgh his hede hit glynt.  
 He fylle doune dede alle in her syght.  
 Heldenes was the name of this knyght.  
 He was a man of grete reputacion 2825  
 Amonge the hethen, for he her gan-  
 fanon  
 Bare euermore in any Batayle.  
 Thus sayth myn autoure, withoute  
 fayle. 2828  
 Now Partonope wole not sees 2831  
 To gyl grete strokes in that prees.

- As he thatt was bothe hardy and bolde.  
 Sucche a stroke he gaffe Burnolde,  
 An hethen man, thatt alle myȝt see.  
 The quarter wythe the harme he made flee 2836  
 From the body in-to the fylde.  
 Sucche strokys men haue y-sen butte sylde.  
 Partonope cryed : " O Crysten men !  
 Leye onne faste, thatt the hethen 2840  
 Neuer mowe thatt day se  
 Thatt we schulle of them be  
 Dyscumfyte, or ellys be wyth-drawe  
 Off sucche pepelle of false lawe." 2844  
 The hethen hertys gan faste colde  
 Be-cawse of Hildine and of Burnolde  
 Where so deden ; for bothe too  
 Were gode knyȝhtys ; and Partonope ther-to 2848  
 So fersely leyyth onne rownde abowte ;  
 Moche folke he sleythe of the hethen Rowte.  
 Amonge the hethen he so pressythe,  
 And of fyȝhtyng neuer sessythe. 2852  
 He leyyth on the hethen soo  
 They mow nott chese, away th[e]y goo.  
 Alle blody and beten owte of the fyȝhte\*,  
 Thus buth thay thus day alle scumfyte ; 2856  
 A-way they flee an huge pace.  
 Partonope\* folewyth wythe the chase [leaf 36]  
 Wythe alle hys power by hys syde.
2836. MS. quarter? 2855. MS. flyȝhte.  
 2858. MS. Partonotope.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- For he was bothe hardy and boolde.  
 And suche a stroke he gaffe Bornolde  
 That a hethen knyght was he. 2835  
 The quarter with the arme he made  
 flee [1 leaf 14, back]  
 Fro the Body in-to the feelde.  
 Su[e]he strookes men haue sey seelde.  
 Partanope cryed : " O ye cristen men.  
 Lay on fast vpon the hethen, 2840  
 That they se not vs withdrawe. 2843  
 Kelle these people of fals lawe !"  
 The hethen hertes gan faste Coolde  
 Be-cause of Hildenes and Bornolde  
 Were dede so : for bothe they two  
 Were worthey knyȝtes / but now ys so  
 That Partanope feersly hym a-boute  
 Sleeth folke of the hethen rowte. 2850  
 Amonge the hethen he so presed,  
 And of fyȝhtyng he neuer sesed,  
 But overledde the hethen soo  
 Th[e]y may not chese, a-way they goo.  
 Alle blody and bethyn oute of fyȝht,\*  
 Thus be they this day dyscumfyte. 2856  
 A-wey they flee an huge paas.  
 Partanope feersly pursueth the Chaas  
 With alle his power be his syde.

2855. MS. syght.

	There was sene he cowde beste ryde.	2860
	The hethen for fere ganne quake,	
Partonope overtakes them, and the battle begins afresh.	Partonope hathe hem* over-take.	
	Now enter-mellyd aȝen they be.	
	The Crysten lyen onne, thatt hyt to* see	2864
	Or here, hyt was, me thynkythte, grete loye.	
	Partonope thatt day dydde grete noye	
	To the saryzynys; for trewly abyde	
	Durste they neuer not; for wonde[r] wyde	2868
	Dysparcler ynn the felde they bee.	
	Many an helme ther men myȝtlyte y-see	
	Alle to-clatered <i>and</i> scheldes schake.	
	The sarzynes effte sone he ganue make	2872
	To leue ther grownde, <i>and</i> to flyȝtlyte	
He slays the heathen knights Fares and Mares,	He putte hem alle; <i>and</i> ther a knyȝtlyte	
	Ho slowe, hose name was Farrees*,	
	He slowe as he rode thorow the presse.	2876
	He mette anoder hyȝth Maroes,	
	He slow hym alle-so, thus ys no lese.	
	Owte of the presse now dothe he Ryde	
	Hym to brethe, butte there abyde	2880
	He wolde noȝth long; butte ynn agayne.	
	Thatt sawe the sarzynes, <i>and</i> faste to flene	
	They ganue echone* wyth-owten lette.	
and Bel Saret, nephew of king Sornogour.	Amonge hem was on hyȝtlyte bele Sawrette,	2884
	A sarzyne, a luste man, an a ȝonge.	
	He was Newoo vnto Surnegowre the kyng.	
	2862. hem] <i>MS.</i> bene.	2864. to] <i>MS.</i> may.
	2868. abyde <i>underdotted before</i> wyde.	
	2875. <i>MS.</i> Marrees.	
	2883. <i>MS.</i> euehene, <i>emend</i> echone or eurychone.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

There hit was seen who cowde ryde.	Alle to-clateryd and broken be.	2871
The hethyn for fere they gan quake.	The hethen her grounde gan for-sake;	
Partanope hath hem now overtake.	Her flyght a-way they dyd make.	
Now entermedlid aȝen they be.	There Partanope in that fyght	
The Crysten fyghten. loye hit ys to	Slow many a doughty knyght.	
see;	He slow the lorde Mores	2875
And the hethen drust not a-byde,	And a knyght that hyght Fores.	2877
For Partanope made hym sparble	Amonge hem was on bele Soret,	2881
wyde.	A lusty Sarzyn, wythoute lette.	
And many an helme there men myght	Strong he was and wele lykyn,	
see	Newew to Sornogoure the kyng.	2886



- Welle horsyd and ffreschely armyd was hee.  
 Off hym toke kepe Partonope. 2888  
 He spowrythe hys stede wyth alle hys myȝtthe,  
 He thoȝtthe thatt sarȝyne schulde alyȝtthe.  
 And wyth grete haste wyth the hym he mette,  
 And so sore hym wyth-sette, 2892  
 The sarȝyne mowȝth ynd no wyse chese.  
 Partonope made hym there to lese  
 Hys lyffe; ther-wyth Partonope  
 Lokythe abowte affter hys mayne, 2896  
 And to hym drawyth a sowfite pace. [leaf 36, back]  
 The hethen cryed alas alas,\* The heathen  
 Off hys dethe thay hadde grete pety. are seized  
 "Watte manne hy[s] thus Partonope?" 2900 with fear.  
 They sayde alle, in Crystyante  
 Was nott sucche anoder as hee.  
 Partonope ys nowe wythe hys mayne.  
 Hem to-geder nowe draweth hee; 2904  
 And dothe off hys helme hem to abrethe.  
 He loked be-hynde, and on a hethe  
 The kyng of Fraunce ther sawe he comynge  
 Wythe alle hys Oste, wyche was gode tythyngge 2908  
 To alle the power of Partonope.  
 For nothyng lenger abyde wolde he.  
 Onne goyth the helme, forthe Rennythe the stede  
 Amonge alle the bodyys thatt there laye dede, 2912  
 Tylle he was, wyth-owte lese,  
 2898. MS. The cryed alas alas hethen sayd alas.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

- Wele horsed and armed was he. 2887  
 Of hym toke heede this Partanope.  
 In grete hast with hym he mette, 2891  
 And suche a stroke on hym he  
 sette  
 That he myght in no wyse chese,  
 But his lyfe dyd the leese. [leaf 15]  
<sup>1</sup> And therwith this goode Partanope  
 Loketh a-boute for his meyne, 2896  
 And to hem draweth a softe paas.  
 The hethen cryed alas alas,  
 Of his deth they had grete pytee.  
 "What man ys this Partanope?" / 2900  
 They sayde in alle Crystyante  
 Was not suche a-nother as he.  
 Partanope ys now with his meyne.  
 For they now to-gyder be. 2904  
 He dothe of his helme for to a-brethe.  
 He loked be-hynde, and vnnethe  
 The kyng of Fraunce he saw comyng  
 With alle his Oste; that was goode  
 tydyng 2908  
 To alle the power of Partanope.  
 For no-thing lenger a-byde wolde he.  
 On gothe the helme, forthe renneth  
 the Stede  
 Amonge the bodyes that there lye dede,  
 Tylle he was, withouten lees, 2913

Amyddes the sarzynes yn<sup>o</sup> alle the prese.  
 He leyyth abowte hym<sup>o</sup> wyth<sup>o</sup> hys brande.  
 Many an hethen<sup>o</sup> there loste hys hande, 2916  
 The armes fro the body clene  
 He made flee ynto the grene.  
 Whan<sup>o</sup> the sarzynes thus dyd see,  
 Alle atte ons thay gan<sup>o</sup> [to] flee. 2920  
 Amonges these [hethen] was a man<sup>o</sup>,  
 A worthy [knyght], thatt hyght<sup>o</sup> Lukan.  
 Wyth<sup>o</sup> hym mette Partonope.  
 Hys hede anone he made flee 2924  
 From the body ynto the fylde.  
 Many a sarzyne hytte be-helde.  
 Off thus stroke they were aferde ;  
 They cursd hym<sup>o</sup> sore and eke hys swerde. 2928  
 Partonope leyyth [onne] ynne euery syde.  
 Now gymnythe the hethen<sup>o</sup> faste on<sup>o</sup> hym Ryde,  
 And wyth<sup>o</sup> fers hert hym to asayle.  
 Now at Erste be-gymnythe the Batayle. 2932  
 Ther-wyth<sup>o</sup>-alle comyth<sup>o</sup> the kyng  
 Off Fraunce, and wythe hym<sup>o</sup> alle prekyng  
 To M<sup>h</sup> of hys lege men<sup>o</sup>, [leaf 37]  
 Thatt freschely the prees of\* the ethen<sup>o</sup> 2936  
 Wythe sturdy speres and swerdes [br]eke.  
 Onne grownde of the hethen<sup>o</sup> fallet<sup>o</sup> maney freke.  
 2936. or and ?  
 2936. the prees of] MS. pressyth vppon<sup>o</sup>.

and kills a knight named Lukan.

The King of France arrives with two thousand of his liegemen.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Amydde the Sarazyns in alle the  
 prees.  
 He laythe a-loute hym<sup>o</sup> with his  
 bond. 2917  
 Many an<sup>o</sup> hethen<sup>o</sup> there lost his bond.  
 The armes fro the body clene  
 He made flyng yn-to the Grene.  
 Whan<sup>o</sup> the Sarazyns this dyd se,  
 Alle at onys they gan<sup>o</sup> to flee. 2920  
 Amonge these hethen<sup>o</sup> was a man<sup>o</sup>,  
 A worthy knyght that hyght<sup>o</sup> Lukan.  
 With hym<sup>o</sup> mette this Partanope.  
 His hede anone he made flee 2924  
 From the body in-to the feelde.  
 Many a Sarazyn hit byhelde.  
 Of this stroke they were a-ferde ;  
 They cursid hym<sup>o</sup> sore and eke his  
 swerde. 2928  
 Partanope lyeth on<sup>o</sup> vpon<sup>o</sup> euery syde.  
 Now gynne they faste on<sup>o</sup> hym<sup>o</sup> ryde,  
 And with ferse hert hym assayle.  
 Now at erst be-gymmeth the batayle.  
<sup>1</sup>Therwithaft now Comyth the kyng  
 Of Fraunce, and with hym<sup>o</sup> fast prekyng  
 Two thowsand of his lyegemen, 2936  
 That fresly the prees of the hethen<sup>o</sup>  
 With sturdy Speres and Swerdes  
 breke. <sup>1</sup>[leaf 15, back]  
 To grounde of the hethen<sup>o</sup> fylle many  
 a freeke.

- The 3onge kyng hym-sylffe dothe fy3thte,  
 Off hym ytte was a ry3th gode sy3thte. 2940  
 There bydeth notte onne, butte faste thay flee  
 To Chars,\* here Castel; and Partonope  
 Charchet hem strey3thte to the castelle,  
 Where-ynne was many a sar3yne felle, 2944  
 Thatt to the gate faste\* Ranne.  
 A-none owte gothe the grete gunne.  
 There-wyth they made an huge shryche;  
 Partonope hurlythe hem in-to the deche. 2948  
 The bowes of brake er bent ynne haste;  
 They bent here arowblastys and stonys caste.  
 Partonope thatt day vnder hys schelde  
 xx hethen he hathe slayn yn the fylde. 2952  
 Wythe thatt he hadde of money moo  
 Broken the armes and leggyys a-twoo.  
 The frenche men thatt were lefte in Pvntyffe,  
 Felle sodenly yn grete stryffe. 2956  
 And alle was for here abydyng,  
 Thatt they schulde leue be-hynde here kyng.  
 They armed hym yn grete haste,  
 And affter the kyng hyed faste. 2960  
 Eche man schaped hym to gone;  
 And thus ys Pvntyffe lefte alone.  
 Whenne Surnegowr, the hethen kyng,  
 2942. MS. Iars. 2944. or mony?  
 2945. MS. farste.

The Sara-  
cens flee to  
Chars.

The French  
left at Pon-  
toise also  
take part in  
the battle.

When Some  
gour hears

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- The yong kyng hym-selfe dothe fyght.  
 The hethen in hast are put to flyght,  
 There bydeth not one / but fast gan  
 flee  
 To Charse her Castel; and Partanope  
 Chaseth hem fast to the Castel, 2944  
 That to the yate fast tho rvnne.  
 Anone oute gothe the grete gynne.  
 Therwith they made an huge slyrke  
 Partanope hurlyth hem in-to the dyke.  
 The bowes of brake are bent in hast;  
 They bend her arow-blastes and stonys  
 cast. 2950  
 Partanope that day vndyr his Sheelde  
 Twenty hethen hat slayn in the feelde.  
 With that he had of many moo 2953  
 Broken the legges and armes in two.  
 The french that were left in Poun-  
 tyfe,  
 Fylye sodenly in a grete stryfe. 2956  
 And alle was for her a-bydyng  
 To longe be-hynde after her kyng.  
 They armed hem in grete haste,  
 And after the kyng they highed faste.  
 Eche man shapeth hym for to gone;  
 And thus ys Pountyfe left allone.  
 Whan Sornogoure, the hethen kyng,





Off clothes, off golde, and velavet softe.  
 There-to so lowly [eke] was he  
 Notte onely to lordys butte to euery degre, 3008  
 Thatt euery man of hym hadde loye;  
 They lekened hym to worthey Ector of Troye.  
 Thatt lady here loue cowde welles Chese  
 Thatte sucche onne chese, and cownle so plesse [leaf 38] 3012  
 Alle the worle, *and* loued here beste;  
 Me thyneketh [here] herte stante ynne grete Reste.  
 Thys he ys spoken off thorow alle Fraunce,  
 Thatt of hys wytte and of hys gouernaunce 3016  
 Kame neuer no sucche yn-to thatt Cuntre.  
 The peple desyryd hym gretely to see,  
 And drewe to hym fro <sup>\*</sup> euery syde.  
 Knyghte ne squyer wolde non abyde, 3020  
 Butte alle drew to Partonope.  
 Hem so godely thenne reseuyd he  
 Thatt gladde of hym ys euery wyghte.  
 He was so plesawnt yn here syghte 3024  
 Thatt ther was neyther knyghte ne squyer  
 Thatt for hys loue or for hys favowre  
 Throw-owte alle Fraunce was gladde to be  
 A-queyntyd wythe Partonope. 3028  
 And tho thatt comyth he dothe wyth-holde  
 He gyyth hem plenty of syluer and golde.  
 3019. fro] MS. fers.

He gives  
 them plenty  
 of gold and  
 silver.

Unic. Coll. MS.

Of clothes, of golde, and welwett-  
 softe. 3006  
 And therto lowly eke was he  
 Not onely to lordys but to alle degree  
 That euery man of hym had loye;  
 They lykned hym to Ector of Troye.  
 Thus ys he spoken of thorow alle  
 Fraunce, 3015  
 That of hys witte and of his  
 gouernaunce  
 Come neuer suche in that contree.  
 The peple desyret hym gretly to see,  
 And drewe to hym from euery syde.  
 Knyght nor Squyer wylle not a-byde.  
 And alle that comen he dothe with-  
 holde. [leaf 16, back] 3020  
 He gyyth hem plenty of his golde.

Rawl. MS.

<sup>1</sup> Of clothis of golde, velvet softe.  
 [leaf 8, back]  
 And ~~per~~-to lovely eke was he  
 Not only to lordes but to all degre 3008  
 That euery man of hym had loye;  
 They lekened hym to Ector of Troye,  
 Thus is he spokyn of In Fraunce, 3015  
 That of his wyte *and* his gouernaunce  
 Come neuer soyeche In þat contre.  
 The pepil desyret he gretly to se.  
 And drewe to hym from euery syde.  
 Knyght, squyre wylle not abyde. 3020  
 And all þat come he dyde with-holde.  
 3021. *On man, &c. is added in another hand;*  
 Knyght squier song & ooble.

To plecte hom alle he dothe hys myȝthte, Hys worchyppe to saue, and eke the * Ryȝthte Off Fraunce <i>and</i> of hys lege lorde. Fro maney partyes of the worlde Moche pepele to hym ys comande, Now a .c., now <i>ij</i> c., now a thosande. To Fraunce was he a stronge poste ; [Day by day eneresith the Ooste. Or than a moneth was alle past] Chyualrye to hym can dr[a]we faste, Thatt there were numberyd in the fylde An .c. M <sup>ti</sup> wythe spere and schylde. The re[re]ward of kyng Surnegour Ys now y-come, where-yunne the flowre * Ys herborewed of thus Chyualrye. Where-fore anone he made do crye Thatt they schulde alle y-armed bee The nexte day, thatt he myȝthte y-see	3032     3036   3040   3044   3048	     His army increases by thousands.   Within a month he has a hun- dred thou- sand men.   The rear- guard of king Sorne- gour having arrived,
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3031. MS. hom *or* ham.

3032. the] MS. hys.

3044. flowre] MS. towre.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

To please hem alle he dothe his myght  
Hys worship to save and the ryght  
Off Fraunce and of his lyege lorde.  
Fro many partyes of the worlde 3034  
Moche people come to hym warde,  
Bothe by thousandes and hundred.  
To Fraunce was he a stronge poste ;  
Day by day eneresith the Ooste.  
Or than a moneth was alle past  
Chevalry to hym drow wel fast, 3040  
That there were nomberd in the feelde  
An hundred thousand with Spere and  
Sheelde.

**T**he rereward of kyng Sornogour  
Ys now comyn, wherin the flour 3044  
Is herbowed of his cheualrye.  
Wherefore a-none he made do crye  
That they schulde alle armed be  
The next day, that he myght see 3048

## Rawl. MS.

To plesse hem *all* he dothe hys myght,  
His worchipe to saue *and* be right 3032  
Off Fraunce *and* his lege lorde.  
Fro many *partes* of be worde  
Moche pepitt come to hymwarde,  
Bothe be pousonde *and* by honderde.  
Of France was he a stronge poste; 3037  
Day be day enereseth his oste.  
Ore *pen* a month was *all* paste  
Chevalry to hem drewe faste, 3040  
That *per* were nomberde In be felde  
An honderde with spere *and* shelde.

**¶** The rerewarde of kyng Sornogoure  
Ys nowe come, where-in be flour 3044  
Ys herberwyde of chevallrye.  
Where-fore anone he made do crye  
That *pey* schulde *all* armed be  
The nexte day *pat* he myght se 3048

3036. b (?) *erased before* poste.3042. *with* written *aboue* honderde (*by another hand*?).3044. *wher* *erased before* where.

the heathen  
army  
numbers  
more than  
two hundred  
thousand  
men.

Whatt pepele he hadde onne the fylde.  
The herodes ther nummberyd wyth spere *and* schylde  
is hunderyd M<sup>ti</sup> \* wyth-owten alblasterys,  
Wythe-owte gyldenys and archerys,\* 3052  
Were-of the numbere they cownde notte telle. [leaf 38, back]  
Sornegour the kynge, thatt was so felle,  
Whenne alle these pepele he dyd see,  
The kynge of Fraunce thenne manasyd\* he, 3056  
And sayde proudely he wolde noȝthe fayle  
To holde the fylde and geue hym batayle.  
Partonope heryth alle thus;  
And to hym comyng sodenly ys 3060  
Moche pepele of Loreyne *and* of Freslonde,  
Wythe-owte letter of hym or [any] sonde,  
The poytowys, the aunguys,\* the Gascon,  
The frenche, the almayne, the Breton. 3064  
Moche pepele come of Pavy,  
And alle-so owte of Lombardy.

From vari-  
ous coun-  
tries men  
gather round  
Partonope.

3051 MS. 11 M<sup>ti</sup> hunderyd, ll. 3051-52 are in inverse order in MS.  
3056. manasyd] MS. namyd.  
3063. MS. paytowys? MS. amguys.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

What people he had in the feelde,  
Whiche were nombred of Spere and  
Sheelde  
An hundred thousand withouten  
arblasters,  
Withoute gyldenes and archers, 3052  
Where-of the nombre they cowde not  
teH.  
Sornogoure the kyng, that was ryght  
fett,  
Whan alle these peple he dyd see,  
The kyng of Fraunce then manased he,  
And sayde proudly: "I wole not fayle  
To holde the [felde] and gyf hym  
batayle." 3058  
Partanope by spyas heryth alle this;  
And to hym sodenly comen ys  
Moche people of Loreyege and Fryse-  
londe  
Withoute letter or any sonde, 3062  
The Pyetes, the aunguys, the Gascons,  
The french, the almayns, the Bretons.  
Moche people there come of Pavy, 3065  
And also in Lombardy. [leaf 17]

## Rawl. MS.

What pepit he hade In þe felde,  
Wheche were numberde of spere *and*  
shelde  
An .c. þousonde with-out arblastes,  
With-out gildenes *and* archeres, 3052  
Where-of þe nombir þey couthe not  
teH.  
Sornogoure þe kyng, þat was fett,  
When aH þis pepit he dyde se,  
The kyng of France manassede he,  
And seyde proudly: "I wiH not faiH  
To holde þe felde *and* gyf bataiH." 3058  
[leaf 9]  
P[ar]tonope þe spyas hereth aH þis;  
And to hem sodenly come is  
Moche pepit of Loryn *and* of Frys-  
londe  
With-out letter ore any sonde, 3062  
The perres, þe aungoyoyes, þe gas-  
coynes,  
The frenche, þe almaynes, þe bruttons.  
Moche pepit þer come of Pavy,  
And also out of Lombardy. 3066



- Be-twene these kynges wyth-owten fayle  
 Ys sette a day of Batayle, 3068 A Tuesday  
 Wyche ordinaunce, wyth-owten naye, is fixed for  
 Shulde be holde apon a twysdaye, the day of  
 Wyche yn olde tyme, I wolde noȝth lye, battle.  
 The day of Batayle dothe synefy. 3072  
 The kyng of Fraunce comaw[n]dyth by wrytte  
 Erche-byscoppes and Byschopys, and heily hem bytte \*  
 To abbotys and priorys and eke to frerys  
 To come a prosescon and make here prayerys 3076  
 For hym and alle hys cheualrye.  
 To do hys comawndement faste they hye.  
 Atte Chars schalle the Batayle be,  
 Where the hardy schalle make the coward flee. 3080  
 Ytte was onne a twysday,  
 Whenne the sonne ys \* bemus fulle gaye  
 Schowed, wyche browȝthte forthe meny a flouȝ,  
 Kyng Agysowr\* and kyng Surnegowre, 3084  
 Vnder the schadowe of a nappell tree,  
 Here counseil helde yn alle degrees  
 Off here lordes and of here knyghthode,\*  
 3074. bytte] MS. wytte.  
 3082. MS. sonnys with an e written above last n.  
 3084. MS. Kuysowr. 3087. MS. cheualryes.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Bytwene these kynges, saunȝ fayle,  
 Is sette the day of her batayle, 3068  
 With ordynaunce, withouten nay,  
 Shulde be holde on the Tuesday,  
 Whiche in olde tyme, not for to lye,  
 The day of batayle to signifye. 3072  
**T**he kyng of Fraunce comaundeth by  
 wrytte,  
 And Bysshops and clergy hem hylly  
 bytte 3074  
 To go on precession for alle his  
 Chevalrye. 3077  
 To do his comaundement fast they hye.  
 At Charse shaft now this batayle be;  
 He than hath the wros must nedys  
 flee. 3080  
 These hethen kynges Sornogour 3084  
 With the worthy Syr Agysour,  
 Vndyr Shadow of appy trees,  
 Her counsaile holde with alle degrees  
 Of her lordys and of her knyghthode,

## Rawl. MS.

Be-twe-ne pis kynges samfaiȝ  
 Ys set þe day of þer bataiȝ, 3068  
 Wyth ordenance, with-out nay,  
 Shulde holde vpon þe thursday,  
 Whiche In olde tyme, not for to lye,  
 The day of bataiȝ to sygnefy. 3072  
**¶** The kyng of Fraunce comondyth be  
 wrytte,  
 And bysshoppys and clergie truly byte  
 To goo on precession for his chevalrye.  
 To do his comondement faste þey hye.  
 At Charse shaft now þis bataiȝ be;  
 He þat hathe þe worse moste nedes  
 fle. 3080  
 This heigh kyng Sornogoure 3084  
 With þe worthy sir Agysoure,  
 Vnder þe sha[d]we of appiȝ trees,  
 Here counseil helde with aȝ degres  
 Of þer lordes and of þer knyghthode,

Sornegour  
invites the  
assembly to  
give their  
opinions.

King Loem-  
mer of Nor-  
way points  
out that  
the French  
army is  
growing  
rapidly ;

And .c. knyȝhtys [that] of alle manhode 3088  
Where hyly cownted they hadde there,  
Thatt kowde welle dele wythe schelde *and* spere.  
They were as styлле as eny stone,  
One worde ne spake of hem nott one. 3092  
Kynge Sornegowre hem faste be-helde : [leaf 39]  
“Lordynggys,” he sayde, “to-morewe the felde  
We mutte holde and ȝeue Batayle  
To the frenche, thys ys no fayle. 3096  
ȝe buthe alle bothe ware and wyse.  
Lete euery man seye now hys devyse  
To sette owre Batayle in ordynaunce,  
And se hoo schalle haue the gouernaunce 3100  
Off owre slyngges and of owre archerye.”  
Firste spake Loemers\* in wordes hye.  
Off Norway he was lord and kynge ;  
The Northwayys er atte hys ledynge. 3104  
“Ser,” he seyde, “hyt may nott fayle  
To-morewe we schalle haue Batayle,

3102. MS. Leoners.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And hundred knyghtes, that of man-  
hode  
Were highly accounted, they had  
there,  
That cowde dele weſt with Shelde and  
Spere. 3090  
Kynge Sornogoure hem fast by-helde :  
“Lordinges,” he sayde, “to-morow the  
feelde 3094  
We must holde and gylle batayle  
To the frenche, this may not fayle.  
Ye be alle / bothe ware and wyse. 3097  
Lat Eche man say now his advyse  
To sette oure batayle in ordynaunce,  
And se who shaft haue the gouernaunce  
Of oure wynges and of oure Archery.”  
First spake kying Loemers wordes hye.  
  
Of Norway he was lord and kying ;  
The norweys are at his ledyng. 3104  
“Sir,” he sayde, “hit may not fayle  
To-morow we shhaft haue batayle

*Rawl. MS.*

An honderde knyghtes þot of manhode  
Were highly accountyde þey hade þer,  
That couthe weſt dele with shelde *and*  
spere. 3090  
Kynge Sornogoure hem faste be-helde :  
“Lordynges,” he seyde, “to-morwe þe  
felde  
We moste holde *and* gyfe bataiſt  
To þe frenche, þis may not faiſt. 3096  
Ye be aſt bothe ware *and* wyse.  
Let iche man sey his avyse  
To set oure bataiſt in ordenaunce,  
And se who shaft haue þe gouernaunce  
Of oure wynges *and* oure archerye. 3101  
Firste spake kynge Loemers wordes  
hye. [1 leaf 9, back]  
Of Norway he was lorde *and* kynge ;  
The Norweyes are at his bydyng.  
“Sir,” he seyde, “it may not faiſt  
To-morwe we shaft haue bataiſt 3106

3088. Above honderde is added in<sup>1</sup> in another  
hand.

3094. in added above þe.

3104. bydyd crossed out before bydyng.

And wythe God-ys grace the victorie  
 Of here cheualrye, butte the frenche trewly 3108  
 Encrese faste, and alle-so y seye  
 Moche pepuH to hym gynnythe to obeye.  
 The frenche erne yn here owne Cuntre,  
 And wythe hym ys one Partonope, 3112  
 Thatt to seke the worl[d]e fur and nere  
 A worthyer may ther now be preyed yn werre,  
 And of the frenche, y dar vndertake,  
 Beste; and alle-so he dothe make 3116  
 Alle thus pepele agaynys vus to come.  
 They be nowe more streyngger thenne they were wone.  
 They haue more folke then have\* we,  
 And knowyth the Cuntre beter in eche degre. 3120  
 The kyng hath made vsse grete proferys  
 In .c. to fylle of owre Cowferys  
 Wythe golde and syluer and grete Ryches,  
 Off mules of Spayne a M<sup>ti</sup> no lesse, 3124  
 A M<sup>ti</sup> horse and XX<sup>ti</sup> lyones,  
 A M<sup>ti</sup> gosse-hau-kys and a thowsand ffawconys.  
 3119. have] MS. halffe.

the king of  
 France has  
 offered rich  
 gifts on the  
 condition  
 that the  
 Saracens  
 leave the  
 country;

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And with Goddys grace the victory  
 Of the french, but her Chevalry 3108  
 Encresith fast, and also I say [1 ff. 17, bk.]  
 Moche people to hem gynnyth to obey.  
 The french arne in her owne Contree,  
 And with hem ys one Partanope, 3112  
 That to seke the worlde nye and ferre,  
 A worthier ys not preved in werre.  
 Of alle the french, dare I vndertake,  
 He ys best / and also he dothe make  
 Alle these people a-yenst vs to come.  
 They be more strengre then they were  
 wonne. 3118  
 They haue now more folk then we,  
 And know the Contree better in eche  
 degre. 3120  
 Afore this the kyng hath made grete  
 profre  
 Two hundred to fylle of oure cofre  
 With golde and Seluer and grete  
 rychesse,  
 Of mules of Spayne to thousand no  
 lesse, 3124  
 A thousand hors and twenty lyons,  
 And a thousand Goshawkes and faucous.

## Rawl. MS.

And with Goddes grace þe victorie  
 Of þe frenche, but hir cheualrye 3108  
 Encreseth faste, and also I sey  
 Moche pepuH to him gynnyth to obey.  
 The frenche are in þer owne contree,  
 And with hem is on Partonope, 3112  
 That to seke þe worlde n[igh] and ferre,  
 A worthyere is not prevyde no-where.  
 Of aH þe frenche, I vnderstonde,  
 He is þe beste, I dare vnderfonge,  
 AH þis pepuH a-yenste vs come.  
 They ben more strengre þen þey were  
 wonne. 3118  
 They haue more better þe degre. 3120  
 Afore þis þe kyng hath made grete  
 profre  
 Two honderde to feth of oure coffere  
 With golde and syluer and grete  
 Rychesse,  
 Of mylis of Spayne a þousonde no  
 lesse, 3124  
 A þousonde hors and XX<sup>ti</sup> lyons,  
 And a þousonde gosshawkes and  
 faucous.

- And oder [that be] off owre concelle  
 Schulde be rewarded alle-so Ry3th welle 3128  
 Wythte cuppys of syluer and cuppys of goolde,  
 Onne thus conduscon wyth thatt we wolde  
 In-to owre cuntre faste returne,  
 And ynne Fraunce no lengger soiorne. 3132  
 And yette thus profere yeffe 3e haue mowe\*, [leaf 39, back]  
 I councelle yow for hys crowne [nowe]  
 Ye stryue no more; lette\* hym ytte haue.  
 Thys ys my rede,\* so God me saue." 3136  
 When he hadde seyde, alle styлле they satte  
 A Ry3thte grete whyle or any ys wytte  
 Owte wolde schewe or ytte declare.  
 Thatt sawe kyng Faburneys,\* and wolde no3th spare 3140  
 To telle ys wytte and hys aduysse.  
 He was Ry3thte semely, and therto wyse,  
 And kyng he was of Glyglanþ;  
 Money a Iorney toke he on hande. 3144  
 "Syr," he seyde, "dame Loemers"  
 In armes ys bothe my3thty and fers,
3132. no] *MS. rather na.* 3133. mowe] *MS. nowe.*  
 3135. *MS. lette twice.* 3136. rede] *MS. Bede.*  
 3140. *MS. Baburneys.* 3144. *or Maney?* 3145. *MS. leoners.*

Faburin,  
 king of  
 the Wendis,  
 will give  
 battle.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And other that be of oure Counsayle  
 Shulde also be reward ryght wele 3128  
 With cuppis of sy[l]vir and eke of golde,  
 Vpon this condycion that we wolde  
 In-to oure contre fast retourne. 3131  
 And in France no lenger sojourne.  
 And yet this yf ye haue mowe,  
 I counseH this for his crowne now  
 Ye stryue nomore / lat hym hit haue.  
 This ys my rede, so God me saue."  
 Whan he had sayde, alle styлле they  
 sette 3137  
 A ryght grete while, or any his wette  
 Oute wolde shew or more declare.  
 Than kyng Faburnys wolde not  
 spare 3140  
 To telle his witte and his a-vyce.  
 He was ryght semely, and also wyse,  
 And kyng he was of Glythlonde;  
 Many a Iorney toke he on honde. 3144  
 "Sir," he sayde, "my brother Loemers  
 In armes ys bothe myghty and fers,

*Rawl. MS.*

And oper þat be of oure counsaith  
 Shulde also be rewardyde weH 3128  
 With coppus of syluer and golde fyne,  
 Vppon þis condicion þat we willyne  
 In-to oure contre faste retourne,  
 And in France no lenger solorne. 3132  
 And yet þis ye haue mowe.  
 I counseH you for youre crowne now  
 Ye stryfe no more, let hym it haue.  
 This is my rede, so God me save." 3136  
 When he hade seyde, steH he satte  
 A ryght grete while, ore ony mate  
 Out wolde shewe ore more declare.  
 Then kyng Baburris wolde not  
 spare 3140  
 To teH his wyte and his ayse.  
 He was Right symly and also wyse,  
 And kyng he was of Glythlonde;  
 Many a Iorney he toke on honde. 3144  
 "Sir," he seyde, "my broþer Loe-  
 meres [leaf 10]  
 In armes is bothe myghty and fers,

And welles hathe seyde towchyngt yowr werre.

Butte welles þe wytte we arne come fro ferre 3148

The crowne of thus land for to haue.

My rede ys there-for, so God me saue,

Owre oste to-morewe redy bee

In the fylde, there yow may see 3152

[After 3152 lacuna of 60 lines in Brit. Mus. MS.]

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And weH hath sayde towchyng youre  
werre, 3147

But we ye wote are comen fro ferre

The Coroun of this lond for to haue.

My rede therfore, so God me save, [ff. 18]

Yourre Ooste to-morow now redy be

In the feelde, and there may ye se 3152

## Rawl. MS.

And weH hathe seyde toychynge youre  
warre, 3147

But weH ye wot we come fro ferre

The crowne of his londe fore to haue.

More per-for, so God me saue,

Yourre oste to-morwe redy be

In þe felde, and per may ye see 3152

## Univ. Coll. MS.

That [they] be sette in ordenaunce,

What euer falle after of happe or chaunce.

For we are ferre oute of oure Contree

Amonge oure enemys, this know ye. 3156

Better were vs manly to dye

Than in trefte trust her curtesy."

His witte hath sayde kyng Faburnys.

There answerith kyng Marukenes. 3160

Kyng he ys and lorde of Orkeney.

"I wole not spare," quod he, "to say

My full reson and myne a-vice.

Kyng Loemers ys bothe manly and wyse; 3164

His counsaile may vs moche a-vaile.

Ye know wele that we haue grete trauaile,

And ferre are oute of oure Contre.

The french in a CasteH restid be, 3168

And beter are lerned of the werre

Marukin,  
king of the  
Orkneys,  
agrees with  
Loemer.

## Rawl. MS.

That þey be set In ordenaunce 3153

What euer saH hape ore chaunce.

For we are ferre out of oure contre

Amonge oure enemys, þis knowe ye.

Beter were vs manly to dye 3157

Then in trefte truste per courtesye."

His wyte hathe seyde kyng Fabrus.

Then answerde kyng Markenes. 3160

Kyng he is and lorde of Orkenye.

"I wiH not spare," quod he, "to  
sey

My full reson and myn avyse.

Kyng Loemeris is manly and wyse;

His counseH may vs meche avaiH, 3165

Ye knowe we haue moche trauaH,

And ferre out of oure contre.

The frenche In casteH restede be, 3163

And beter are lernede of þe warre

Thanne we that come so ferre ;  
 And enery day they wex more stronge.  
 They haue the ryght and we the wronge. 3172  
 To eschew fighting / or swiche dystresse  
 I consayle we take of her Rychesse,  
 And leue hem her contre / and nomore werre,  
 Sith we not mowe hem conquerre." 3176  
 Now hath this kyng sayde his a-vyce.  
 Hym answerid a kyng holden ryght wyse—  
 He hight Fursyn,\* kyng of Syre londe.  
 Many a vyage hathe he take on honde— 3180  
 Seyng : " Kyng Marukyns hath wele sayde,  
 Saue of oo thyng I holde not me a-payde.  
 For thoght myn heers be woxen white,  
 I wole truly yet me acquyte 3184  
 In this matere ; for ye saide oo thing  
 That wysely hath Loemers thy kyng.  
 Of that wysedom canne I no skylle.  
 Yonge men a-dayes now echone wylle 3188  
 Take vpon hem to be hye Counsellers, [leaf 18, back]  
 And say that men with white herys  
 Dote and wote neuer what they mene.  
 But in the ende hit wole be seene. 3192  
 And so to yonge men the olde are loothe.  
 I wote neyr how this Counsayle gothe.  
 But whan the kyng was at home in his contre,

3179. MS. Sursyn.

3187. MS. wysedom.

3195. contre] r written on an erased y.

## Rawl. MS.

Then we þat come so ferre ; 3170 Safe of o thyng I holde me payde.  
 And enery day þey wex more stronge. For þough myne heyeres be wex whyte,  
 They haue þe right and we þe wronge. I wiþ truly yet me aquyte [leaf 10, back]  
 To esschewe fightyng ore soych dyss- In þis maner ; for ye seyde o thyng  
 tres That wysly hathe Loemeris þe kyng.  
 I counseþ we take þat Rychesse, Of þat wysdom can I no skiff. 3187  
 And leue hem þer contre and no more Yonge men a-dayes now eche weþ  
 warre. 3175 Take vpon hem to yeve counseþ,  
 Sethe we may not hem conquerre." And sey þat men with whyte heres  
 Nowe is þis kyng holde right wyse. Dothe and wot not what þey mene.  
 He hight Sursyn, kyng of Surre londe. But in þe ende it wiþ be sene. 3192  
 Many a vyage hathe take on honde. And so to yonge þe olde are lothe.  
 Seyng : " Kyng Markenes hathe weþ I wot neyr howe þis counseþ gothe.  
 seyde, 3181 When þe kyng was in his contre,

3183. MS. perhaps wox.

In peas and wele at ease was he.	3196	when the King was at home, they were all for war.
Ye cowde not suffre hym to a-byde there,		
He must gone oute algate and conquere.		
And now ye counsaile hym to goone,		
And say he sha <sup>ll</sup> haue with hym grete woone	3200	
Of horse, of golde, and of Rychesse,		
Of lyons, fawkons, Goshawkes, and Mules.		
The kyng of Fraunce myght none other do thenne,		
For be-cavse he had no power of men.	3204	
Now his alleaunce and alle his kynne		
With grete power to hym come ben.		
They be now strengre of knygh[t]hode then we,		
For alle his Ioye and comforte ys Partanope,	3208	
And now he wole not make suchie profers.		
I trowe he wole not one of his cofers		
Opy <sup>n</sup> to gyffe vs of his Rychesse or goode.		
Me thinketh he were than worse then woode.	3212	

*Rawl. MS.*

In pese and we <sup>ll</sup> at eyse was he.	3196	With grete poure to hym come bene.	
Ye couthe not suffer hym abyde pere,		They be strengre of knyghthode þen we,	
He moste gon out algate to conquere.		For a <sup>ll</sup> his Ioye and comfort is Partanope.	3208
And nowe ye counse <sup>ll</sup> hym to gon,		Nowe he w <sup>ill</sup> not make soyche profers.	
And say he sha <sup>ll</sup> haue grete wone			
Of hors, of golde, and of ryches.	3201	I trowe he w <sup>ill</sup> not on of his coffers	
The kyng of France myght none oþer do þen,		Opy <sup>n</sup> to gyffe vs of his goode.	
For he hade no poure of men.	3204	Me thy <sup>n</sup> ke he were þen worse þen woode.	3212
Nowe his aliance and a <sup>ll</sup> his kyne			

3200. MS. perhaps sey.

*British Museum MS.*

Off my Reson y wolle make a fyne.	
A gode Reson seyde kyng Fabryne ;	
He sayde* we werre yn the ronge ;	
There-fore be reson the lesse stronge	3216
3215. MS. soyde.	

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of my reson I wolle make fyne.	3213
But wysdam ys goode sayde kyng Sabryne.	
He sayde we were in the wronge ;	
Therefore be reson lesse stronge	3216

*Rawl. MS.*

Of my reson I w <sup>ill</sup> make fyne.	3213
But good wysdome seyde kyng Fabryne.	
He seyde we were In þe wronge ;	
There-for be reson þe lesse stronge	

Schulde we be, sythte thay haue Ry3the.  
 For trewly me\* werre leuer fy3thte  
 In Ry3thte *and* for to haue lesse  
 Thenne in ronge to haue encesse." 3220  
 Kyng Fursyn hathe seyde and holde hys pese.  
 An Erle then spake woo-ys name ys Marres.  
 He was Cheffe Iustyce yn thatt Cuntre,  
 Moche lawe yn hys hede hadde he. 3224  
 In hys CowseH a-boue alle thyngge  
 Trusted moste Sornegowr the kyng.  
 "Syr," he seyde, "herethe nowe my worde.  
 A noreis\* tolde yow thatt wyth-owten lorde 3228  
 And gode gouernaums alle Fraunce stode.  
 There was none lefte of the Ryalle blode  
 Butte a chylde thatt was tendere of age.  
 He counselyd\* yow men for to wage 3232  
 To sette alle Fraunce yn grette werre, [leaf 40]  
 Ye mowte no3thte fayle hym to co[n]quere.  
 Butte he made yow a grete lesyng.

3218. me] MS. we.

3228. A noreis] MS. Amories.

3232. MS. cawnselyd.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Shulde we be, sith they haue ryght.  
 For trewly me had lever to fyght  
 In ryght and for to haue the lesse  
 Than in wronge and to haue eneres."  
 Kyng Sursyn had sayde and helde hys  
 pees. 3221  
 An Erle than speketh whose name  
 ys Marres.  
 He was cheyf Iustyse of his Contree.  
 Moche lawe in his hede had he. 3224  
 To his counsaile a-boue alle thing  
 Trusted moost Sornogoure the kyng.  
 "Syr," he saide, "here now my worde,  
 A norreis tolde yow That withouten  
 lorde [leaf 19] 3228  
 And goode gouernaunce/ Fraunce stode.  
 There was none left of the reyatt  
 bloode  
 But a childe was tendred of age.  
 He counsayled yow men for to wage  
 To sette alle Fraunce in grete werre  
 tho, 3233  
 But hit had be better to be vndoo.  
 For yow he made a grete lesyng.

## Raecl. MS.

Shult we be, for þey haue right. 3217  
 For truly me hade leuer to fight  
 In Right *and* for to haue þe lesse  
 Then In wronge to haue encesse." 3220  
 Kyng Sursyn hade seyde *and* helde his  
 pesse.  
 An erle þen spekyth, hight Marres.  
 He was chyfe Iustyce of his contre.  
 Moche lawe In his hede hade he. 3224  
 To his counseil aboute all thyng  
 Trustede moste Sornogour þe kyng.  
 "Sir," he seyde, "here nowe my  
 worde. [leaf 11] 3227  
 Armes tolde you þat with-out lorde  
 And good gouernaunce France stode.  
 There was none left of þe Royatt blode  
 But a childe tender of age.  
 He counsellede you men to wage 3232  
 To set France In grete warre þoo,  
 But it hade ben beter it hade ben vndo.  
 For you he made grete lesyng. 3235

Earl Marres,  
 chief justice  
 of his coun-  
 try, counsels  
 to take the  
 field;



Ye knowe welles y-nowe the frenche kyng 3236  
 Fulle manly gouernyd hym in werre,  
 And alle-so ther ys onne nowe come fro ferre  
 Thatt owte of Fraunce waste summe-tyme loste,  
 Wyche ys to hym Ry3thte a grete\* poste. 3240  
 Hys name ys clepyd Partonope.  
 So manly yn armes gouernyd ys he  
 Thatt alle the worlde\* begynnythie to hym drawe,  
 By yowr power he settyth no3th an hawe. 3244  
 Neuer the later y counsel thatt yee  
 In the fylde euer\* redy be,  
 Welle arayed to [y]eve hym Batayle.  
 Paraventure hytt may yow gretely avayle. 3248  
 For yff he se yow redy to fy3thte,  
 He wolle paraventure anon Ry3thte  
 Proffere yow gretely of hys tresowre.  
 Thus mowe 3e wythe worchepp and honore 3252  
 Escheue the harme of thys Batayle.  
 Thow hys proferys may lyteH avayle,  
 And yff hym luste nothyng to profferre,

the French  
 king might  
 then be  
 induced to  
 stand by his  
 offer.

3240. MS. grece.

3243. MS. wordle.

3246. MS. ouer.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Ye know wele now the ffrench kyng  
 FuH manly gouerneth hym in werre,  
 And also there ys one come fro ferre  
 That oute of Fraunce was somtyme  
 lost,  
 Whiche ys to hym a grete post. 3240  
 His name ys clepid Partanope.  
 So manly in Amers gouerned ys he  
 That alle the worlde to hym gynne  
 drawe, 3243  
 By youre power he sett not an hawe.  
 Neuer the latter I CounseH that ye  
 In the feelde euer redy to be,  
 Wele arayed to gyff hym batayle.  
 Paraventure hit may yow avayle. 3248  
 For yf they see yow redy to fyght,  
 He wole paraventure a-none ryght  
 Profer yow gretly of his treasure.  
 Thus mow ye with worship and grete  
 honore 3252  
 Eschewe the harme of this batayle.  
 Though his profres may lytyll a-vayle,  
 And gyff hym lust no-thing to  
 profre,

## Rawl. MS.

Ye knewe weH nowe þe frenche kyng  
 FuH manly gouernese hym In warre,  
 Also þer is on come fro ferre  
 That out of Fraunce was loste som-  
 tyme,  
 Whiche is to hym a grete frende. 3240  
 His name is clepyde Partonope.  
 So manly In armes gouer[u]de is he  
 That aH þe worlde to hym dothe drawe,  
 Of youre poure he set not an hawe.  
 Nener þe later I counseH þat ye 3245  
 In þe felde euer redy be,  
 WeH armede to gyffe batait.  
 Paraverter it may you avail. 3248  
 Thus with worchipe and honore 3252  
 Eschewe þe harme of þis batait.  
 Though his poure may lytiH avail,  
 And yef hym lyste to nothyn[g] to  
 proferre,

They had better resort to stratagem.	Ytte schalle y* make hym to opene hys cofere.	3256
	Betyr hytt ys to wyrke by charme	
	Thenne to leve, and haue more harme."	
This proposal was agreed on.	Thys ys playnely Marres ys conselle.	
	Ther-to acordythe the hethen Ryȝthte welle,	3260
	Saue kynge Fabowrys <i>and</i> kynge Fursyn	
But Sornegour was not pleased.	Thozth hys CownseH was false engyne.	
	When* Sornegour the kynge herde [t]hys conselle	
	Off Marres hys Iustyce, ytt was nott Ryȝthte welle	3264
He feigns, however, to consent,	Plesynge to hym, ne to hys entente.	
	Yette for the tyme he dydde consente	
	To Marres cownseH; for hys corage	
and says that he wants peace with France.	To lorde, to knyȝthte, yeman ne page,	3268
	He nolde* dyscowuere, wythe-owten lese.	
	He sayd certayne he wolde haue pes	
	Wythe alle Fraunce to make* a fyne [leaf 40, back]	
	Off hys werre; <i>and</i> thenne the wyne	3272
	He axethe, and drynkethe wyth hem anone.	
	He comawndethe alle hys lordes echone	
	On the more thatt thay nott fayle	

3256. y] MS. 3c.

3263. When] MS. kynge.

3269. nolde] MS. wolde.

3271. to make *written twice*.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Yett shaft I make hym oppyn his cofre.  
 Better ys to wirke the charme 3257  
 Than to leve and haue more harme."  
 Thus playnly Marres dothe Counsele.

Her-to the hethen acorde ryght wele,  
 Saue kyng Faburs and kyng Sursyne  
 Thought his CounseH was fals engyne.

**W**han Sornogoure herde this coun-  
 sayle 3263

Of Marres his Iustyce, hit was not  
 wele [leaf 19, back]

Plesyng to hym, ne to his entent.

Yett for the tyme he did Consent

<sup>1</sup> To Marres Counsaile; for his corage  
 To lorde, knyght, yoman, ne page, 3268  
 He wolde discour, withouten lesse.

He sayde certeyn he wolde haue pees  
 With alle Fraunce, and make a fyne  
 Of his werre; and then the wyne 3272  
 He asked, and drinketh with hem  
 anone.

He comawndeth his lordes echone  
 On the morow that they not fayle

Yet shaft ye make oppyn his coffere.  
 Better is to worke þe charme 3257  
 Then to lene *and* haue more harme."  
 Thus playnly Marras counsellyth everye  
 dett. 3259

Hereto þe hethyn acorde Right weH.  
 Safe kynge Fabrus *and* kynge Sursyne  
 Thorwe his counseH *and* his engyne.

<sup>1</sup> When Sornogoure herde þis coun-  
 seH 3263

Of Marras þe Iustyse it was not weH,

Plesyng to hym, ne to his entente.

Yet for þe tyme he dyde consente 3266

<sup>1</sup> To Marras counseH; for his corage

To lorde, knyght, ye-man ne page, 3268  
 He nolde dyscour, with-out lesse.

He seyde sorten he wolde haue pesse  
 With all France *and* make a fyne  
 Of his warre, *and* þen þe wyne 3272  
 He askyth, *and* drynketh with hem  
 anone. [leaf 11, back]

He comondyth his lordes ichon  
 On þe morwe þat þey ne faiH

Hem to araye "to 3effe Batayle	3276	
To the frenche hem ry3thte to the playne		
Affore Chars, watte euer we sayne.		
And [that] owre BatayH yn gode araye		
Be sette in ordynaunce y yow praye.	3280	
Thenne be we redy for to fy3thte		
Yff nede be." And thenne gode ny3thte		But having retired for the night
He bade hys counseH euery-chone ;		
For he wolde to hys reste gone.	3284	
He yede to bedde to haue hys reste ;		
Butte 3ette to slepe lyteH hym leste.		he gives vent to his indignation.
For whenne he was a-bedde alone,		
"Alas," sayde he, "whatt may y done?"	3288	
I am schamed, thus ys no lees*,		
And alle throw conset off Marres *		
And hys false cowardye.		
He hadde made alle my mayny	3292	
Wythe-drawe here hertes and lothe to fy3thte."		
Thus lyetHe the kyng alle the ny3thte,		
Wepyng and waylyng and makynge woo.		
"My worchypp for euer ys alle agoo,"	3296	"Mares has disgraced me."
Seyde he, "and nowe I wote Ry3thte welle		
3289. lees] MS. dowte.	3290. MS. here adds owte.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Hem to aray "to gyf Batayle	3276	Hem to array "to gyfe bataiH	3276
Vnto the french, right on) ther playn)		Vnto pe frenche, on pe playne	
Afore Charse, what euer we now sayn).		Afore Charse, what euer we seyne.	
And that oure batayles in goode aray		And put oure bataittes in good array	
Be sette in ordynaunce I yow pray.	3280	Be set In ordenance [I] you praye.	3280
Than be redy we / with hem) to fyght		Then be we redy with pem to fight	
Yf nede be /" and then) goode nyght		Yef nede be." And pen good nyght	
He had his counsaile euerychone ;		He bade his counseH euerychone ;	
For he wolde to his rest goone.	3284	For he wolde to his reste gon.	3284
He yode to bedde to haue his rest ;		He yede to bede to haue his reste ;	
But yett to slepe lytiH hym lyst.		But yet to slepe lytiH hym lyste.	
For when) he was to bedde allone,		For when) he was on bede alone,	
"Allas," sayde he, "what may I done ?		"Allas," he seyde, "what may I done ?	
I am) shamed, this ys no lees,	3289	I am shamede, pis is no lese,	3289
And alle thorow counseH of Marres		And aH porwe counset of Marras	
And of his fals Cowardy.		And of his false cowardye.	
He hath made alle my meyny	3292	He hathe made aH my meyne	3292
Withdraw her hert and lothe to fyght."		With-drawe per hertes and lothe to fight."	
Thus leith the kyng alle that nyght,		Thus lyth pe kyng aH pis nyght,	
Waylyng and makyng moche woo.		Waltrynge and makynge moche mone.	
"My worship for euer ys now goo,"	3296	"My worchi pe for euer is gon),"	3296
He sayde, "and now I wote ryght wele		He seyde, "and nowe I wot right weH	

I haue harme hadde thorow hys Cownseñ.  
 Ther-affter to werke y haue be gladde.  
 Off a Ryȝhte pore man y hym made 3300  
 My Ieffe Justyce an eke an Erle,  
 There he was born a chorle.  
 Butte sethen [of] a chorle I turned the name  
 In-to an Erle, no wonder thow \* schame 3304  
 In the ȝende be my rewarde,  
 Sethen he ys false *and* eke a cowarde  
 Preuyd alle-so, *and* a traytor felle.  
 Fro thys day forthe off conseñ 3308  
 Schalle he be neuer, [ne] of thatt ys-state.  
 No wondere ys thow my men me hate. [leaf 41]  
 For watte so euer he wolde haue do\*,  
 Thow ytte were ronge, ytte schulde be so. 3312  
 I sufferyd hym [my] men to prisone,  
 And off a trew man to make a felone.  
 [And that he dyd me thought was lawe.]  
 There-fore me seythe an olde \* sawe : 3316  
 He to home a man dothe tryste,

"I shall  
dismiss the  
false traitor,

whom I  
suffered to  
do wrong."

3302-3. MS. chorle or charle.

3304. MS. throw. 3311. MS. done.

3316. seythe an olde] MS. semythe and holde.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

I haue had harme thorow his Counseñ.  
 Therafter to wirke I haue be gladde.  
 Of a ryght poore man I hym made 3300  
 My chif Iustyce and eke an erle,  
 And he of birth but a cherle.  
 But sight of a Cherle I turned the name  
 In-to an Erle, no wonder thogh shame  
 In the ende be my rewarde, [leaf 29] 3305  
 Syth he ys suche a flas Cowarde  
 Provid, and also a Traytour feth.  
 Fro this day forth of counseñ 3308  
 Shañ he neuer be, ne of that estate.  
 No wonder ys thogh my men me  
 hate.  
 For what that euer he wolde haue do,  
 Thogh hit were wronge, hit shulde be  
 so. 3312  
 I suffred hym my men to prysone,  
 And of a trew man to make a felon.  
 And that he dyd me thought was lawe.  
 Ther-fore men saith an olde sawe : 3316  
 He to whom a man do trest,

*Rawl. MS.*

I haue hade harme porwe his counseñ.  
 There-after to worke I haue ben glade.  
 Of a Ryght poure man I hym made  
 My chefe Iustyce *and* eke an erle. 3301  
 But sethe of a chirle I turnede þe name,  
 In-to an erle, no wonder þough shame  
 In þe ende be my rewarde, 3305  
 Sethe he is soyeche a false cowarde  
 Provyde, *and* also a trayture feth.  
 Fro þis day furthe of my counseñ 3308  
 Shañ he neuer be, ne of þat esstate.  
 No man haue wonder þough my men  
 me hate. [leaf 12]  
 For what þat þen he wolde me haue  
 do, 3311  
 Thogh it were do, it shulde be so.  
 I sufferde hem myne men to prisone,  
 And of a trewe man to make a felonde.  
 That he dyde me þought it lawe. 3315  
 There-for men seyth an olde sawe :  
 He to whom a man dothe truste,

Euer may dyseue hym beste.  
 Hys bonde kyndrede y made fre,  
 And sette hem alle in hye degre, 3320  
 And yff hym casteH[es] and cetye[s],  
 And toke hem nexte me of alle my priue3.  
 Off no gentylle toke he \* no hede  
 To, butte alle to make ys owne kynrede 3324  
 And hem in-hawmse to grette estate.  
 Thys hathe made my gentyl so mate,  
 And so wery offe here lyffe,  
 Thatt they be euer yn care and stryffe. 3328  
 And fryste they loued me as ther kyng; y  
 Nowe they hate me aboue alle thyneke.  
 Y may se ytte wele by here chere,  
 Alle-thow they kepe ytte ynne preney manere. 3332  
 For be thay payyd welle off ther wage,  
 For to fy3thite haue they \* no corage.  
 Thay loue more ese and for to haue pes  
 Thanne myne honour; and thatt hathe Marres 3336  
 Made wythe hys hyenys of pryde.  
 Gode 3eue me grace O day to abyde

3318. On margin of MS. notatur bene.

3323. he] MS. I. 3334. they] MS. thus.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Euermore may dysceyve hym best.  
 The bonde kynred I made free,  
 And sette hem alle in her degre, 3320  
 Gaffe hem Castellis and eke cytees,  
 And made hem chyef of my priuetees.  
 With no gentylman toke he noneheede,  
 But alle to make his owne kynrede,  
 And hem enhaunce to grete estate. 3325  
 This hath made my gentyles so mate,  
 And so wery they be of her lyfe 3327  
 That they bene euer in care and stryfe.  
 And first they lovid me as her kyng;  
 Now they hate me a-bove alle thing.  
 I may see wele by her chere, 3331  
 Thogh they kepe hit in prive manere.  
 For be they payde weH of thayre wage,  
 For to fyght haue they no corage. 3334  
 They love more to sette and to haue pees  
 Than myn honoure/ that hath Marres  
 Made with hyghnes and with pryde. 3337  
 God gyfe me grace to-day to a-byde

Rawl. MS.

Euer-more may defende hym beste.  
 The bonde kenrede he made fre, -  
 And set hem aH In hye degre, 3320  
 Gafe hym casteHes and Cettes,  
 And made chef of my prevetes.  
 With no gentilH men toke he no hede,  
 But aH to make my lentialles so mate,  
 And so wery pey be of per lyfe 3327  
 That pey be euer In care and stryfe.  
 Firste pey louyde me as per kyng;  
 Nowe pey hate me aboue aH thyng.  
 I may se weH be per chere, 3331  
 Though pey kepe it In preve manere.  
 For be pey payde weH of per wage,  
 For to fight haue pey no corage. 3334  
 They loue more to syte In pese  
 Than myne honoure, pat hath Marras  
 Made with his highnes and with his  
 pryde. 3337  
 God yef me grace oo day to abyde

To saue my worchypp ynne thus viage !  
 And y schalle quyte hym so hys wage, 3340  
 Thatt alle my knyȝthode there-wyȝh schalle plese,  
 And alle here hertes sette ynne ese."

Nowe lyethe he styll, and saythe no more  
 A ryȝthte grete whyle, butte wonder sore 3344  
 He sekethe *and* wepethe tenderlye :

"How am I  
 to defend  
 my  
 honour?"

"Alas," he sayde, "how maye I  
 Beste yn this case my honor saue ?  
 Wythe me ther ys neyder knyȝthte no knaue 3348  
 Thatt ynne my quarelle \* leste to fyȝthte. [leaf 41, back]  
 They seyne playnely y haue no Ryȝthte.  
 These wordes to me bethe heuy *and* harde.  
 For an y fyȝthte notte, a very cowarde 3352  
 The ffrenche for euer wolle me holde.  
 I hadde leuer a thowsand folde  
 For to dye thenne for to be schamed.  
 For thow y seye [hyt] y haue be named 3356  
 The worthyste nowe onne lyffe."  
 And [he] ther-wythe anone as blyve

ll. 3340-41. originally inverted in MS., but the correct order is indicated by a, b, in the margin.

3345. ~~decrossed out before~~ tenderlye. 3349. MS. distinctly quarelle.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

To save my worshiþe in this vyage !  
 I shaft quyte hym alle his wage, 3340  
 That alle my knyghthode therwithalle  
 shaft please,  
 And alle her hertis sette in ease." \*  
 Now lyeth he styll, and sayth nomore,  
 Butt in hym-self moorned sore. 3344  
 He syghed and sorowed full tenderly :  
 "Alas," he sayde, "how may I  
 Best in this cas myn honour save ?  
 With me ys ther knyght ne knave 3348  
 That in my quarell lust to fyght.  
 They say playnly I haue no ryght.  
 These wordes to me be hevy and harde.  
 For and I fyght not / a very cowarde  
 The french for euer wole me holde.  
 I had lever a thousand folde 3354  
 For to dye then to be ashamed.  
 For though I say hit, I haue be named  
 The worstest that ys now a-lyve." 3357  
 And he a-none therwith as by-lyve

## Rarl. MS.

To saue my worchiþe *and* þis vyage !  
 I shall quyte hem aft hir wage, 3340  
 That aft my knyghthode *per*-with shaft  
 plese,  
 And aft *per* hertes sette In eyse."  
 Nowe lyth he stift *and* seyth no more,  
 In his herte he is wonder sore. 3344  
 He sighede *and* sorwyde full tenderly :  
 "Alas," he sayde, "howe may I  
 Beste in þis case my honour saue ?  
 With me is *per* noþer knyght ne  
 knave [leaf 12, back] 3348  
 That In my quarell lyst to fight.  
 They sey playnly I haue no right.  
 This wordes to me full harde. 3351  
 For *and* I fight not, a veryere cowarde  
 This frenche for euer with me holde.  
 I hade lever a þousonde folde 3354  
 For to dye þen be shamyde.  
 For þough I sey it, I haue be namyde  
 The worsteste *þer* nowe is on lyve."  
 And he anone *per*-with as blyve

ll. 3343-44 are inverted in MS.

- Sende affter a clerke off hys cowncelle,  
 Wyche thatt he trusteth *and* loued welle. 3360 Sornegour  
sends for a  
clerk.
- “My frynde,” he sayde, “haste thow no<sup>3</sup>thte herde  
 How Marres wythe myne Oste hathe ferde,  
 And how falsly he hathe me be-trayed,  
 And alle my power gretely dysmayed?”— 3364
- “Syr,” sayde thus clerke, “yowe no<sup>3</sup>thte dysplese  
 Off thatt y schalle saye, hytte ys now lese.  
 Alle the worlde, so God me saue,  
 Grette mervayle hathe thatt thys knaue, 3368  
 Thatt was the sone of a chorle,  
 Ye haue en-haunsed and made an Erle.  
 For thus ys sothe, wyth-owten<sup>n</sup> naye,  
 He loued yow neuer an howre of a daye 3372  
 Butte for hys vantage and hys prowte.  
 Thatt haue ye *preued* welle y-nowe.  
 For thus ys euer \* chorles kynde :  
 He thatt he dredythe, schalle hym fynde 3376 The clerk  
tells him all  
about the  
falsehood of  
Mares.  
 Curteyse, esy, and debonowre,  
 Tylle thatt he may haue tyme *and* leysow<sup>r</sup>  
 Hys master to do summe fowle dyspyte ;
3369. *or* charle?      3375. MS. neuer ; charles ?

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- Sentt after a clerke of his counsell,  
 That he lovid and trusted weH. 3360  
 “My frend,” he sayde, “hast thow not  
 herde  
 How Marres with myn<sup>n</sup> Ooste hath  
 ferde,  
 And how flasly he hath me be-trayed,  
 And alle my power myghtly dys-  
 mayed?”— 3364  
 “Syr,” sayde this clerke, “yow not  
 dyspleese  
 Of that I shaft say, hit ys no lees  
 Alle the worlde, so God me save, 3367  
 Grete mervayle hath/that thus a knave,  
 That was the Son<sup>n</sup> of a lewde Cherle,  
 Ye haue enhaunsed and made an Erle.  
 For this ys sothe, withouten<sup>n</sup> nay,  
 He lovid yow neuer the houre of day.
- Thought he be curteys, easy, and  
 debonayre, 3377  
 He wayteth to haue tyme and layser  
 His Mayster to do som<sup>n</sup> foule dyspyte ;
- Sent after a clerke of his counsell,  
 That he louyde *and* trusteded weH. 3360  
 “My frende,” he seyde, “haste pou  
 not herde  
 Howe Marris with myne oste ferde,  
 And howe falsly he hathe me be-  
 trayede,  
 And aH my poure myghtly dys-  
 mayde?”— 3364  
 “Sir,” seyde pis clerke, “you not  
 dyssplese  
 Of *pat* I shaft sey, it is no lese.  
 AH *pe* worlde, so God me saue,  
 Grete *merveH* hathe *pat* pus a knawe,  
 That was *pe* sone of an chirle, 3369  
 Ye haue enhancede *and* made an erle.  
 For *pis* is sothe, *with-out* nay,  
 He lovyde you neuer *pe* oure of on  
 day. 3372  
 Though he to you be deboneure, 3377
- He wayth to haue tyme *and* leysere  
 His maister to do som dysspyte ;

Mares  
spreads  
false  
reports.

When he  
does wrong,  
he throws  
the blame  
on the King.

Hys kendenes ther-wythe he wolle aquyte. 3380  
Thus hathe Marres quytte hym to yow,  
And y schalle telle yow trewly howe :  
He dothe yowr knyghte-hode to vnderstonde  
Hyte ys yowr wylle they voyde thus londe, 3384  
For wythe the frence ye wolle nott Batayle,  
And thatt manhode yn yow dothe ffayle.  
Lo, syr, wyche loue ye ynne hym fynde. [leaf 42]  
Sucche frendes were gode to leue be-hynde. 3388  
Whanne he hym purposethe to do fals thyngge,  
Thys ys worde : thus wolle the kyng.  
Alle the defawte he puttethe yn yow ;  
Thatt hatthe he playnely preued nowe. 3392  
Thus hathte he fa[l]ssely yow be-trayed.  
Wythe hys wordes [he] hathe demayed  
Alle yowr knyghtes and alle yowr oste.  
By hys doynge ys alle yowr coste 3396  
Loste, as towchyng thes viage.  
For euer[y] \* knaue and euer[y] page

3398. Before knaue is written knyst with a stroke above the y.

Univ. Coll. MS.

His kyndenes so he wole hym quyte.  
Thus hath Marres quytte hym to yow,  
And I shaft truly telle yow how :  
He dothe youre knyghode to vnder-  
stonde  
Hit ys youre wylle they voyde this  
londe, 3384  
For with the french they wole baytale,  
And that yn yow manhode dothe  
fayle. [leaf 21.]  
Loo, Syr, what love in hym ye fynde,  
Suche frendys were goode to leue  
behynde. 3388  
Whan he purposyth to doo fals thyng,  
This ys hys worde : Thus wole the kyng.  
Alle the fawte he putteth in yow ;  
That hath he playnly proved now. 3392  
Thus he yow hath falsly be-trayed  
With his wordes, and he hath dys-  
mayed  
Alle youre knyghthode and youre  
Ooste.  
And by hys doynge is alle youre coste  
Lost, as towchyng this viage. 3397  
For euery knave and euery page

Rawl. MS.

His kendenes so with he quyte. 3380  
Thus hathe Marras quytte hym to you,  
And I shaft truly tell you howe : 3382  
He dothe youre knyghthode vnder-  
stonde  
Hit is youre with þey voyde þe londe,  
With þe frence þey with not batain,  
And þat In you manhode dothe faith.  
Loo, sir, what love In hym I fynde.  
Soche frendes were goode to leue  
behynde.\* 3388  
When he purposeth to do false thyng,  
This is þe wordes : þus with þe kyng.  
Aþ þe faute he putteth In you : 3391  
That hathe he playnly prouyde nowe.  
Thus he hathe you be-trayede. [leaf 13]  
With his wordes he hathe dyssmayde  
Aþ youre knyghthode and youre oste.  
And be his doynge is aþ youre coste  
Loste, as tochyng þis vyage. 3397  
For euery knawe and euery page

1. 3388 after 1. 3389 in MS.



Spare nott to speke, and sey thatt 3e		
Dar nott do butte Ry3thte as he	3400	
Wolle yow concelle; <i>and</i> funder-more		
They [sey] thatt 3e haue seyde be-fore		He has
Thys londe ye wolde frely conquere,		made all
And nowe thus cowardly ende yowr' warre,	3404	believe that
To hem grete harme, to yow grete schame.		Sornegour
Off alle thus dede ye bere the blame."		dare not
And wythe thatt worde the clerke can wepe		fight.
So tenderly, he cowde notte lette	3408	
Off a grete whyle, tyll thatt the kynge		
Badde hym be pes, [for of] a thyngge		Sornegour
He hym be-tho3th, <i>and</i> thatt Ry3thte thoo.		bids the
"My frynde," he sayde, "thou schalte goo	3412	clerk go
On my erande to the kynge		with a mes-
Off Fraunce, <i>and</i> seye hym my plesynge,		sage to the
Where yffe thatt he * wolde		King of
Thatt is kny3htes fy3hte scholde	3416	France,
For thus Ry3thte <i>and</i> do thus batayle.		
For welle y wote hytte my3thte nott fayle,		proposing
And eche of vs bryngge to the fylde hys oste,*		to settle the

3412. MS. thu.      3415. he] MS. 3e.      3419. MS. este.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Spareth not to speke, and saythe that ye  
Dare not do but ryght as he 3400  
Wole yow counsayle; and furthermore  
They seyn / that ye haue here be-fore  
Seyde / this londe ye wole conquere,  
And now cowardly wole ende youre  
warre, 3404  
To hem grete harme and yow shame.  
Ful his wylle ys to put yow in blame."  
And with that worde the clerk gan  
wepe  
So tendyrly, he couthe not lete 3408  
Of a grete whylle, tyt that the kyng  
Bad hym be pes; for of a thing  
He hym be-thought, and ryght thoo  
" My frende," he sayde, " thou shaftt  
goo 3412  
On myn erande to the kyng  
Of Fraunce, and say my plesyng,  
Whether now yf that he wolde  
That two knyghtes fyght shulde 3416  
For oure ryght and do this batayle.  
For welle I wote I myght not fayle,  
And eche of vs bryng forth the oure Oost,

## Rawl. MS.

Sparyth not to speke, *and* seyth þat ye  
Dare not do but right as he 3400  
With you counseil; *and* forþer-more  
They seyn þat ye haue here be-fore  
Seyde þis londe ye wolde conquere  
And cowardly nowe with ende your  
warre, 3404  
To hem grete harme *and* you shame.  
His with is to put you In blame."  
And with þat worde þe clerke gan  
wepe  
So tenderly, he couthe not lette 3408  
Of a grete while, tit þat þe kyng  
Bade hym be pese; for of o thyng  
He hym be-thought, *and* right þo  
" My frende," he seyde, " þou shaft  
goo 3412  
On my erande to þe kyng  
Of Fraunce, *and* sey my pleseynge,  
Whether nowe yeff þat he wolde  
That ii knyghtes fight shulde 3416  
For oure right In þis bataill.  
For weþ I wot I myght not failþ,  
And iche of vs brynge oure oste,

The party  
whose  
champion  
is slain,  
is to do  
homage to  
the other.

Many a gode man ther schalle be loste. 3420  
Wherefore my wylle were fully thys,  
Thatt he wolde ordeyne a knyghte of hys,  
Be he genteil man or other,  
And y my-sylffe wolde be the tother. [leaf 42, back] 3424  
Yff y be slayne yn thatt fyghte,  
There ys neyther kyng, squyer, ne knyghte  
In my oste, thatt pey ne schalle \* do  
To hym omage er thatt they goo, 3428  
Onne thus condicion thatt they haue leue  
Thys londe to passe wyth-owten greue,  
And vnder hys cundite thatt they may be,  
Tyll the[y] be passed alle thus cuntre. 3432  
And y schalle make hem swere [al]so  
Heder to sende my sone to do  
Homage to hym ynne the same degre,  
And alle-so, yff ytte appe be me 3436  
To sle hys champion wythe myne hande,  
Thatt he schalle holde alle hys lande  
Of me by omage, and sucche seruyce  
As y my-sylffe now [wolde] devyce 3440

3427. MS. schallo.

3430. or lande?

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Many a goode man there shaft be lost.  
Wherefore my wylle were fully this, 3421  
That he wolde ordeyn a knyght of his,  
Be he gentylman one or other, 3424  
And I my-self wole be the other. [leaf 21, back]  
If I be slayn in that fight, [leaf 21, back]  
Ther ys nether kyng, Squyer, nor  
knyght  
In myn Ooste but that they shaft doo  
To hym homage or than I goo, 3428  
On this condicion that they haue leue  
This londe to passe withoute greue,  
And vnder his condyte that they be,  
Tyll they be passed alle his cuntre.  
And I shaft make hem swere also 3433  
Hider to sende my son to do  
Homage to hym in the same degre.  
And also, yf hit happe me 3436  
To sle his champion with my honde,  
That ye shaft holde alle his londe  
Of me my homage / and which seruyse  
As I my-self now wole devyse 3440

## Rawl. MS.

Many a good knyght þer shaft be  
lost. 3420  
Wherefore my wiþ were fully þis,  
That he wolde ordeyne a knygh[t] of his,  
Be he lentil man oon ore oþer,  
And my-self wiþ be þat oþer. 3424  
Yef I be slayne In þat fight,  
Ther is noþer kyng, squyre, ne  
knyght [leaf 13, back]  
In my oste but þat pey shaft do  
To hym omage ore þen I goo, 3428  
On þis condicion þat pey haue leue  
This londe to passe with-out greue,  
And vnder his condyte þat pey be,  
Till pey be passede aþ þis contre. 3432  
And I shaft make hem swere also  
Heþer to sende my son to do  
Homage to hym In þe same degre,  
And also, yef it happe me 3436  
To sle his champion with my honde,  
That he shaft holde aþ his londe  
Of me by omage and by seruyse  
As I my-self wiþ devyse 3440

My owne mayne to hym to do.  
 The same to me he motte [do] alleso.  
 Go wryte a letter off thus matere,  
 And to the kyng faste thow ytte bere."— 3444 The clerk  
writes the  
message,  
 "Syr," seyde the clerke, "y schalle do wryte  
 Alle thus matere and ytte endyte,  
 And to the kyng of Fraunce hytte bere.  
 A, Gode mersy ! ynne grete fere 3448  
 Stande alle yowr' pepele, *and* namely ye  
 Thatt bene a lord of so hye degree,  
 Thatt sucche a batayle onne yow wolle take.  
 Yowre mannely herte alle thus dothe make." 3452  
 And wythe thatt worthe the \* clerke dydde turne,  
 And went hys way ; for lengger soiorne  
 Wythe the kyng wolde noȝth he,  
 Sethe hytte motte no beter bee. 3456  
 He wrote hys letter, and went hys way.  
 He come to Pynnyffe be thatt daye  
 Was so dawed thatt he mowȝth see  
 Alle abowte, *and* streȝthte yed he [leaf 43] 3460  
 To the brygge, and faste dyd calle.

3453. the *written twice.* After 3459. *catch-word* aȝ abowte.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

<p>Myn owne meyne to hym to doo.          The same to me he must do alsoo.          Go write a letter of this matere,          And to the kyng fast thow hit bere."—          "Syr," sayde the clerke, "I shaȝ go          wryte 3445          Alle the matere and hit endyte,          And to the kyng of Fraunce hit bere.          A, God mercy ! now in grete feere 3448          May stonde youre people, and namely          To that be lordes of hye degree truly,          That sucche a batayle on yow wole take.          Your manly hert alle this dothe          make." 3452          And with that worde the Clerk dyd          turne,          And went hys way ; for lenger so-          gournne          With the kyng wolde then not he,          Syth hit myght no better be. 3456          He wrote this letter, and went his way.          He come to Pountyff by the day          Was I-dawed, that he myght see          Alle a-boute, and streȝt yode he          To the kyng, and fast dyd calle. 3461</p>	<p>Myn owne mene to hym to do.          The same to me he moste do also.          Go wryte a letter of þis mater,          And to þe kyng faste it bere."— 3444          "Sir," seyde þe clerke, "I shaȝ goo          wryte          Aȝ þe mater <i>and</i> it endyte,          And to þe kyng of France it bere.          A, God mercy ! in grete fere 3448          May stonde youre pepiȝ, and namly          Tho þat be lordes of þe gre truly,          That soȝche a bataiȝ on you wiȝt take.          Your manly hert aȝ þis doth make."          And with þat worde þe clerke dyde turne,          And went his way ; for lenger soiorne          With þe kyng wolde þen not he,          Sethe it myght no better be. 3456          He wrote þis letter, <i>and</i> went his way.          He come to Pountyfe be þe day          Was dawȝde, þot he myght see          Aȝ aboute, <i>and</i> streight yede he 3460          To þe kyng, and faste dyde call.</p>
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The porter  
lets down  
the draw-  
bridge,

The porter lete the draw<sup>3</sup>thte down<sup>3</sup> falle.

He axed anone who was there.

The Clerke hym answeyrd: "A messyngere, 3464

Thatt nedys muste speke wyth yowr kynge;

For a letter off credens I hym brynge."

The porter lette hym ynne anone.

To-geder ynto the alle they gone. 3468

and leads  
him to the  
steward,

There they fonde the kyngys [s]t[e]werde;

A knyght he semyd and no cowarde.

To hym anone seyde the porter:

who informs  
the King.

"Sere, here ys come a messyngere, 3472

And seyythe he mutte for eny thyng

Speke wyth owre lege lorde the kynge."

The steward seyde he was welle-come,

And by the honde he hathe hym nome, 3476

And to [the] chamber he hym ledde.

There was the kynge thatt tyme a-bedde.

In-to the chamber the stewarde yede,

The messynger no ferther wolde he lede. 3480

"Gode morwe," he seyde vnto the kynge.

"Syr, y hope gode tythyng,

And ye wylle Ryse, ye schalle here.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The porter lete the draught doun falle,

He askyd anone who was there. [leaf 22]

The Clerk hym answerd: "A Messan- 3464

gere, That nedes must speke with the kyng;

For letters of credens I Bryng."

The porter lete hym in anone.

To-gydyr in-to the halle they gone. 3468

There they fonde the kyngis Styward:

A knygh[t] he semyd and no coward.

To hym anone sayde the porter:

"Syr, here ys come a Messenger, 3472

And sayth he must for any thyng

Speke with oure lorde the kyng." 3474

The Styward sayde he was welcome,

And by the hond he hath hym nome,

And to the chambr dore hym ledde.

Yett was the kyng that tyme a-bedde.

In-to the chambr the Styward yede.

The messenger no further wolde he 3480

lede. "Goode morw," he sayde to the kyng.

"Syr, I hop ryght goode tydyng,

And ye wolde ryse, ye shulde here.

*Rawl. MS.*

The porter let þe bryge downe fath.

He askede anone what he myght be.

The clerke seyde a mesengere he, 3464

That nedes moste speke with þe kyng;

"For letteris of credence I hym brynge."

The porter let hym in anone. [leaf 14]

To-geder In-to þe haff þey gon. 3468

Ther þey fonde þe kynges stewarde;

A knyght he semyd and no cowarde.

To hym anone seyde þe porter:

"Sir, come is a mesyngere, 3472

And seyth he moste for any thyng

Speke with oure lorde þe kyng."

The stewarde seyde he was welcome,

And be þe honde he hathe hym nome,

And to þe chambir dore hym lede. 3477

Then was þe kyng In his bede.

In-to þe chambir þe stewarde yede.

The mesengere no forþer he lede. 3480

"Gode morwe," he seyde to þe kyng.

"Sir, I hope Right good tydyng,

And ye wylle ryse, ye shaft here.

- For here ys come a messyngere 3484  
 Fro onne off the hethen kynges.  
 Letterys he hatth wyth new tythynges.  
 I hope to God thatt they bene gode."—  
 "Syr," seyde the kyng, "nowe by the rode ! 3488  
 They bene welle-come watt euer they be."  
 To the steward anone seyde he :  
 "Go for my CownceH, and pat anone ;  
 And bryngge hem wyth the euerychone." 3492  
 These \* tythynges herde Partonope,  
 To the kyng faste hyde he.  
 [Bysshoppis and moche clergy  
 Toward the kyng faste ganne hye.] 3496  
 Dukes, and Barons, *and* erlys mony one,  
 Where euer they were yn fylde or townne,  
 To the kyng faste canne they hye. [leaf 43, back]  
 Whenne knyghtes and squyers thatt dydde aspye, 3500  
 They made hym redy ynne alle haste,  
 To-ward the kyng they spedde hem faste.

The King  
 commands  
 the steward  
 to call his  
 council.

3493. MS. thethe.

3497. or many ?

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- For here ys come a messangere 3484  
 From one of the hethen kingis.  
 Letters he hath with new tydyngis.  
 I hope to God they be goode."—  
 "Syr," sayde the kyng, "now by the  
 roode ! 3488  
 They be welcome, what so euer they  
 be."  
 To the Styward a-none sayde he :  
 "Go for my counsayle, and that anone ;  
 And bryng them with the euerychone."  
 These tydyngis herd Partanope. 3493  
 To the kyng faste hyed he.  
 Bysshoppis and moche clergy  
 Toward the kyng fast ganne hye. 3496  
 Dukes, Erles, and many Baroun,  
 Where euer they were in felde or town  
 To the kyng fast gan they hye.  
 Whan Knyghtes and Squyers that dyd  
 aspye, 3500  
 They made hem redy in alle the hast,  
 Toward the kyng they spedde hem  
 fast.

## Rawl. MS.

- For here is come a mesengere 3484  
 Fro oon of þe hethyn kynges.  
 Letteris he hathe with newe tydynges.  
 I hope to God þat þey be goode."—  
 "Sir," seyde þe kyng, "be þe rode ! 3488  
 They be welcome, what euer þey be."  
 To þe stewart anone seyde he :  
 "Goo for my counseH, *and* þat anone ;  
 And brynge hem with þe euery-  
 chone." 3492  
 This tydynges herde Partonope.  
 To þe kyng faste hyede he.  
 Bysshoppis *and* moche clergie  
 To-ward þe kyng dyde hye. 3496  
 Dukes, erlis, *and* many a baroun,  
 Where euer þey were In felde ore  
 towne,  
 To þe kyng faste gan þey hye.  
 When knyghtes *and* squyeres dyde  
 aspye, 3500  
 They made hem redy In aH haste,  
 Towarde þe kyng þey spedde hym faste.

The King  
advises the  
council of  
the messen-  
ger and the  
letter.

Nowe ys the CownceH to the kynge come,  
Into a chamber where they be wone 3504  
Alle to-geter<sup>1</sup> for to mete.  
The kynge anone was made to wete  
Thatt hys CownceH alle redy were.  
The kynge sente for hys messyngere, 3508  
And the kyng<sup>t</sup> ther-wyth dyde gone  
In to hys CownseH ryghte anone,  
Wythe alle hys lordes thatt he myȝth speke *and* mete,  
And reuerently hem alle he grete. 3512  
God morewe he hem badde by *and* bye,  
And onne hys cheyer hym sette onne hye,  
And he seyde : " Serys, why I  
Haue sente for yow thus hastelye, 3516  
Thus ys the cawse, echeman here :  
To me ys come a messyngere  
Fro the hethen kynge Sornegour.  
Watte he menythe, why ne where-ffore, 3520  
I wote neuer ; butte there-ffore I  
Haue sent for yow thus hastelye  
Thatt ye schulde heyre hys entente  
As welles as y " ; *and* ther-wyth he sente 3524  
To this Clerke, wythte-owten<sup>2</sup> lette.  
Anone he come, and downe hym sette  
Vppon hys knee fulle Reuerently,

The clerk  
delivers the  
letter,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

<sup>1</sup> Now ys the kyngis Counsayle y-come  
In-to the chambir where they were  
wone [1 leaf 22, back] 3504  
Alle to-gydyr goodely to mete.  
The kyng a-none therof had weete  
That hys counseil alle redy were.  
The kyng sent for his Messangere, 3508  
And to his counseil he gan hym hye,  
Sayng : " Syres, I shaft tell yow why  
I haue sent for yow now here :  
To me ys come a messangere 3518  
From the hethen kyng Sornogoure.  
What he menyth, why ne wherefore,  
I wote neuer ; but therefore now I  
Haue sent for yow thus hastelye 3522  
That ye shulde here his entent  
As welles as I " ; and therwith he sent  
For this Messenger, which that  
reueren[t]ly

*Rawl. MS.*

Nowe is þe kynges counseil come,  
<sup>1</sup> In-to þe chambir þey were nome 3504  
[1 leaf 14, back]  
AlH to-geder goodly to mete.  
The kyng anone þer-of hade wete,  
The kyng sent for þe mesengere, 3508  
Then to chaubir he gan hye,  
Seyng : " Siris, I shaft tell you why  
I haue sent for you nowe here :  
To me is come a mesengere 3518  
Fro þe hethyn kyng Sornogoure.  
What he menyth, why ne where-fore  
I wot neuer ; but þer-fore I  
Haue sent for you hastelye 3522  
That ye shaft here his entente  
As well as I " ; *and* þer-with assente  
For þis mesenger, which þat reuerently

And salyed the kyng <i>and</i> seyde : " Syr, I	3528	
Am come fro Sornegour a messyngere,		
And brynge yow letterys. Loo, syr, here		
They bene redy. Wole ye hem see ? "		
The kyngge hym answeyrd : " Take hem mee. "	3532	
The letterys the kyngge toke of the Clerke,		
And by-cawse the howse was alle derke,		
Vppe he rose, and streyȝthte he wente		
To the wendowe, and thenne he sente [leaf 44]	3536	and going to the window,
For serten lordys that were moste preve,		
Off wyche onne was Partonope.		
When they were come, the letter he toke,		
And brake the seale, and there-onne gan loke,	3540	the King reads it.
And redde hytte ouer, and sawe the entente		
Off kyngge Sornegour, and watt he mente.		
They yewe hym pryse of hys knyȝthode.		
In hym, they seyde, ther lacked no manhode.	3544	
A-none ther-wyth Partonope		Partonope kneels down, and asks the King's per- mission to do battle with Sornegour.
Knelyd adowne apon his knee,		
And to the kyng seyde : " Yeff me * myne honowre.		
Love, lette me wythe Sornegowr	3548	
For yow to do now thys batayle. "		

3547. me] MS. ye.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Salued the kyng, and sayde : " Syr,	3528	Saluede þe kyng <i>and</i> seyde : " Sir,	3528
truly,		truly,	
I am sent from Sornogourea a messangere,		I am sent fro Sornogoure a mesengere,	
And bring yow letters. Loo, Syr, here		And brynge you letteris. Lo, sir, here	
They be redy. Wole ye hem see ? "		They be redy. Wilt ye hem see ? "	
The kyng answeyrd : " Take hem me. "		The kyngge answerde : " Take hem	3532
- To he hem brakke, and they were redde		Tho he hem brake <i>and</i> þey were rede	
Amonge the lordes that he there hadde		Amonge þe lordes þat he þer hade	
Of his Counseil that were pryve,		Of his counseil þat were preve,	
Of which one was Partanope,	3538	Of which on was Partonope,	3538
And sawe than what Sornogoure entent,		And sawe þer what Sornogour mente,	
Alle his matere that he had sent.		All his mater he hade sente.	
They gyff hym pryce of hys knyght-		They gaf hym prys of high knyȝthode,	
hode,			
In hym they sye no lacke of manhode.		In hym þey se no lake of manhode.	
Anone therwith Partanope	3545	Anone þer-with Partonope	3545
Kneled doun vpon his knee,		Knelyde downe vpon his knee,	
Seyd to the kyng : " Gyff me myn		Seyde to þe kyng : " Gyf me my	
honoure,		honoure	
That I may fyght with Sornogoure.		That I may fight with Sornogoure.	
For yow wole I do this batayle. "	3549	For you wilt I do þis bataill. "	3549

The King  
objects that  
Partonope  
is rather  
young,

The kyng anone wyth-owten fayle  
Thankeð hyely Partonope,  
And seyde : "Y wote Ryȝthite welle thatt ye 3552  
Haue manhode y-nowe *and* eke Corage.  
Butte for to speke off mannys agee,  
Ye er butte yonge, nott gretely asayde—  
Off thatt y sayde both not dysmayed— 3556  
And he ys preuyd a manly knyȝthite ;  
For yn many a perilows fyȝthite  
Hathe he done masteres wyth hys honde,  
Mo thenne eny man yn thys londe. 3560  
Anne there-fore [cosyn] I praye yowe  
Hertely, off thus matere nowe  
To me ye speke neuer more.  
For hytte schulde greue me so sore 3564  
Yff there fyllle eny messawuter.  
Y hadde leuer my dethe endure,  
Or me helde as a prysonere,  
Thanne grawnte yow thus, my ownd fere." 3568  
Thanne answeyrd the kyng Partonope :  
"Syr," he sayde, "trewly yeff ȝee  
Wolle notte graunte me thus Batayle,  
I saye yow playnely, wyth-owten fayle, 3572

and asks  
him to  
speak no  
more of the  
matter.

Partonope  
insists on  
fighting.

3560. *or lande?*

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng anone withouten fayle  
Thanked hyghly Partanope,  
And sayde : "I wote ryght weȝ that 3552  
ye  
Haue manhode ynough and corage.

*After l. 3553 one leaf has been torn out.*

*Rawl. MS.*

The kyng anone with-out faith  
Thankede highly Partonope :  
"I wot right weȝ þat ye 3552  
Haue manhode I-nowe *and* corage.  
But for to speke of mans age,  
Ye be but yonge, not gretly assayde—  
Of þat I sey he not mysspayde— 3556  
And he is provyde a manly knyght ;  
For In many a perlus fight (leaf 15)  
He hathe don maistres with honde,  
Mo þen ony man with-In his londe.  
And þer-fore, cossyn, I praye you 3561  
Hertly, of þis mater nowe  
To me ye speke no more.  
For I hadde leuer soffer grette sore 3564  
Then harme schulde come you nere.  
I wiȝt not you graunt, my owne fere."  
To þis answerde Partonope : 3569  
"Sir," he seyde, "truly yef þat ye  
Wiȝt not graunt me þis bataiȝt,  
I sey you pleynly, sauȝ faith, 3572



Yowr' seruyce for euer y refuse." [leaf 44, back]

Onne thus worde the kyngre gretely ganne muse,

And answeyrd \* wyth wepyng' chere :

" Myne owne Cosyn, myne owne fere !

3576

Alle myne owne truste stonte yn yowe.

And yff ye wylle alle-gate nowe

Thys perielys Batayn take yn honde,

Ye be cheffe Cownceit of thus londe,

3580

And as ye wylle so motte hytt bee.

For trewly, Cosyn, ne hadde ye

Come ynto Fraunce atte thus tyme,

I wote welle y and alle myne

3584

Hadde bene Chassed owte of Fraunce.

Butte my tryste and myn' adfayawnee,

My ffayre Cosyn, ys alle onne yow.

Onne vs alle haue mersy nowe.

3588

For y excuse me for euer-more,

And seye playnely hytt goyth fulle sore

Azens alle reson' and alle skele.

Butte loo, y putte me yn yowr' wylle."

3592

In thus wyse answeyrd Partonope :

" Alle-myghty God, y praye thatt ye

Helpe me ynne yowr' ownne Ryghte.

Onne [me] y take thus ylke afyghte

3596

Yowr' lawe fully to defende.

There-to [oure] lord me grase sende."—

" Nowe," sayde the kyngre, " Partonope,

As ye wolte saye hytte muste nedys be."

3600

And there-wythe ffrendely he hym kyste,

And seyde : " Y hope for yowr' beste

Yowr' vndertakyngre schalle nowe bee.

There[-to] yow helpe the trinite !"

3604

3575. MS. adds the kyngre before wyth.

The King  
still tries  
to dissuade  
him,

and reminds  
him how  
valuable his  
services are  
in France ;

but as Par-  
tonope is  
still firm in  
his resolu-  
tion, the  
King finally  
assents.

Rawl. MS.

Yowre seruyce for euer I refuse."

At pis worde þe kyngre gan mvse,

And at þe laste seyde : " In affyaunce,

Yef ye with so you auancee,

As ye wott, so mot it be.

3581

For truly, cossyn, hade not ye

Come In-to Fraunce at þis tyme,

We hade be In grette peyne."

Then seyde Partonope þe worthy :

" The yelde God almyghty,

And he helpe me In yowre right ;

For on me I take þis fight

Yowre enemys fult for to defende,

That grace oure lorde me sende."

3594

3596

The King  
summons  
his knights,  
and informs  
them that,  
in order to  
avoid  
bloodshed, a  
single com-  
bat is to  
take place  
between  
Sornegour  
and a  
French  
knight.

And ther-wyth-alle strey3te he wente  
To hys cheyre, and faste sente  
For alle hy[s] hole Cheualrye,  
And thenne he sayde: "the cawse whye 3608  
I haue atte thus tyme sende for yow.  
Kynge Sornegour hathe send me nowe  
A letter—here stant the messengere—  
And seyythe, yeffe I wolle, hys wylle were, [leaf 45] 3612  
Forto trye owre bothe Ry3thtes,  
Thys batayHe to stonnde be-twyn̄ ij kny3thtes.  
Thys ys the cause\* of his menyngē,  
For to Eschewe grete blode schedyngē. 3616  
For thus ys seker, wyth-owten̄ fayle,  
Yeffe we bothe come to batayle,  
Thatt bothe owre osten to-geder mete,  
Many a man schalle ther hys lyffe lete. 3620  
Inne hys cawse hym̄-sylffe wylle fy3thte,  
For he hym̄-sylffe schalle be hys kny3thte.  
And y another kny3thte motte sende  
Wythe hym̄ to fy3thte, ther to defende 3624  
The Ry3thte thatt longethe to thus londe.  
[For he hathe fully take on honde,]  
Yeff he ynne thus Batayle slayne bee,  
Kny3thtes and Duckes of thatt Cuntree 3628  
And other lordes alle eke ther-too,  
Schalle do me Omage, er thatt they goo,  
And okde ther londes ener of me.  
And eke ther-to they schulle swore bee 3632

3615. the cause *written twice*.

*Rawl. MS.*

<p>The kynge set hym amonge his chevalrye, And seyde: "Siris, I tell you cause why 3608 I haue do rede þis nobil letter, Whiche seyth þus and no better: Yef I wiþ, his full entente were 3612 For to trye out In þis manere The cleyne of oure bothe rightes To be In bataill be-twix ij knyghtes. This is þe cause of his meny[n]ge 3615 For to esschewe grete blode shedyngē. For þis is sekere, with-out failþ, Yef we bothe come to bataill,</p>	<p>And bothe our osten to-geder mete, Many a man his lyfe shaft lete. 3620 In þis case hym-selfe wiþ fight, For he wiþ be þe too knyght. [11.15 back] And I anoper knyght moste fynde With hym to fight and defende 3624 The Ryght þat longyth to þis londe. For he hathe fully take on honde, Yef he In þis bataill slayn be, Kynge and dukes of his contre. 3628 And aft his lordes of his contre þer-to Shaft do me omage, ore þey goo, And holde þer londes ener of me. Ther-to þey shaft ensurede be 3632</p>
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- To sende me hys Eldyste sone ;  
 And eke he schalle do as they haue done.  
 And so happe thatt my kny3thte \* bee  
 Dyscumfyte or slayne yn the degre, 3636  
 I and thus Reme motte stonde  
 To do hym Omage, *and* holde owre londe  
 Ry3thte off hym as he schulde of mee,  
 Yffe he slayne or dyscumfyte bee. 3640  
 To Partonope y grawnte thus Batayle.  
 I Charge yow alle thatt 3e nott fayle  
 To-morew be-tyme redy to bee  
 Wyth my Cosyn, and eke wyth mee, 3644  
 Armed be-fore the CasteH of Chars.  
 Hytt ys gode afore to be warys.  
 For yf he mene vntrewly,  
 Thenne er we redy Boldely 3648  
 Vs to defente, yffe he assayle. [leaf 45, back]  
 And yffe so falle thus Batayle  
 He *parforme* wyth trewe entente,  
 I wolle 3e alle, by onne asente, 3652  
 Vn-arme yow ynne preue manere,  
 And make nou<sup>1</sup> ado butte as no3th were.  
 I Charge yow alle eke ther-too,
3635. my kny3thte] MS. my3thte. 3637-38. *or* lande : stande ?

He has  
granted the  
venture to  
Partonope.

The French  
army is  
to meet  
the next  
morning in  
arms before  
Chars,

and act  
according to  
circum-  
stances.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

To sende me his eldyste sone ;  
 And he shaft do as þey haue done.  
 And it hape þat my knyght be 3635  
 Dysscomfyte ore slayne In þat degre,  
 And I also with my reme moste stonde  
 To do hym omage, *and* oure londe  
 Holde of hym as he schulde of me.  
 And I tell you with-out faiH  
 To Partonope I haue gyfe þe bataiH. 3641  
 To-morwe ye moste redy be 3643  
 To go with my cossyn *and* me,  
 Armede be-fore þe casteH of Chare.  
 Hit is good fore to be ware.  
 Then are we redy fuH boldly 3648  
 Vs to defende yef he assaiH.  
 And yef he truly þis bataiH  
 Parforme as he hathe mente,  
 That þen ye may, be on assente, 3652  
 Vn-arme hem In preue manere,  
 And make noyse as nought were.  
 I charge yow alle eke þer-to,

<sup>1</sup>And make no noyse as nought were. 3654  
 I charge yow alle eke ther-to, [leaf 23]

In the even-  
ing prayers  
should be  
read every-  
where.

Whenne euen comythe, that 3e goo 3656  
Barefutte yn proscione  
To euery Churche ynne thus towne,  
And praye the holy trinite  
To owre worchyppe thatt he wolle see, 3660  
And Crystes lawe euer he saue  
A[nd] on vs alle mersy to haue."

The kynge atte thys tyme seyyth no more,  
Ne alle the lordes, but wonder sore 3664  
They syke, and many tenderly

Wepe and waylythe \* fulle hevely.

The King  
orders his  
secretary to  
write the  
reply.

The kynge anone a letter lete wryte,  
And bade the secreatory ytte welle endyte, 3668  
Thatt Sornegour myghte knowe hys entente.

The se[c]ratory forthe ynne haste wente  
Thys letter fully to endyte,

And alle the kynge-ys entente to wryte. 3672

Thys letter in haste ys wrete and made.

The kynge comawndytt anone and bade

The hethen clerke hytte to take,

And that he schulde no tarrynge make, 3676

3662. *After a a blot in MS. and then onne crossed out; on vs is written above alle.*

3666. MS. walkythe. 3670. sar underdotted after The.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Whan evyn cometh, that ye goo 3656  
Barefoote lowly on procession  
To euery cherehe now in this town,  
And pray we to the Holy Trynyte  
To oure worship that he wole see, 3660  
And Crystes lawe euer he save,  
And on vs alle mercy to haue."

**T**he kyng at this tyme saythe nomore,  
Ne alle the lordes, but wonder sore  
They sygh, and many one fult tendyrly  
Wepe and weylid ryght hevyly. 3666  
The kyng anone a letter gan wryte,  
And bad the Secretary hit weh endyte,  
That Sornogoure myght know hys  
entent.

The Secrytary now forthe ys went. 3670  
This letter in hast ys wryten and made.  
The kyng anone comawndyd and bade  
The hethen clerk hit to take, 3675  
And that he shulde no taryng make

*Rawl. MS.*

When evyn comyth, þat ye goo 3656  
Barfoote lowly on pressission  
To euery churche In þis towne,  
And praye we to þe holy-trenyte  
To oure worchipe þat he wif see, 3660  
And Crystes lawe euer he save,  
And on vs aþ mercy haue." [leaf 16]

<sup>1</sup> The kynge at þis tyme seyth no more,  
Ne aþ þe lordes, but wonder sore 3664  
They sigh, and many fult tendrly  
Wepte and waylede fult petuonsly.

**H**ere þe kynge a letter dyde wryte,  
And bade þe secreatory it endyte,  
That Sornogoure myght knowe his  
entente. 3669

This leter is wretyn in haste. 3673  
The kynge comondyde faste  
The hethyn clerke it to take,  
And þat he shulde no tarynge make,

- Butte bere hytte to kyng Sornegour,  
 And seye hym thatt "the cheffe flowre  
 Off my kny3thode wyth hym schalle fy3thte,  
 Wythe Goddys grase, and saue my Ry3thte." 3680  
 Thys letter thys Clerke hatthe taken ynne haste,  
 And to hys kyng hyed hym faste.  
 Thys Clerke to Chars ys come. The heathen clerk hastens back to Chars,  
 The kyng [hym] seythe, and sayde: "Welcome." 3684  
 The clerke downe knelythe afore the kyng: [leaf 46]  
 "Syr," he seyde, "letterys y brynge and delivers the letter,  
 Vnder the kyng-ys seale off Fraunce.  
 Redythe hym ouer, for gode purviaunce 3688  
 For thys Batayle hytte nedythe make.  
 For sucche one hathe ytte vnder-take, with warn-  
 Hytte nedythe welle now avysed to be." ings of  
 Thanne sayde the kyng: "Canste thou telle me 3692 Partonope's  
 Wo ys the man, and wate ys hys name?" prowess.  
 Thenne seyde the Clerke: "Gretely to blame  
 Ellys where I. I dyd hym see.  
 Hys name ys syr Partonope, 3696  
 Inne whomme the kyng hathe grete affyaunce,  
 And affter alle the reme \* off Fraunce." \*  
 Then answeryd kyng Sornegour: Sornegour is  
 delighted to
3698. reme] MS. kyng. After this line the MS. adds: I motte  
 fy3thte wate happe or Chaunce, cf. l. 3702.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- But bere hit to Sornogoure the kyng,  
 And say to hym "a knyght ying  
 Of myne with hym shaft fyght,  
 With Goodys grace, and save my  
 ryght." 3680  
 The letter this clerk hath take in haste,  
 And to his lorde hym hyed fu3t fast.  
 And whan he had hym in seyng:  
 "Syr," he sayde, "letters now I bryng  
 Vndyr the kynges Seale of Fraunce.  
 Redyth hem and make purviaunce,  
 For this batayle hit nedyth to make.  
 Forsuche oon hath hit vndyrtake 3690  
 Whoos name ys Partanope, 3696  
 Floure y-callid of that Contree,  
 In whom the kyng hath grete affyaunce,  
 And so hath all the Rewme of Fraunce."  
 Than answerid kyng Sornogoure: 3699
- But heryth Sornogoure þe kyng,  
 And sey to hym a knyght yenge 3678  
 Of myn with hym shaft fight,  
 With Goddes leue, to saue my right."  
 The letter þe clerke hathe in haste,  
 And to his lorde hym hyede faste.  
 When he hade hym in syng: 3683  
 "Sir," he seyde, "letter nowe I brynge  
 Vnder þe kynges seath of Fraunce.  
 Redyth hem and make purviaunce,  
 For þis bataiþ is nedyth to make.  
 For soyche on hathe it vnder-take  
 Whose name is Partonope, 3696  
 Floure I-callede of þat contree,  
 In whom he hathe his affyaunce, 3697  
 And so hathe all þe reme of Fraunce."  
 Then answerde kyng Sornogoure:

fight with  
the flower of  
knighthood.

"I thanke God hyely, for wythe the fflowr 3700  
Off alle kny3thhode of alle the Reme off Fraunce

I motte fy3thte, wate happe \* or chaunce  
Me euere falle ynne thys fy3thte.

I hope, lorde, thorow thy my3thte 3704

To saue my worchypp and myne honowr,

Sethen he off Cheualrye ys the fflowre,

Off alle Fraunce eke the Gentyleste.

So mutte y fy3thte wythe [the] beste, 3708

Wyche to me ys grete honowre."

Thus answeyrd the Clerke kynge Sornegour.

He calls his  
council,

And at \* pat worde he sent anone

For alle hys cownsayle be one *and* one. 3712

To hym come kynge Fursyne,\*

Kynge Loemer,\* and kyng Fab[u]rynne,

And Marukyn,\* and false Marres

Comethe forthe wyth hem ynne the presse. 3716

and informs  
them of his  
decision.

"Lordynges," he sayde, "hytt ys my wylle

My counseH yow telle, for hytte ys skelle

Ye ytte wete; for yesterd-day dy-verse \*

I fownde yow alle; for eche man dyd traaverse [ff. 46, bk.] 3720

3702. *MS.* happe.

3711. at] *MS.* thatt.

3713. *MS.* furlyne.

3714. *MS.* leomer.

3715. *MS.* Mavrekyn).

3719. *MS.* ey werse.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"I thanke God highly, for with the  
floure [1 leaf 23, back] 3700

Of knyghthode now in Fraunce

I must fyght, what happe or chaunce

Me euer falle this day in fyght. 3703

Yett I hope, lorde, thorow they myght

To save now myn honoure,

Thogh I fyght with this gay floure."

And with that worde he sent anone

For alle hys counsayle by one and one.

To hym ther come king Sursyn, 3713

Kyng Loymer, and kyng Fabouryn,

And Marukyn, and fals Marres 3715

Come forthe with hem in-to the pres.

"Lordyngis," he sayde, "hit ys my

wille

My counseH yow to telle, as yt ys

skylle.

Ye wote welle that yesterday diners

I founde yow alle/ for eche man dyd

travers

3720

*Rawl. MS.*

"I thanke God highly, for with þe  
floure 3700

Of knyghthode nowe In Fraunce

I moste fight, what hape ore chaunce

Me euer saH at þis tyme In fight.

Yet I hope, lorde, þorwe þy myght

To save nowe myne honoure, 3705

Thogh I fight with þe gay floure."

And with þat worde he sent anone

For aH his counseH by on and on. 3712

To hym þer comyth kynge Sursyn,

Kynge Loemere and kynge Fabryne,

And Marken, and false Marras 3715

<sup>1</sup> Come furthe with hym In-to þe prese.

"Lordynges," he seyde, "it is my

wiH

[1 leaf 16, back]

My counseH you to tell, it is skiH.

Ye wot weH þat yesterday deurse

I founde you aH; fro iche travers 3720

- Other-ys wette, ther as to counseil  
 I dyd yow calle to se ynne watte perelle  
 We stodde ynne, *and* in watte dystawunce,  
 There-agayne to make gode ordynaunce. 3724  
 Whenne ye were come, ye toke nou hede  
 To my worcheppe ne to my manhede.  
 [M]I councelle there-fore y take ;  
 For no man y wolle ytte neuer for-sake. 3728  
 Be hytt gode or ylle, ytte flalleth on\* me.  
 The kyng-ys letterys off Fraunce here they be,  
 Sythe howe he wrytethe, and ynne wate forme,  
 For alle the couenauntes\* y wylle parforme." 3732  
 They brake the letter, and dyd hyt rede.  
 [They seye] The sentence, and ynne grete drede  
 Alle these lordes stode euerychone.  
 Off hem alle ther was\* nott one 3736  
 Thatt here-to therste saye a worthe,  
 Butte stoden alle stylye be one acorde.  
 To hem thenne seyde the [stowte] kyng :

3729. on] MS. for.

3732. MS. comawmentes.

3736. alle ther was] MS. ther was alle.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Others witte, there as to counseil  
 I calde yow to tell what perel  
 We stande in, and in what dystaunce,  
 And there-ayen to make goode ordy-  
 naunce. 3724  
 When ye were come, ye toke none  
 heede  
 To my worship ne to my manhede.  
 Myn owne Counseyle therefore I take ;  
 For no man I wylle hit neuer for-sake.  
 Be hit goode or evyth hit fallith on me.  
 The kynges letres of Fraunce here they  
 be. 3730  
 Seeth how he wryteth, and in what  
 fourme,  
 For alle the covenantis I wylle par-  
 forme."  
 They brake the letters, and then dyd  
 rede.  
 Theysight thesentens, and in grete drede  
 Alle these lordes than stode echone.  
 Of hem alle there was not one 3736  
 That there durst say a worde,  
 But stode alle stylye by one acorde.  
 To hem than sayde this stowte kyng :

PARTONOPE.

## Rawl. MS.

Oper wyte per as to counseil  
 We stonde in, *and* in what pis-staunce.  
 When ye were come, ye toke none  
 hede 3725  
 To my worchipe ne to my manhede.  
 Myne owne counseil per-for I take ;  
 For no man I witt it neuer for-sake.  
 Be it good ore itt it fall on me. 3729  
 The kynges letter of Fraunce here pey  
 be.  
 Sethe howe he wryth, *and* in what  
 forme, 3731  
 For all pe covenantes I shaft parforme."  
 They brake pe letter, and hem dyde rede.  
 They sawe pe sentence, *and* in grete  
 drede  
 All pis lordes pey stode ichone.  
 Of hem all per was but on 3736  
 That per durste sey on worde,  
 But stode all stiff at on acorde.  
 To hem seyde pis stoute kyng :

K

	"I warne yow, seres, off one thyng :	3740
	Fro thus entent to a Newe	
	None off yow schalle me remeve."	
Fursin pro- poses that all should go armed to camp,	Fyrste off alle thenne spake syr Fursyane : *	
	"Sythe off yow <sup>r</sup> wyll thus ys the fyne	3744
	Thatt fro thus prosses 3e wyll not goo,	
	I canne no more saye ther-too,	
	Butte erly to-morewe thatt alle men be	
	In the fylde armed to make yow <sup>r</sup> asemele,	3748
to safeguard the king.	Thatt ye mowe stonde ynne saue garde,	
	And every man kepe hys owne warde."	
	Alle they agreyd hem to thus worde,	
	And to hys herbrow went every lorde.	3752
At sunrise, the Saracens assemble,	[At] Morewe anone as hytte was day,	
	The sonne here bemus schewyd fulle gaye.	
	The mynstrallys here Trumpes gan sowne.	
	There-wyth the Oste they dyde some [leaf 47]	3756
	To arme hem faste, and redy make	
	Anone the fylde for to take.	
with helme and shield.	By thowsandys they drawyth to the felde	
	Wyth maney an * helme and many a schylde.	3760
	3743. MS. <i>fursyane</i> .	3760. an] MS. and.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

"I warne yow, Syres, of oo thyng :  
Fro this entent vnto a newe 3741  
None of yow alle shalle me renew."  
Fyrst of yow alle than spake Sursyn.

<sup>1</sup> But Erly to-morow lat alle men be 3747  
In þe felde armed and make youre  
assemble, [leaf 21] 3748  
That ye may stonde in safe garde,  
And every man kepe his owne warde."  
Alle they agreed hem to this oo worde,  
And to her herlough went every lorde.

At morow when hit was day, 3753  
The Synne her bemys shewed gay.  
The Mynstralles her trumpes gynne  
sowne."

Therwyth the Oste they dyd somoun  
To arme hem fast and redy make 3757  
Anone the felde frely to take.  
Be thousandis they draw to the felde  
Wyth many helme and bryght Sheelde.

After 3743 catch-word But erly.  
ll. 3753-56 are inserted in MS.

## Rawl. MS.

"I ware you, *seris*, of on thyng :  
Fro þis entente vnto a newe 3741  
None of you shalt me remeve."  
Firste of aH þen spake Sursyn :  
"Sethe of youre wif þis is þe fyne 3741  
That fro þis I propose ye wif not goo,  
I can no more sey þer-to,  
But erly to-morwe let aH men be 3747  
In felde armede at youre essemble,

That ye may stonde In safe garde,  
And every man kepe his owne warde."  
At þat tyme þey seyde no mo worde. 3751  
To þer loggyng went every lorde.\*

At morwe when it was day,  
The son here bemys shewyde gay. 3754  
The menstrettes þer troumpas gan  
sounne.

There-with þe oste þey dyde somoun  
Anone þe felde freshly to make. 3757  
To arme hem faste and redy make.  
By þousondes þey drewe to þe felde  
With many helmes and bryght sheldes

[leaf 17]

ll. 3751-52 are inserted in MS.



- The kyng hym armed, and as seythe [the] bocke,  
 In grete haste, *and* wyth hym toke  
 Faburine, Fursynne,\* *and* Marres,  
 Loemere,\* Marukyn,\* *and* moche prese. 3764  
 Wythe hym come mony a spere *and* schelde.  
 Anone as they come to the fylde,  
 Here Bataylys ffaste they dyd araye.  
 I-armed they were fulle ffresche *and* gaye. 3768  
 Onne the tother syde come the kyng of Fraunce  
 Wythe alle his kynne *and* alle his affyaunce,  
 And wyth hym Broȝhte Partonope.  
 And heven[ly] ytte was hym to see, 3772  
 So ȝonge, so fresche, so welle be-sene.  
 To praye for hym eche man was fayne.  
 The ffresche dem[en]ed hym fulle eselye,  
 And prayyd God fulle besely 3776  
 To saue here worchyppe and here Ryȝhte.  
 So hadde they do be-ffore alle nyȝhte,  
 Leyne ynne prayerys and ynne wepyng.  
 On the ffylde to hem warde come prekyng 3780

Sornegour  
comes to  
the field ac-  
companied  
by his vas-  
sals and  
Mares.

The King of  
France  
arrives with  
Partonope,

and they  
pray all  
night.

3763. MS. Faburine, fursynne(?).

2764. MS. leomere, Mavrekyn).

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng hym armed, as sayth the  
 booke,  
 In grete hast, and wyth hym toke  
 Sursyn, Fabur, and eke Marres,  
 Loemer, Marukyn, and Sarres. 3764  
 Wyth hem come many Spere and Shelde.  
 As sone as they come to the feelde,  
 Her Bataylles fast they dyd aray.  
 Armed they were bothe fressh and gay.  
 On that tother syde come the kyng of  
 Fraunce 3769  
 Wyth alle his kynne and alleaunce,  
 And wyth hym brought Partanope.  
 Hevenly hit was hym to see, 3772  
 So yonge, so fressh, so wele be-seen.  
 To pray for hym they besy been.  
 The french demenyd hem ful esyly,  
 And prayde to God fuȝt hertly 3776  
 To save her worsshyp and her ryght.  
 So had they do be-fore alle nyght.  
 Ouer the feelde to hem came prikyng

*Rocol. MS.*

The kyng hym armede, as seth þe  
 boke,  
 In grete haste, *and* with hym toke  
 Sursyn, Fabris, *and* eke Marras, 3763  
 Loemers, Markyn, *and* eke Surris.  
 With hem come many spere *and*  
 shelde.  
 As sone as þey come In-to þe felde,  
 Here bataillēs faste dyde array.  
 Armede þey were freshe *and* gay. 3768  
 On þat oþer syde þe kyng of Fraunce  
 With all his kyne *and* alyaanee,  
 And with hym brought Partonope.  
 An hevynly sight it was hem to see,  
 So yonge, so freshe, so weȝt be-sene.  
 To praye for hym þey besy bene.  
 The french deyneþe hem eysely,  
 And prayede to God fuȝt hertly 3776  
 To save þer worchipe *and* þer right.  
 So hade þey do all þe nyght.  
 Ouer þe felde to hem come pre-kyng

3764. MS. surris (i indistinct).

Loemer and  
Mares repair  
to the  
French  
camp to  
hear the  
covenant.

Kynge Loemers\* and Erle Marres  
Owte fro amonge the hethen<sup>d</sup> presse  
To the kynge of Fraunce strey<sup>3</sup>thte  
To wete yff thus ylke affy<sup>3</sup>thte 3784  
Schulde be holden *and* alle the Cownandes.

The King  
proposes to  
bring a hun-  
dred armed  
knights to  
the lists,

To hem<sup>d</sup> answeyrd the kynge of Fraunse :  
“ Say\* kynge Sornegour thatt y haue y-sayde  
Schalle so be holde thatt wele apayed 3788  
He and alle hys schulde bee.  
Where-flore y wolde anone thatt hee  
Take wyth hym an .c. kny<sup>3</sup>thtes,  
And come downe strey<sup>3</sup>te to the lystys, 3792  
Owte ffrome hys oste ; *and* thenne schalle I [leaf 47, back]

and to re-  
hearse the  
covenant  
there.

Do the same, and there by *and* bye  
Schalle the Cownauntes rehersyd be  
Be-twyn<sup>d</sup> hym<sup>d</sup> *and* Partonope. 3796  
There we schalle [holde] owre parlement  
And schewe playnely owre eythyr entente.”  
To thus ther was no more to do ;  
They were alle greyd ther-too. 3800

The Kings  
meet  
courteously,

And ymme thus wyse anon they mette,  
And Curtesly\* eche oder grette.

3781. MS. loemers ; kynge seems marked for erasure before Erle.  
3787. say] MS. Syr. 3794. D in Do written like an S.  
3802. MS. Curstely.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Erle Marres and Loemer the kyng  
To hem of Fraunce then luff streight  
To wytte yf that this noble fyght 3784  
Shulde be holde and  
To hym answeyrd the kyng of Fraunce :  
“ Say kyng Sornogour that I haue  
sayde [1 leaf 24, back]  
In no wyse forme sha<sup>t</sup> be reneyed. 3788  
Therefore he wyth an hundred knyghtes  
Lat hym come downe to the lystes 3792  
Oute ffrom hys Ooste ; and than sha<sup>t</sup> I  
Do the same, and there by and by  
Sha<sup>t</sup> alle the Cownauntes rehersyd be  
Be-twix hym and Partonope. 3796  
There we sha<sup>t</sup> holde oure parlament  
And shew playnly alle oure entent.”  
To this there was nomore to do ;  
They were alle a-greed thereto. 3800  
And in this wyse anone they mete,  
And curtesly other goodely grette.

3788. MS. reneyed.

Rawl. MS.

Erle Marres and Loemers þe kynge  
To hem of France þen luff streight  
To wyte yef þis nobill fight 3784  
Shulde be holde *and* a<sup>t</sup> covenantes.  
To hem answerde þe kynge of France :  
“ Sey kynge Sornogoure þat I haue  
seyde [1 leaf 17, back]  
In no wyse sha<sup>t</sup> be reneyed. 3788  
There-for he with an honderde knyghtes  
Let hem come downe to þe lystes 3792  
Out fro his oste, *and* þen sha<sup>t</sup> I  
Do þe same, *and* þat by *and* by  
Sha<sup>t</sup> a<sup>t</sup> þe cov[en]antes rehersed be  
Be-twix hym *and* Partonope. 3796  
There we sha<sup>t</sup> holde oure parlement  
And shewe playnly oure entente.”  
To þis þer was no more to do ;  
They were a<sup>t</sup> gaderde þerto. 3800  
And in þis wyse a-none þey mete,  
And courtesly eyþer oþer grette.

Schortely off thus to make a fyne,		
The hethen putte up Fursyne*	3804	and Fursin rehearses the cove- nant.
To reherse the Covenantes		
Thatt holde schulde be be-twyn hem <i>and</i> * Fraunce.		
Kynge Fursyne,* thus worthy knyghte,		
Rehersyd the Covenantes off thus fyghte,	3808	
And tolde the trowthe off the recorde,		
In sucche wyse that every worde		
Acordyd to here bothe wrytynge.		
Where-fore the lordes made grete praysynge	3812	
Off hys dyscrecion and off hys wytte,		
And seyde to fulle-fylle ytte		
As he had sayde, alle redy were.		
The hethen knyghtes anone dyd swere	3816	Oaths are sworn on relics by both sides.
Vppon sucche relaxys as they hadde		
These Covenantes to holde suerly <i>and</i> sadde.		
The kynge of Fraunce yn the other syde		
Alle[-so] swore, watte so euer be-tyde,	3820	
The Covenantes thatt he wolde trewly		
Holde, as they* ther-to by and bye		

3804. MS. furfyne.

3806. MS. &amp; written above off, omitted in the text.

3807. MS. Furfyne. 3822. as they] MS. and.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Shortly of this to make a fyne,  
 The hethyn put vpon Sursyn 3804  
 To reherse alle the covenantes  
 That shulde be holde be-twyxt hem  
 and Fraunce.  
 Kyng Sursyn, that worthey knyght,  
 Rehersted the covenantes of this fyght,  
 And tolde the trouth of the a-corde,  
 In which wyse that every worde 3810  
 Was a-greed to her bothe wrytynge.  
 Where-fore the lordis made grete prays-  
 yng 3812  
 Of his discrecion and of his wytte,  
 And sayde alle they wolde fulfelle hyt  
 As he had sayde they redy were. 3815  
 The hethyn knyghtes anone dyd swere  
 Vpon suche Relyk as they hadde  
 These covenantes to holde surely and  
 sadde.  
 The kyng of Fraunce on the other syde  
 Also sware, what euer betyde, 3820  
 The covenantes he wolde fulf truly  
 Holde hem, as they there by and by

ll. 3815-16 inverted in MS.

*Rawl. MS.*

Shortly of his to make fyne,  
 The hethyn put vpon Sursyn 3804  
 To reherse the covenantes  
 That shulde be holde be-twyx hem  
 and vs.  
 Kynge Sursyn, his worthy knyght,  
 Rehersyde the covenantes of his fyght,  
 And tolde the trouth of the acorde, 3809  
 In whiche wyse put every worde  
 Were a-greed to her bothe wrytynge.  
 Where-fore the lordes made grete preys-  
 yng 3812  
 Of hys dyscrecion and of his wyte,  
 And seyde all they wolde fully it  
 As he hede seyde they redy were. 3815  
 The hethyn knyghtes anone dyde swere  
 Vppon soyche relykes as they hadde  
 Couf[en]antes to holde surely and sade.

The kynge of France on pat oþer syde  
 Also sware, whatever so be-tyde, 3820

3818. On margin Couenantes added by a later hand.

The heralds  
impose dis-  
arming.

A thousand  
armed  
knights of  
either army  
shall guard  
the lists.

Were rehersyd by kyng Fursyne.\*  
Thus off here Covenantes thus ys the fyne. 3824  
Thanne made they herodes stonde on hie  
To make an Oye and a crye,  
Onne payne off losynge off lyffe *and* leme,  
Eche man schulde on-arme hym. 3828  
Sornegour comawndyd off his knyghtes  
A thowsand welle armed to kepe the lystes,  
Thatt no man scholde so hardy bee (leaf 48)  
In-to [the] lystes to make entre, 3832  
Ne alle-so no man to go owte.  
Onne the frenche seyde a M<sup>ti</sup> knyghtes stowte \*  
Where armed to kepe thus affyaunce,  
And thatt the worthyeste off alle Fraunce, 3836  
Redy onne horse-backe wyth spere and schylde,  
Where ordeyned to kepe the frenche fylde,  
Thatt no Ryott schulde aRyse.  
Thus fylde was ryalle to devyse 3840

3823. MS. Farfyne. 3825. *or* stande? 3834. stowte] MS. stode.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Where rehersyd by kyng Fursyn.  
Thus of these covenantes here ys the  
fyne. 3824  
Than made they an herawde stond an  
hie  
To make a certayn noyes and crye  
In payne of lesyng lyfe and lynne  
Eche man schulde vuarne hym. 3828  
Sornogour commaundyed of his knyghtes  
A thowsand weft armed to kepe the  
lystys, (leaf 25)  
That no man schulde so hardy be  
In-to the lystes to make entre, 3832  
Ne also no man to gone oute.  
On the french syde also a thousand  
stoute  
Were armed knyghtes to kepe this  
affiaunce,  
And that the wordyste of alle Fraunce,  
Redy on horsbak wyth Speere and  
Sheelde, 3837  
Were ordeyned to kepe the french felde.  
That no Ryot schulde eny wyse a-ryse.  
Thus was hit ryall to devyse 3840

3828. MS. vuarne.

*Rawl. MS.*

Were rehersyde be kyng Fursyn.  
Thus of be coulen<sup>tes</sup> here is be fyne.  
Then an heroude stode vp an hie 3825  
To make sceten oyes *and* crye  
In peyne of lesynge of lyfe *and* lyme  
Eche man [un-]arme heme. 3828  
Sornogour comonlyde of his knyghtes  
A pousonde weft armede to kepe lystes,  
That no man schulde so hardy be  
In-to be lystes to make entre, 3832  
Ne also no man to gon oude.  
On be frenche syde a pousonde stoude  
On be french syde to kepe bis affyaunce,  
And *but* be worthyeste of aft France  
Redy on hors-bak *with* spere *and* shelde  
Were ordeyned to kepe be french felde,  
That no ryote schulde in any wyse be.  
Thus was it arrayde to be avyse 3840

3826. *On myght* To make Certayn: Oyes;  
*and* crye, added by a later hand.  
3833-34. *Inserted order of lines in MS.*



	Wythe hosen of mayle and fyne style, Welle y-lased wythe fyne sylke.	
He is mounted on a white steed	Hys stede was whyte as eny mylke, Armed ynnē mayle fulle fresche <i>and</i> gaye, Suer[ly] I-nowe for alle asaye,	3864
with trappings ornate with gold.	And there a-bowte a fresche trappure, Welle y-schape and of gode mesure, [leaf 48, back]	3868
	Wythe golde welle bete and of hys devyse. Thys lorde, thatte was bothe manly <i>and</i> wyse, Above sate armed ffreschely and welle	
He is clad in a habergeon of steel, with a shield about his neck and a helmet on his head.	Inne an habrygon of fyne style. Abowte hys necke henge a schylde So bryghte off style thatt alle the fylde Was Enlmyed of the bryghtynesse.	3872
	Ther-to hytte was weldely, [y] gesse. Vppon hys hede a helme fulle gaye, S[u]ere y-nowe atte alle asaye.	3876
	Above a CerkeH of stones Reeche, A gode ytte hadde bene for a churchē. For the marchandys hymnes to Humbere The valewe ther-off cownte not nummbere.	3880
	Aboue his arnes* he toke a cote, Enbrowderyd wyth pereH weH yfrote*	3884
	3883. MS. armes. 3884. weH yfrote] MS. <i>and</i> not wyth slote.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Wyth hosyn of mayle made of stele,  
Wele lased wyth fyne Sylke, 3863  
Hys stede was white as any mylke,  
Armed in mayle full fresch and gay,  
Surely ynough for alle assay, [p. ii. 25. bk.]  
And there a-bove fresch trappure  
Welle y-shape and of good mesure, 3868  
Wyth golde wel bete at his devyse,  
This lorde was manly and wyse,  
Above sett freschly armed and wele  
In an hawberk of ryght fyne steele.  
A-boute hys nekk henge a sheelde 3873  
So bryght of stele that alle the feelde  
Was enlmyed wyth the bryghtnesse,  
And hit was full weelky, as I gesse.  
Vpon his hede and helme full gay 3877  
Sure ynought at alle maner assay.  
Above that a Cerche of stonys ryche.  
Ryght gode they had be for a cherche.  
A-bove hys arnes he had a cote 3883  
Enbrowded wyth peerle wele y-frote,

## Rowl. MS.

With hosyn of maiH made of steH,  
WeH l-lastede with fyne sylke.  
His stede was whyte as any mylke, 3864  
Armede in mayH freshe *and* gaye  
Surely ynough for aH assay.  
There above fresche trappure  
WeH l-shape *and* of good mesure, 3868  
With golde weH bete at his devyse.  
This lorde *pat* was manly *and* wyse,  
Above sat freschly armede weH  
In an haubreke of good steH. 3872  
A-boute his nyke henge a shelde  
So bryght of steH *pat* aH be felde  
Was enlmyde with be brightnes.  
Hit was weH dight, as I gesse. 3876  
Vppon his hede an helme gay  
Sure I-nowe at aH maner assay.  
A-bove *pat* a shelde of stonys Ryche,  
Good pey hadde ben for a chirche. 3880  
Above his harnes he had a cote 3883  
Enbrowdede with perle *and* weH l-frote,

- Off hys armes fulle Rechely  
 Wythe Rubyys and sauerys by *and* hie.  
 Onne eche schulder off style a besgue,  
 A swerde he hadde fresche *and* newe 3888  
 Abowte hym gurde, bothe harde and longe,  
 And [in] hys honde a spere fulle \* stronge.  
 And by hys sadet apon hys arsyone  
 Hynge a gleyue thatt nye hande downe 3892  
 To the grownde the alffe toke ;  
 And Ioye onne hym hytt was to loke,  
 As thoȝth the hethen thatt ylke daye.  
 Off kynge Sornegour thus was the araye. 3896  
 Onne the ffrenche seyde Partonope  
 Onne horsebacke [ffreschely] y-armed sette hee,  
 In hosen of mayle shape ryght weH,\*  
 I-lased wythe sylke wyth poleyns of stele.\* 3900  
 And hauberke he hadde of gode mesure,  
 Myghty and strong and off gode temp[er]ure,  
 A Cote off armes he hadde above,  
 Welle Enbrowderyd which \* thatt hys loue 3904  
 3889. *or* lange ?  
 3890. *or* hande ? MS. adds longe before stronge.  
 3891. *or* opou ?  
 3899. MS. Freschely y-armed in hosen of mayle weH fyne.  
 3900. MS. here adds elene. 3904. which] MS. for.

He wears a  
battle-axe  
and a sword  
and holds a  
spear in his  
hand.

Another  
sword is  
fastened to  
the scabbie.

Partonope  
has a strong  
armour,  
helmet and  
shield,

and a coat  
of arms  
ordained by  
his love,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rochl. MS.

- Of armes done full Rychely 3885  
 Wyth Rubyes and Saphires by and by.  
 On eche Shulder of steele a besagew.  
 A Swerde he had fresch and new 3888  
 A-boute hym gyrde, bothe long and  
 brode,  
 And in hys hand a Spere full goode.  
 And hys sadyth vpon the arsound  
 Heng a gleyve that nyhand doun 3892  
 To the grounde the helve toke ;  
 And Ioy hit was on hym to loke. 3894  
 ON the fre[n]sch syde Partanope 3897  
 On horsbake armed syttvth he  
 In hosyn of mayle shape ryght wele,  
 Lased wyth Sylk wyth polayn of stele.  
 Hawbrek he had on of goode mesure,  
 Mighty and strong and of good tem-  
 perure. 3902  
 A cote of armes he had bove,  
 Wele enbrowdyd wych \* his love 3904  
 3904. wych] MS. wyth.
- <sup>1</sup> Of armys don full Rychly  
 With Rubyes and sapheres by and by.  
 On every styde of steH he sawe  
 A swerde he hade freshe *and* newe 3888  
 About hym gyrde, both longe *and*  
 brode, [leaf 18, back]  
 And in his honde a spere full good.  
 And his sadyth vpon his arson 3891  
 Hynge a gleyve pat nye hande downe  
 To the grounde he helfe toke ;  
 And Ioye it was on hym to loke. 3894  
 \* On the french syde Partonope 3897  
 On hors-bake armede syttyth he  
 In hosyn of maitt made weH,  
 Lasede of sylke of polyn steH. 3900  
 Haubreke he hade of good mesure.  
 Mighty *and* stronge, of good temperature.  
 A cote of armes he hade above,  
 WeH embrowderde whiche his love 3904





Wythe hys spere, alle men be-hylde.		
Hys helme twyched hys horse croupon.*		King's helmet touches the crupper of the horse.
Ne hadde [he] hym helde by the arson,	3928	
Fro hys sadet he hadde fallen to grownde.		
Hytt apped hys stede was myȝthty <i>and</i> sownde,		
And ellys men myȝhte saye wyth-owten fayle		
He hadde bene dedde for stuffe or mayle.	3932	
Sornegour smote hym fersely agayne		Sornegour returns the blow.
Wyth hys spere, gretely ytte was sene,		
For fowle rased was hys schelde.		
And wyth thus Curse forthe y <sup>n</sup> the fylde	3936	
Eche off hem departed from other.		
The ffrenche be-helde, and sucche anoder		
Corse onne horse-backe neuer afore		
They hadde sene, sethe they were bore.	3940	
Sornegour thatt felde bothe sore and smerte,		In the next encounter Sornegour strikes
Schowed welle he lacked no herte.		Partonope's shield,
Hys horse he turned y <sup>nne</sup> agayne,	3943	
And schope hys Corse, Ioye ytte was to sene.	[leaf 49, back]	
He thoȝhte to quyte Partonope,		
Butte he was ware as welle as hee.		

3927. MS. crouen.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth his spere, alle men be-heelde.  
 His helme towchid his hors croupon.  
 Ne had he holde hym by the arson  
 Of his sadyt, he had falle to the  
 grounde. 3929  
 Than Sornogour in that stounde  
 Him fersly smote wyth his spere  
 agayn,  
 And thought hym to overthrow wyth  
 mayne, 3934  
 For foule arrayed was his scheelde.  
 And wyth this Cours forth in the feelde  
 Eyther of hem departed fro other.  
 The frenssh sayde that sucche a-nother  
 Cours / on horsbak neuer a-fore 3939  
 They had seen, syth they were bore.  
 Sornogour that felt bothe sore and  
 smert, 3941  
 Shewed wele that he lakkyd no hert.  
 Hys hors he turned ayen,  
 And shope hys cours, Ioye was to seen.  
 He thought to a-quite Partanope. 3945  
 But he was ware as wele as he,

*Rawl. MS.*

With his spere, all men behelde.  
 His helme tochede his hors croupon.  
 Ne had he holde hym be þe arson 3928  
 Of his sadyt, he hadde fath to gronde.  
 Then Sornogour In þat stounde [leaf 49]  
 Hym freshly smote with his spere  
 agayne, 3933  
 And þought hym to ouer-throwe with  
 mayne,  
 For foule arrayde was his shelde.  
 And with his course In-to þe felde 3936  
 Eyþer of hem departyde fro oþer.  
 The frenche seyde þat soch a-nother  
 Course on hors-bake afore 3939  
 They hadde not sen, sen þey were bore.  
 Sornogour felt bothe sore and smerte.  
 Shewede weþ þat þer lakede no herte.  
 His hors he turnede ayene,  
 And shope his course, Ioye was to  
 sene. 3944  
 He þought to aqyte Partonope  
 But he was ware as weþ as he,

	He made hys Curse wythe-owten lette.	
	Amydde the lystes euen they mette.	3948
	Sornegour hytte hym amydde the [s]chylde	
	Wythe hys spere, thatt alle the fykle	
	Dyneed off thatt grete stroke.	
	Hytt ferde as ther hadde [be] felde an eoke.	3952
but does not make him move in the saddle.	The spere was stronge and wolde not breke.	
	Partonope was a myghty freke,	
	And luste nott the spere Escheue,	
	Hytt made hym not onys to remene.*	3956
	In hys saleH he sette fulle welle.	
Both draw their swords.	Sornegour thatt was bothe fers <i>and</i> felle,	
	And eke yn armes fulle welle y-leryd,	
	Turned hys horse, and owte wyth hys swerd.	3960
	There-off toke hede Partonope,	
	And owte drowe hys swerde as welle as hee.	
	Fersely anone to-gedyr they mette.	
	Many a grete stroke there was smete.	3964
Stunned by Partonope's blows, Sornegour turns his horse about.	And ynne thus hurlynge Partonope	
	Wythe hys swerde a stroke smote he	
	Apon kynge Sornegour hys helme so * gaye,	
	3956. MS. <i>reneue</i> .	3967. MS. <i>sa</i> .

## Unic. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

And made his cours withoute lette.	And made his cours <i>with-out</i> lete.
A-mydde the lystes then they mette.	Amyde þe lystes þey mette. 3948
Sornogour hytte hym a-medde the Sheelde 3949	Sornogour hit hym amyde þe sheelde
Wyth his spere, that alle the feelde	With his spere, <i>þat</i> all þe fælde
Demed verily of that stroke	Demyde veryle <i>þat</i> stroke
<sup>1</sup> That there had be felle a grete Ooke.	That <i>þer</i> had be full an oke. 3952
The Spere was strong and wolde not breke. [1 leaf 26, back] 3953	The spere was stronge <i>and</i> will not breke.
Partonope was a myghty freke,	Partonope was a myghty freke.
In his SaleH styll sate and weH. 3957	In his sadiH stiH sat <i>and</i> weH. 3957
Sornogour that was fers and felle,	Sornogour <i>þat</i> was fers and felt,
And eke in armes full wole y-lered,	And eke In armes weH l-lerede.
Turnyd hys hors, and oute wyth his swerde. 3960	Turnyth his hors, <i>and</i> out with his swerde. 3960
Therof toke hede gooþe Partonope.	There-of toke hede Partonope,
And wyth hys Swerde oute as weH as he.	And with his swerde out as weH as he.
Fresshly a-none to-gydyr they mette.	Fryshly anone <i>þey</i> mete.
Many a grete stroke there was sette.	Many a grete stroke <i>þer</i> þey sette. 3964
And in this hurlyng Partonope 3965	And In [t]his hurlynge Partonope
Wyth hys Swerde a stroke smote he	With his swerde a stroke yafe he
Vpon Sornogour helme so gay,	Vppon Sornogour helme so gay,

- So dyspetunſly, the kyng gan affraye, 3968  
 And stonyed there-wyth he was so gretelye,  
 Thatt there-wyth his hors fulle ly3thlye  
 He turned fro Partonope.  
 There-wyth aȝenne the kyng smote hee 3972  
 Wythe his swerde, wyth alle his myȝthte.  
 He was pwynte to haue made hym lyȝthte  
 Owte of his sadeH sodenlye.  
 Butte as he helde hym myȝthtelye 3976  
 By the here of his stede-ys necke,  
 Partonope sparythe nott, butte leyyth on thycke.  
 The kyng ynne his arnes waxed alle hotte.  
 Wyth his spores his stede he smote; [leaf 50] 3980  
 And ynne thus wyse departed bee \*  
 Kyng Sornegour and Partonope.  
 They hadde bothe nede hym to brethe.  
 A whyle they Reste hem on thatt ethe. 3984  
 A-monge the frence he made a grete noyse.  
 They seyde Partonope, the Erle of Bloyse,  
 Hadde welle quytte hym in this fyȝthte 3987  
 A-gaynyste kyng Sornegour, thatt worthy knyȝthte.  
 Onne the hethen syde the Danes  
 3981. bee] MS. hee.

and is  
 smitten  
 again.

The combat-  
 ants are  
 obliged to  
 take breath.

Partonope is  
 praised by  
 friends and  
 foes.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rowl. MS.

- So spetuosly that he gan affray, 3968  
 And stonyed ther-wyth he was gretly.  
 There-wyth his hors fuȝt lyȝtly  
 He turned froward Partanope.  
 Than the kyng a-gayn smote he. 3972  
 And that wyth alle his myght.  
 He made hym welny to lyȝt  
 Oute of his SadyH fuȝt sodenly,  
 But as he helde hym myȝhtly 3976  
 By the heere of his stedys nekk,  
 Partanope Spared hym not, but layde  
 on thykk.  
 The kyng in his armes wexyȝt hote.  
 Wyth his Spures his stede he smote;  
 And in this wyse departed be 3981  
 Kyng Sornogoure and Partanope.  
 They had bothe nede hem to a-brethe.  
 A whyle they rest hem on the hethe.  
 Amonge the frensh was made grete  
 noyse. 3985  
 They sayde Partanope, Erle of Bloys,  
 Hath wele quyte hym in this fyȝt  
 Agayn Sornogoure, that worthy knyȝt,
- So spyttuosly þat In þat affray 3968  
 A-stonyde þer-wyth he was gretly.  
 There-wyth his hors fuȝt lightly  
 He turnyde frowarde Partonope.  
 Then þe kyng agayne smote he. 3972  
 And þat wyth all his myght. [1 ff. 19, bk.]  
 He made hym weȝt nye to light  
 Out of his sadyȝt fuȝt sodenly.  
 But as he helde hym myȝhtly 3976  
 Be þe heres of his stedys nyke,  
 Partonope sparede, but leyde on thyke.  
 The kyng In his harnes wax hote.  
 With his spores his stede he smote;  
 And in þis wyse departyde be 3981  
 Kyng Sornogour and Partonope.  
 They hade nethe hem to biethe.  
 A while þey reste hem on þe hethe. 3984  
 A-monge þe french was grete noyse.  
 They seyde Partonope, erle of Bloys,  
 Hathe weȝt quyte hym In þis fȝt 3988  
 Agayne Sornogour, þat worthy knyȝt,

	Alowed gretely the Erle [of] Bloys, And seyde ynne armes he was ryȝhte parfyte. Butte Sornegour for sothe hadde grete dyspyte 3992 Off thus yonge Partonope.
They fight again,	He thoȝth welle quytte he schulde be. And ynne hys sadelle he ganne hym dresse. He thoȝthte, were hym sylffe beter or worse,* 3996 He wolde asayle Partonope.
and Sornegour uses his longer sword.	[There-wyth his lenger swerd toke he.] Anone ffreschely bothe they mette. And ther as Sornegour wente to haue smette 4000 Vnder the schelde Partonope,
but bears it too low,	Off thatt stroke fulle fayled hee : The swerdes pwynte he bare to lowe. For euen amydde the sadeſ-bowe 4004 Off hys swerde he smote the pomelle. Thys hethen kynge thatt was so felle, Thoȝthte haue reuener throwe hys Corse.
and pierces the skull of Partonope's horse.	Off hym he ffaylett and smote hys horse 4008 In-to the Brayne thorow the panne. [This blake steede there-wyth be-ganne] To staker, as he nede mutte falle.

3996. worse] r very indistinct.

*Uaic. Coll. MS.*

But Sornogour, in his armes full  
parfyte,  
Had of Partanope grete dispete. 3992  
And in his sadeſ he gan hym dresse.  
He thought, falle hyt better or worse.  
He wold ones assayle Partanope. 3997  
Ther-wyth his lenger swerd toke he.  
A-none feerly to-gedyr they mette :  
And Surnagour wold haue smette 4000  
Vndyr the Shelde Partanope. [leaf 27]  
Of that stroke foule fayled he :  
The Swerdes poynt he bare so lowe,  
For euen amydde the Sadyſ bowe 4004  
Of his Swerd he Sette the pomell.  
The hethen kyng was so feH,  
And wold haue bore hym throw the  
Corse.  
Off hym he fayled, and smotte the horse  
In-to the brayn throught the panne, 4008  
This blake steede there-wyth be-ganne  
To Staker, as he that nedys muste falle.

*Roch. MS.*

But Sornogour In armes full parfytly  
Hade of Partonope grete dysspyte. 3992  
In his sadyſ he gan hym dresse.  
He fought, fath it better ore worse,  
He wolde onys assaſſ Partonope. 3997  
Ther-with his longe swerde toke he.  
A-none freshly to-gedyr þey met,  
And Sornogour wolde haue smyte 4000  
On þe [s]childe Partonope.  
Of þat stroke foule faylede he :  
The swerdes poynt he bare so lowe.  
For eyn amyde þe sadyſ bowe 4004  
Of his swerde he set þe pomell.  
The hethyn kynge þat was so feH.  
He wolde a bore hym þorwe þe corse.  
Of hem he faylede and smote þe horse  
In-to þe brayne þorwe þe panne. 4008  
The blake stede þer-with be-gan  
To stagir, as he nedes moste fath.

Partonope anone lyȝhtely wyth-alle	4012	Partonope leaps from the saddle, while the horse falls to the ground and dies.
Lepte fro hys horse, bothe hole and sownde.		
Hys stede dyed, and felle to grownde.		
There myȝthe a man the ffrenche see		
Grete sorowe make for Partonope.	4016	The French are grieved, and the King prays Jesus to protect his friend.
"Mercy, lord Ihesus," sayde hee,		
"Now saue myn honor and my frynde,		
And suffere notte thus hethen fynde		
Off thus batayle to haue the victorye,	[leaf 50, back] 4020	
Thatt neuer here-after he hadde yune memorye		
Thatt thy seruantes dyseumfye schulde be.		
O mysiaw[n]che thatt neuer dyd þe		
Plesauns, ne worchypp, ne seruyce.	4024	
Lord! lette thy wrathe nowe notte aryse		
For owre synnes, butte sane thy Ryȝhte!"		
Partonope onne fote was redy to fyȝhte.		Partonope is ready to fight on foot.
He Coverd hym knyȝhtely vnder hys schelde,	4028	
Alle redy d[r]awe hys swerde he helde.		
Summe-wate aschamed was Partonope		
Thatt thus lyȝhtely vnhorsed was hee.		
The danes onne the other syde	4032	The Danes praise their King.
In [here] hert hadde grete pryde		
Off thus Chaunce thatt was be-falle,		
And wyth one voyse they seyden alle		
Here lorde and here kynge Somegour	4036	
4022. <i>seruantes</i> ] a like o.		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rout. MS.

Partonope a-lyght there-wyth-alle. 4012  
 Lepe from his hors both hole and  
 Sownde.

His swerd dyed, and fyȝt to grounde.  
 The frenche kyng wyth grete dolor  
 Prayde Ihesu to saue his honoure,  
 And sayd: "Lord God in trynȝte!  
 Suffre not they seruante to scomfȝte be  
 Of this Cursyd bethen fynd.

But lorde, sane my crysten frynd  
 And of myn honor the ryȝht!"

Partonope on fote to fyȝht 4027

He was redy couered vnder Shelde,  
 And knyghtly his swerd he heeld,  
 But Sumwhat a-shamed was Partonope  
 That thus lyghtly vn-horsed was he.

Partonope alyght anone with-ah. 4012  
 Lepe fro his hors hole and sounde.

<sup>1</sup> His stede dyede and fiȝt to grounde.  
 The french kynge with grete doloure  
 Prayed Ihesu to save his honoure,  
 And seyde: "Lorde God In trenȝte!  
 Suffer not þy seruante scomfȝte be

Of þis coursed hethyn fende. [leaf 20]

But lorde, save my crystyn frende  
 And my honoure and þe ryȝht!"

Partonope on foote to fight 4027

He was redy, and couerde his shelde,  
 And knyghtly his swerde he helde.  
 But ashamede was Partonope  
 That þus lightly vnhorsede was he. 4031

4018. On margin added by a later hand:  
 suffer not thy saruant discomforted to be.

	Off alle kny3thode yette bare the flowre, And wende for thus sory chaunce They hadde conqueryd the Realme of Fraunce. Onne horse-backe sette kyng Sornegour	4040
	As felle, as fers as eny bore ; And strey3thte he Rydythe to Partonope :	
Sornegour offers peace upon condi- tion that the French King will do him homage,	“ My frynde,” he sayde, “ er thatt thatt yee Be dede, my wylle were on <sup>3</sup> thyng	4044
	Thatt 3e schulde speke wyth yow <sup>3</sup> kyng, And counselle hym to haue pes wyth me. And seye* so mersyabell wolle y be,* And seye hym <sup>3</sup> hys worchypp schalle y saue.	4048
	Off hys gode kepe y none to haue, Butte thatt he wolle [holde] hys heretage Offe me, <i>and</i> ther-fore do me Omage, And be redy atte every tyme	4052
	Atte myn <sup>3</sup> comawndement as onne of myne. To hys y schalle do, <i>and</i> eke to hym, So welle thatt he <i>and</i> alle hys kynne Schulde seye hys Omage ys welle y-sette,	4056
	He my3thte ynne no wyse for hym <sup>3</sup> do bette. He schalle fryste be swore to me. To hym also swore wolle I be.	[leaf 51]
	Off hym axe I no more A-vawntage, But onely that he do me homage Here In thys place be-fore myn <sup>3</sup> oste, Thys ys to hym no ryghite grette eoste.	4060
so that he may leave the country honourably.	Thus I mene to saue myne honowre, That no lyer ne no gabbowre	4064

4047. seye] MS. seyde : be] MS. me.

After l. 4058 follows catch-word : to hym also swore. On leaf 51, top, the first hand resumes.

Univ. Coll. MS.

On horse-bake sate kyng Sornogour  
As felt and feerse as ony bore ; 4041  
And streight he rydeth to Partonope ;  
“ Myn friend,” he sayd, “ or than that  
ye  
Be dede, my wyth were oo thyng 4044  
That ye Shuld speke wyth our kyng,  
And counsaile hym to haue pes wyth  
me.”

Rawl. MS.

On horsbake sat kyng Sornogoure  
As felt as fers as ony bore ; 4041  
And streight he rydyth to Partonope.  
“ My frende,” he seyde, “ ore þat ye  
Be dede, my wiþ were o thyng 4044  
That ye shulde speke with your kyng,  
And counseþ hym to haue pes with me.”

- May say that I shulde chace<sup>de</sup> be  
 Shamfully owte of þys cuntre,  
 And I mygh<sup>t</sup>e no þynge conquere, 4068  
 Towne ne cyte, *and* þus of my werr<sup>e</sup>  
 Shulde make an<sup>d</sup> ende shamfully.  
 Thys ys þe cause why that I  
 Desyre no more off alle *hys* goode." 4072  
 Partonope fulle styлле stode  
 And herde þe kyng<sup>e</sup> sey aH *hys* wyлле,  
 And thys wyse he spake hym tylle:  
 "Syr, yeff þe kyng<sup>e</sup> of Fraunce shulde be 4076  
 Thys wyse homagere, then<sup>d</sup> mygh<sup>t</sup>e weH ye  
 Seyne ye had made a fayre conqueste,  
 And I had falsly my be-hest<sup>e</sup>  
 Performed in myne owne a-corde, 4080  
 Syth to fygh<sup>t</sup>e for my lorde  
 I swore, *and* eke to safe *hys* honowre.  
 But of ow þynge, Surnegowre,  
 I am gladde, for yowre cruelte 4084  
 Ys turned fully to humylyte,  
 For ye se me atte dysawntage.  
 I trowe ye haue loste yowre grette corage."  
 When kyng<sup>e</sup> Surnegowre herde þys scorne, 4088  
 Yeffe he were wodde or feH be-forne,  
 Then<sup>d</sup> wex he feller then<sup>d</sup> euer he was;  
 And prycked *hys* stede a full grette pas;  
 And *wyth* *hys* swerde fully was he 4092

Partonope  
refuses the  
proposal.

Inflamed  
with anger,  
Sornogour  
pricks his  
horse,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- Then<sup>d</sup> answeyrd good Partanope : 4075  
 "Yf the kyng of Fraunce shuld be  
 Youre homagere, than myght weH ye  
 Sey ye had made a fayre conquest,  
 And falsly had I performyd my be-  
 hest. (1 leaf 27, back.) 4082  
 I am redy to saue his honor.  
 But oo thyng, kyng Sornogour,  
 I am gladde that your cruelte  
 Ys now turned to humilite,  
 For ye se me atte this auauntage.  
 Y trow ye haue lost your Corage."  
 When Sornogour herd this Serone,  
 He was woddyr than he was be-  
 forne. 4089  
 And wyth that word purposed was he  
 PARTONOPE.
- Then answerde good Partonope : 4075  
 "Yeff þe kyng<sup>e</sup> of France shulde be  
 Your<sup>e</sup> omagour, þen myght he  
 Sey ye hade made a fayre conqueste,  
 And falsly had I parformyde my heste.  
 I am redy to saue his honour. 4082  
 But o thynke, kyng<sup>e</sup> Sornogoure,  
 I am glade þat your crewette  
 Ys nowe turnede to humylete,  
 For ye se me at dyssavantage.  
 I trowe ye haue loste your corage."  
 When Sornogour herde þis scorane, 4088  
 He was woder þen he was beforne.  
 And *with* þat worde porposede was he  
 L

and strikes at Parton- ope.	Porposed to stycke Partonope. Atte hym he smotte on þe ryghte syde. Hys stroke hym þozte not to a-byde, But to þe lyfte syde lyghtely leppe, 4096 Where of hys stede he toke grette kepe, And fownde welles hys hedde was bare. There hym to smyte wolde he not spare. So sore hys strocke ther he sette; [leaf 51, back] 4100 A-mydd the hedde þe stede he smette, That hedde <i>and</i> necke þorowe he cleffe, And wyth þe dynt þe sadyll reffe. The stede felle vpon Surnegowre, 4104 Where-of grette parte of hys honowre He loste at þat ylke falle. Ne had he be deluyor wyth-alle, He had ben ded wyth-owten more. 4108 Thys falle hym greved wonder sore. The danys on þe hethenne syde Hath loste a parcell of here pryde. The ffrenshe a-noñ wyth alle here herte 4112 Preyseden Gode þat so gan verte Wele <i>and</i> woo, ryghte as hym lyst. The kynge hym-selfe halpe at þe beste, 4113. w crossed out before verte.
But Partonope swerves aside, and with a mighty stroke cleaves the head of Surnegour's horse.	
Horse and man tumble to the ground.	
The Danes are dis- mayed, the French re- joice.	
Surnegour	

## Unic. Coll. MS.

## Rearl. MS.

Sharply to smyte this Partanope. 4093 At hym he smote on the ryght syde; His stroke he thought shuld a-byde. But to the lyfte syde Partanope lepe, And of his stede toke grete kepe, 4097 That his hede was aȝ bare. Therto smyte he wold not spare. 4099 The hede throw-out he clefe. The stede of there he reffe; Where-for kyng Sornogour 4104 Was in doute of his honor, And wyth fyth wyth-outen more. 4108 That fath greved hym fath sore. Tho that were on the hethen syde, Hane lost a parcell of her syde. The frenche a-noñ with good hert 4112 Thanked God that so gan werk Wele and wo, rygth as hym lyst. Sornogour than aȝ in a myst	Sharply to smyte Partanope. 4093 At hym he smote on þe right syde; His stroke he þought shulde abyde. But to þe lefte syde Partanope lepe, And of his stede toke grete kepe, 4097 That his hede was aȝ bare. [leaf 20, b.] Ther-to smyte he wolde not spare. 4099 The hede þorwe-out he clefe, The stede of his lyfe he reffe. Where-for kyng Sornogoure 4104 Was In doute of his honoure, And þer-with fith with-out more. 4108 That fath grevyde hym fath sore. Tho þat were on þe hethyn syde, Hane loste a parcell of þer pryde. The frenche anone with good herte 4112 Thankede God þat so gan werke WeH and wo, right as hym lyst. Sornogour þen In a myste
--	---



And lygh̃te vp lygh̃tely oñ hys fette,	4116	springs to his feet,
As that poȝhte fully to mete		
Wyth hys enmy Partonope.		
For a grette [stroke] þen gaffe hym he		and gives his
Vppoñ the cornere of hys shyld.	4120	adversary
Hyt dynned̃ ouer alle the fylde ;		such a vio-
Stele ne mayle wolde hyt not holde.		lent blow on
Thys swerde was tempered, and wolde not folde.		the shield,
In the shyld hyt enteryd̃ a flote ;	4124	that the
And wyth the poyñte yet was hys cote		sword sticks
Fowle I-raced, and eke I-rente.		in it,
And wyth hope hondys þe kyng̃e þen hente		
The swerde þat faste was yñ þe shyld.	4128	and he is not
Many a mañ thys case be-helde.		able to pull
He pullud̃ so, hyt wolde not be.		it out.
To hys horse-warde þen drowe hym he.		
Partonope gañ hym folow so faste,	4132	He draws
Hys porpose fayled̃ that he had caste.		near to his
For he poȝte, yeffe he had moñ,		dead steed,
To haue take a swerde þat by þe arsoñ		to take the
Off hys sadyH þen hyng̃e.	4136	sword that
But Partonope so fersly gañ swyng̃e		is hanging
After hym, and layde oñ faste,		at the
		saddle.
		Hotly pur-
		sued by
		Partonope,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Lepe vp lyghtly vp his feete,*	4116	Lepte vp lightly on his feete,	4116
And thought fully for to mete		And þought fully for to mete	
Wyth his enemy Partanope.		With his enemy Partonope.	
And a grete stroke than gafe hym he		A grete stroke þen gafe he	
Vpon the corner of his sheeld.	4120	Vppoñ þe corner of his shelde.	4120
Hit demnyd gretely aH the feld ;		Hit denyde gretly In þe felde ;	
Steele ne nerfe wold hit hold.		Steff̃ ne Irone wolde it non holde.	
The Swerde was herd, and wold not fold.		The swerde was harde, and wolde not	
		folde.	
In-to the Sheld hit entred a fote,	4124	In-to þe shelde it entyrde a foote.	4124
And wyth the poyñt Partanopes Cote		With þe poyñte Partonopes cote	
Was foule rasyd, and eke I-rent.		Was foule rasede, and eke rente.	
Thañ Sornogoure gañe to hent		Then Sornogoure gañ to hente	
The Swerd that fast was In the sheld.		The swerde þat faste was In þe shelde.	
Many a man this case be-helde.	4129	Many a man þis case be-helde.	4129
He pulled sore, hit wold not be.		He pullede furthe, it wolde not be.	
Thañ to his his hors ward drew he.		Then to his hors drewe he.	
Hys purpose in that flenge		His porpose was In þat fleyng̃e	
To had the gleyve that be his sadyH		To haue þe glayue þat by his sadyH	
heng.	[1 leaf 28] 4136	hyng̃e.	4136
But Partanope aH in hast		But Partonope aH In haste	
Foulowed hym feersly and fast,		Followide hym fersly and faste,	

4116. MS. seete.

he stumbles  
over the  
horse. But  
he catches  
his axe, and  
starts  
highly up.

And on hym so fersly gan laste  
That on hys horse he stombelde *and* felle. 4140  
And *per-wyth* he happed to take hys hylle,  
The wyche some men do a gleyue calle. [leaf 52]

A-shamed he was of þys grette falle,  
And ther-wyth lyghtely vppon hys fette 4144  
He lepe, *and* þoghte he wolde mete  
Wyth hys Enemy Partonope.

They pause  
again, spent  
of breath.

But so hȳt happed þat both he  
For wery of fyghte nedyd of breth; 4148  
And bothe a-reste hem on þe hethie.

Partonope is  
hampered  
by the  
sword that  
is sticking  
in his  
shield.

Partonope had grette encombrance  
Off Sornegour ys swerde, þat fowle myschawnce,  
The wyche henge so faste in hys shyld, 4152  
He myghte not lyghtely hym be-welde.

And þat sawe welle kyng Sornegowre,  
And fersly, as he had bend a bore,  
Leyethe\* on hys Enemy wyth hys gleyve. 4156  
Partonope faste þe strokes doþe weyfe.

The on-  
lookers wit-  
ness a terri-  
ble fight  
between two  
worthy  
knights.

Thus they ley on alle þe day,  
þat alle men, that hȳt be-helde *and* say,  
Sayde þat perylouse was þys batayle, 4160  
So fersly ecche other dothe sayle.

4156. Leyethe] MS. Lyghtely.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

And gafe hym strokes many.  
Ytt his hors he came ny,  
Where he had a grete fath.  
And yit there wyth hast and hylle  
His gleyve he Caught full smert,  
And on his feete vp he stert,  
Thenkyng he wold meete wyth Parta-  
nope, 4146  
But so hit happyd that they both be  
So wery of fyght / hit neded to breth;  
And both they rested him on the heth.  
Partanope had grete en-Combrance  
Of the Swerd, that foule myschawnce,  
Which henge so fast in his sheld, 4152  
That he myght lyghtly hym weld.  
And that seeth wele Sornogour,  
And feersly, as hit were a bore,  
Leeth on hym wyth hys gleyve. 4156  
Myghty strokes he gan the weyfe.  
Ryght perlon was this Batayle. 4160  
So feersly ecche other dyd assayle.

*Rawl. MS.*

And gafe hym strokes manye.  
Yet his hors he come nye,  
Where he hade a grete fath.  
And yet *per with* haste *and* aft  
His gleyve he caught smerte,  
And on his feete vpe he sterte. 4145  
Thynkyng he wolde mete Partonope. [leaf 21.]  
But so it happede þat þey bothe be  
So werye of light, it nedyth to brethe;  
And bothe þey reste on þe hethie.  
Partonope hade grete encombrance  
Of þe swerde, þat foule myschawnce,  
Whiche henge so faste in his shelde,  
That he myght lightly hym welde. 4153  
And þat seeth wele Sornogour,  
And fersly, as it were a bore,  
Lightly on hym with his gleyue. 4156  
Mighty strokes he gan to weyfe.  
Right perlon was his batayll, 4160  
So fersly icche oþer dyde assaill.

They sayde boþe were ryghte worthy  
 Knyghtes, *and* in batayle myghty,  
 Sturdy, delyuer, *and* also stronge. 4164  
 The day was *per*-to boþe hot *and* longe.  
 A-ferde were on-what þe heþenne,  
 And faste to Gode prayde þe Crysten.  
 To Marys þe Erle a-geyne turne I, 4168  
 That welle ys warre, *and* wotte surely  
 Howe Surnegowre, *hys* lorde *and* eke þe kyng,  
 Hatyth hym dedely a-bofe aþ þynge.  
 He be-þynketh faste how þat he 4172  
 To *hys* lorde myghte make *hys* gre.  
 In peryle he þynketh he syth *hys* lorde.  
*Hys* retenewe þat hyn of *hys* a-corde,  
 To hym priuely he dud hem calle. 4176  
 "Syris," he seyeth, "wytteth welle alle,  
 In grette drede stondyth owre kyng.  
 I telle yowe trouþe of on þynge :  
 Owte of þys fylde to passe on lyfe 4180  
 He ys not lykely ; *per*-fore as blyve  
 In *preuey* wyse do Arme yowe. [leaf 52, back]  
 For aþ þys worlde ne wolde I nowe

4174. þynkth crossed out before þynketh.

4183. þys] MS. possibly þe.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Men seyð they were ryght wrothee  
 Knyghtes, full corageous *and* myghty,  
 Sturdy, delyver, *and* ther-to strong.  
 The day was whote *and* longe. 4165  
 A-ferd som-what were aþ the hethen,  
 And fast to God prayd the Crysten.  
 To Marres, the erle, a-yen turne I, 4168  
 That wele his ware, *and* wote truly  
 Howe Sornogour, his owne kyng,  
 Hated hym dedely a-bove aþ thyng.  
 He thenketh fast how that he 4172  
 To his lord myght make his gre.  
 In *pereth* now he seeth his lord. [leaf 28, back]  
 He retenewed that bene of his a-cord,  
 To hym *prevely* he dyd caþ. 4176  
 "Syres," he sayde, "ye wote wele aþ  
 In grette drede stondeth our kyng.  
 I telle yow trouþ of oo thing :  
 Oute of this feld to passe on lyve 4180  
 He ys not lykly ; ther-for as blyve  
 In *preve* wyse goo *and* arme yow.  
 For aþ this world ne wold I now

## Rawl. MS.

Men seyde þey were right worthy  
 Knyghtes, full coragus *and* myghty,  
 Sturdy, delyuer, *and* þerto stronge.  
 The day was hote *and* longe. 4165  
 Aferde som-what were þe hethyn,  
 And faste to God prayede þe crystyn.  
 To Marras, þe erle, ayen turne I, 4168  
 That weþ is ware, *and* wot truly  
 Howe Sornogour, his owne kyng,  
 Hatyde hym dedly above aþ thyng.  
 He thynketh faste howe þat he 4172  
 To his lorde myght make his gre.  
 In *pereth* now he seyth his lorde.  
 His retenewe þat [þen] of his a-corde  
 To hym *prevely* dyde he caþ. 4176  
 "Siris," he seyde, "ye wot weþ aþ  
 In grette drede stondyth oure kyng.  
 I tell you trewly of o thyng :  
 Out of þis feld to passe on lyve 4180  
 He is not lykly ; *per*-for as blyve  
 In *preve* wyse goo *and* arme you.  
 For aþ þis worlde ne wolde I nowe

A-ffore myne eyne to se hym dye. 4184  
 Yowe to armes faste þat ye hye.  
 Dothe on faste yowre habyriownys ;  
 A-boffe caste on yowre gownes,  
 And wyth yowre swerdes gyrde yowe faste, 4188  
 And loke þorowte þe presse ye pruste,  
 That ben on-armed *and* naked men,  
 And presyth forthe tyth þat ye ben  
 [Thorough the meynee and nygh your kyng.] 4192  
 And sparythe not for no-þyng  
 Yowre lege lorde for to rescowe.  
 For I make Gode a vowe :  
 I had leuer be for-sworne 4196  
 Than I shulde se me by-forne  
 My lege lorde þe kyng dye."  
 My auctor seythe yet he dud lye,  
 For hys menyng was alle fals-hedde. 4200  
 But forthe a-non, wyth-owte drede,  
 n.l. thowsande, wyth-owten noyse or crye,  
 Off þe knyghtes were armed, *and* faste bye  
 Here mastere they houe,\* Erle Marys, 4204  
 Redy to pruste þorowte þe prese.

4196. MS. swerne :

4204. houe] MS. haue.

## Unic. Coll. MS.

A-fore myn eyn see hym dye. 4184  
 Yow to armes fast ye hye.  
 Do on fast your habergenos,  
 And a-bove cast on youre gownes,  
 And wyth your Swerdys gyrde yow fast,  
 And loke throw the prees ye trest, 4189  
 That be vn-armed and naked men,  
 And preseth forth tyth that ye been  
 Thorough the meynee and nygh your  
 kyng. 4192  
 And spare not for no-thing  
 Your lyege lord for to rescowe.  
 I had lever now be for-sworn 4196  
 Than to see hym dye me forn."  
 Yit myne auctor seeth verly  
 Hit was not but a fayned lye.  
 For his menyng was falschede. 4200  
 But forth a-non, wyth-ouen drede,  
 Thre thousand wyth-ouen more Crye  
 Of knyghtes were armed, and fast by  
 Her mayster, Erle Mares, they houe,  
 Redy the prese to threst throw. 4205

## Rawl. MS.

A-fore myne eyen se hym dye. 4184  
 You to harnes faste ye hye. [ff. 21, bk.1]  
 Do on faste youre habirgous,  
 And above caste on youre gownes,  
 And with youre swerdes gyrde you faste,  
 And loke þorwe þe prese ye thyrste,  
 That be vnarmed *and* naked men,  
 And presyth furth tiit þat ye ben  
 Thorwe þe meyne *and* nygh youre  
 kyng. 4192  
 And spare not for nothyng  
 Your lyege lorde to rescowe.  
 For to þe grete God I make a vowe :  
 I hade leuer be for-sworne 4196  
 Than se hym dye me be-forne."  
 Yet myne auctor seyth wytterly  
 Hit was not but a feynede ly.  
 For his meny[n]ge was falschede. 4200  
 But furthe anone, with-out drede,  
 Thre þousonde, with-out more crye,  
 Of knyghtes were arrayde hastely 4203  
 Here maister, erle Mauras, þey houe,  
 Redy to prese *and* threste þorwe.

Soon three  
 thousand  
 men gather  
 round  
 Mares.

STrouge ys the batelle *and* perelowse, [leaf 53, l. 33]  
To be-holde fuH dolorowse.

Prowde men of armys ben they bothe, 4208  
To geffe hyt vp lyghtely they ben fulle lothe.

Frome morowe lasted þys stronge batayle, At sunset  
Tylle the sonne wyth-owten ffayle the combat  
Gan drawe fulle lowe in-to the weste. 4212 is not yet  
Thowe shuldyste haue [sene] þen lytelle reste finished.

Be-twyn thes ffyghters, they ben so rothe, 4212

They peyne hem-selve ffersly to fyghte bothe.

They sawe the day gan faste ffayle, [leaf 53, back] 4216  
And eche of hem of þys batayle

The victory wolde haue yeff þat he myghte. Each is  
Ther-fore ffersly nowe gan they ffyghte. fiercely  
Ryghte Rothe they were, not yet for þen 4220 bent on the  
Vn-syttynge wordes shulde no man victory;

Haue herde be-twyn hem in no wyse. yet no im-  
Butte þys batayle forthie to deuyse proper word  
I wolde atte þys tyme hye me. 4224 is spoken.

Fulle ffersly ys nowe Partonope

A-sayled of the kyng Sornegowre

That wode ys as a wyld bore. 4228

þys kyng hys gysharne halte in honde, 4228

To sle hys enemy nowe woH he fownde.

From 4206-4415 several passages have become confused in MS.  
After 4205 . . . prese MS. continues: Partonope . . . sterte, etc.  
which will be found ll. 4266 ff.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

STrouge ys the batayH, and perlous  
To be-hold, and fuH dolorous.  
Prowde men of armes been they bothe,  
To gyff hit vp lyghtly they be ryght  
lothe. [leaf 29] 4209

Fro morow lastyd this grete batayle,  
Th morow wythouten fayle

Ganne drawe lowe in-to the west. 4212

Men myght se then lytiH rest

Between these fyghters so wrothe :

They peyned freshly to fyght bothe.

Ther-fore the day ganne fast fayle, 4216

And eche of hem of his batayle

The victory wolde haue yf he myght.

Ther-fore freshly they gyn to fyght.

FuH ffersly now and ryght sore 4225

Is Partonope assayld of Sornogour.

## Rawl. MS.

¶ Stronge is þe bataiH, and perlous  
To be-holde, *and* weH dolorous.  
Prowde men of armes þey be bothe,  
To gyfe it vp lightly þey be lothe.

For morwe lesteþe þis grete bataiH,  
TiH þe son wiH-out faiH

Gane drawe lowe in-to þe weste. 4212

Men myght se þen lytiH reste

Be-twene þese knyghtes wrothe :

They payned hem to fight bothe.

Ther þe day gan faste faiH, 4216

And iche of hem hade his bataiH

The victorie wolde haue yef he myght.

Ther-fore freshly þey gon fight.

Freshly nowe *and* right sore 4225

Ys Partonope assailede of Sornogour.

With his axe  
Sornegour  
deals a  
blow on  
Partonope's  
helme,

A delefulle stroke he [leet] þe w fle  
Wyth hys gysharne to Partonope,  
And wyth hys shyld he dude hyt wefe. 4232

But wyth þe becke yet of hys gleve  
A-pon the helme so fersly he smotte  
Off Partonope, þat he ne wotte  
Where he was wysely in þat stonde. 4236

and nearly  
bears him  
down.

For wyth that stroke ryghite to þe grownde  
Partonope hadde a poynte to ffalle.  
Hys helme was bent In grettely wyth-alle.  
Ne had hyt welle I-temperet be, 4240

But Par-  
tonope's re-  
turn stroke  
breaks the  
King's helme,  
and throws  
it to the  
earth.

Alle to peecs hyt shulde haue be.  
Wyth thys strocke Partonope  
A-stonyed was, butte yette lette he  
To þe kyng a stroke so fersly fle 4244

Wyth hys swerde, and ryghite [an] h[y]e  
Vppon hys helme he hym smette,  
That a-non wyth-owte lette  
Hys cover brake and alle þe tynge 4248

Off hys helme, and [hyt] gan flynge  
Frome hys hedde in-to the ffylde.  
Crysten and hethen þat hyt be-hyde,  
Sayden: "Thys ys a perloous flyghte." 4252

Thys hethen kyng, þys worthy knyghte,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

A grete stroke he leete then fle 4230  
Wyth his gleyve to Partanope,  
And wyth hys Sheelde hedyd hit weyve.  
But wyth the Beke yet of his gleve  
Vpon his helme so freschly he smote,

Where he was in that stounde, 4236  
For he had welny falle to the grounde.  
And not-wyth-standyng that Partanope  
A-stonyed was: yett leete he 4243  
To the kyng a stroke so freschly fflye  
Wyth hys Swerde, and ryght an hye  
Vpon hys helme he hym smote,  
That [an] on wyth-outen lette  
His cower brak and alle thyng 4248  
Of his helme, and hit gan flyng  
From hys hede in-to the ffeelde.  
Crysten and hethen that be-heelde, 4251  
They sayde: "This ys a perloous fyght."  
This hethen kyng, this worthy knyght,

## Rarol. MS.

A grete stroke he let þen fle 4230  
With his gleyve þen Partonope.

Vppon his helme freshly he smote, 4234  
That Partonope not weft wote  
Where he was In þat stounde, 4236  
For he hade nye fast to grounde.  
Not-wythstandyng þat Partonope  
Astonide was, yett let he  
To þe kyng a stroke let fle 4241  
With his swerde, and right an hye  
Vppon his helme he hym smote,  
That anone with-out lette [1 ff. 22.]  
His Cowere brake and tynge 4248  
Of his helme, and it gan flynge  
From his hede in-to þe ffeelde.  
Crystyn and hethyn þat be-heelde,  
Theyseyde: "þis is a perlus light." 4252  
This hethyn kyng, þis worthy knyght.

For alle <i>hys</i> helme a-basshyd hymd noghte,		Nothing
Butte aH-wey fiersly <i>hys</i> enemy soghte,		daunted,
And wyth <i>hys</i> gysharne atte hym lette fle.	4256	Sornegour
And wyth <i>hys</i> shyld Partonope	[leaf 54]	makes his
Welle hym defendyth as he myghte.		assault. He
Butte þe gysharne so sore a-lyghte,		half cleaves
The strocke ronge ouer alle the ffylde.	4260	the shield of
In-to the myddys hyt cleffe the shyld,		his enemy,
And ther-In stake so sore <i>and</i> faste.		
The kynge to hym hyt pullyth in haste.		and in pull-
He pullyth so fersly that on <i>hys</i> kne	4264	ing out the
To grownde gothe Partonope.		axe, brings
Partonope lyghtely a-non <sup>1</sup> vp sterte.	[leaf 52 bk., l. 24]	him down on
A-shamed he was <i>and</i> wrothe in herte		his knees.
That at þe erthe he had so be.	4268	Partonope
Wyth <i>hys</i> swerde þen <sup>1</sup> lette he fle		starts up
To <i>hys</i> enemy so grette a stroke,		ashamed.
Hy <sup>1</sup> t semed þat ther had falle a wocke.		
The kynge <i>hys</i> stroke warly be-hulde,	4272	His sword
And reseyueth hyt vpon <sup>1</sup> <i>hys</i> shyld.		cuts Sorne-

After 4265 . . . Partonope MS. continues: He pulled . . . hadde,  
see ll. 4356 ff.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

For alle his helme a-basshed hymd nought,		For aH his helme he basshede nought,	
But alle-wey feersly his enemy sought,		But aH-wey freshly his enemy sought,	
And wyth his Gesarne at hym leete	4256	And with his gyssarne at hym let	4256
flee.		flee.	
And wyth his Sheelde Partanope		And with his shelde Partonope	
Wele hym defendyd as he myght.		Weth hym defendyde as he myght,	
<sup>1</sup> But the Gesarne so sore a-lyght,		But þe gyssarne so sore light,	
The stroke rong ouer alle the felde.	4260	The stroke ronge ouer aH þe felde.	4260
In-to the myddys he claiffe his Sheelde,		In-to þe myddys he cleffe his shelde,	
And therin stake so sore and fast.		And þer-In stekede sore <i>and</i> faste.	
The kyng to hym hyt pulled fast.	4263	Then to hym he pullede-In haste.	
He pulled so feersly that on his kne		He pullede so freshly þat on his	
		knees	4264
To the grounde than goyth Partanope.		To grounde þen went Partonope.	
He a-none lyghtly tho vp stert.	4266	He lightly þen vp sterte.	
Ashamed and wrothe he was in hert		A-shamyde <i>and</i> wrothe he was In herte	
That at erthe he had so be.	[leaf 2 <sup>3</sup> , back]	That at erthe he hade so be.	4268
Wyth his swerde than <sup>1</sup> lete he flee		With his swerde þen let he fle	
To his enemy so grete a stroke,		To his enemy so grete a stroke,	
As thogh ther had falle an Oke.	4271	As poug <sup>1</sup> þer hade fath an oke.	4271
The kyng <i>hys</i> stroke warly be-helde,		The kynge his stroke warly be-helde,	
And resseyved hyt vpon his Sheelde.		And resseyuede it vpon his shelde.	

The King  
throws away  
the shield,  
and thus  
prevents  
Partonope  
from wield-  
ing his  
sword.

The shykle was sure, but not for þanð  
In-to þe myddes þe swerde Ranð.  
The swerde was stronge *and* wolde not breke, 4276  
þorowe þe shykle a fote he steke.  
The kynge aspyed þe swerde was faste  
In *hys* shykle, *and* in grette haste  
He vndothē þe gyrdeH of *hys* shykle, 4280  
And frome hym keste *hyt in* þe fylde.  
Wyth þys crafte ys Partonope  
Grettely encomberyd : nowe may not he  
Wyth *hys* swerde hym-sselfe be-welke, [leaf 53] 4284  
For on the poynte faste cleuythē þe shykle.  
Partonope stonte nowe *in* grette fere.  
The kynge wolde geffe hym no leysere  
To drawe *hys* swerde owte of þe shykle, 4288  
But chassyth hym fersly owte of þe flykle.  
In bothe *hys* armes he halte *hys* gysharne,  
And leyethē on faste, *and* dothe moche harme  
To this yonge Partonope. 4292  
But wyth *hys* shykle weH couereth hym he.

Forced to  
retreat,  
Partonope  
covers him-  
self with his  
shield  
against  
Smeagour's  
axe.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

The Sheelde was sure, but noight for  
thanne  
In-to the myddes the Swerde rane.  
The swerde was strong, and not to-  
brake. 4276  
Thorow the Sheelde a foote hit stake.  
The kyng aspyed the Swerde was fast  
In *hys* Sheelde, and tho in grete hast  
He vndede the gy[r]te of *hys* Sheelde,  
And fro hym cast hit in-to the felde.  
Wyth this crafte now ys Partonope 4282  
Gretly encomberd : now may not he  
Wyth *hys* swerde hym-self be-welke,  
For on the poynt chevith the Sheelde.  
Partonope stount now in grete fere.  
The kyng wole gyffe hym no leysere  
To drawe *hys* swerde oute of his Sheelde,  
But chaseth hym feersly a-boute the  
felde. 4289  
In bothe his handes he holdyth *hys*  
gesarne,  
And laythe on fast, and dothe harme  
To this yonge knyght Partonope. 4292  
But with his Sheelde wele couered  
hym he.

## Rawl. MS.

The shelde was sure, but not for þen  
In-to þe myddes þe swerde rane.  
This swerde was stronge *and* not to-  
brake,\* [leaf 22, back] 4276  
Thorwe þe shelde a foote it stake.  
The kynge aspyede þe swerde was faste  
In his shelde, *and* In grete haste  
He vndyde þe gyrde of his shelde, 4280  
And from hym caste it In-to þe felde.  
With þis crafte is now Partonope  
Gretly encomberde : nowe may not he  
With his swerde hym-selfe welde. 4284  
For on þe poynte cleuyth his shelde.  
Partonope stont In grete fere  
The kynge with gyffe hym no leysere  
To drawe his swerde out of his shelde,  
But chaseth hym aboute þe felde. 4289  
In bothe his hondes he holdyth þe  
gyssarne,  
And leyth on faste, *and* doth harme  
To þis yonge knyght Partonope. 4292  
But with his shelde couerde hym he.

\* 4276. After to some illegible letters; brake] he indistinct.



And as they were thus in stryvyng,		
He toke hede where a feyre swerde hyng		
A-pon þe kynges dede stede.	4296	He sees the sword that hangs at the saddle of Sornegour's dead steed.
Hys swerde he lefte, <i>and</i> thyder he yede,		He drops his own, and seizes the other weapon.
And Sornegowre swerde fro þe Arson rafte,		
There as he hyngyng had hyt lafte.		
Grette a-venture <i>and</i> grette dystresse	4300	
A man myghte se þer <i>and</i> grette provesse		
Be-twyn thes two worthy men.		
The batayle ys fulle perlowse be-twyn hem,		
And mervelowse to be-holde þer-to,	4304	
For ofte tyme hyt stode So		The issue of the combat is uncertain.
The twonne hath þe better a man wolde deme,		
And sodenly, or thowe wolste wene,		
He hath the worse, <i>wyth</i> -owten nay.	4308	
Thus fortune alle the longe day		
Turnyth* hur on-stydfaste whele,		
That non of hem no whyle ys welle.		
Hyt to be-holde ys a mervelowse syghte.	4312	
The day passyth, <i>and</i> on comyth the nyghte.		Night is coming on.
4310. Turnyth] MS. Thorow.		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And as they were thus in stryvyng,  
 He toke hede where a Swerde hyng  
 Vpon the kingis dede stede. 4296  
 Hys Swerde he lefte, and thyder he  
 yede; [leaf 30]  
 Sornogoure Swerde for the arson reft,  
 Ther as he hanging had hyt lefte.  
 Grete aventure of grete dystresse 4300  
 A man myght se there and professe  
 Be-twen these two so worthi men.  
 The batayles ys perylous now hem  
 be-twen),  
 And Marvayious to be-holde therto.  
 For ofte tyme truly hit stont so 4305  
 The tone hath the better, a man wolde  
 deme.  
 And sodenly, or tow woldest wene,  
 He hath the worse, wythouten nay.  
 Thus fortune alle the long day 4309  
 Turneth hyr vnstedfast whele,  
 That none of hem ys no whyle welle.  
 Hyt to be-holde ys a mervayle  
 syght. 4312  
 The day passyth on, fast on comyth  
 the nyght.

## Ragyl. MS.

As þey were þus In st[r]yngy[n]ge,  
 He toke hede where a swerde hyng  
 Vpon þe kynges dede stede. 4296  
 His swerde he lefte, *and* þere he yede.  
 Sornogour swerde fro þe arson he refte,  
 Ther as he it hade it lefte.  
 Grete aventure of grete dysstres 4300  
 Be-twene þis ij worthy men).  
 The bataill is perlus be-twene hem,  
 And mervelus [to] be-holde þerto. 4304  
 For ofte tyme truly it stonte so  
 The tone hath the better, *and* none with  
 deme,  
 And so-denly ore þou woldeste wene.  
 He hath the worse *with*-out nay. 4308  
 Thus fortune aþ þe longe day  
 Turnyth hem vnstedfaste whele,  
 That none of hem is nowe while.  
 To be-holde it is mervelus sight. 4312  
 The day passeth, on comyth þe nyght.

In bothe hondys holdeth the hethyn kynge  
 Full fersly hys gysharne *and* dredyth no-þynge.  
 On the other syde Partonope [leaf 54, bk. 1. 27] 4316  
 Hys swerde in hande alle naked halte he,  
 Redy to flyghte in the flyde.  
 Kynge Sornegowre haþe neyþer helme ne shyld.  
 Fortune hathe hym thus a-Rayed, 4320  
 Hys oste *per*-off ys grettely dysmayed.  
 Nowe comyth Partonope to assayle  
 þys hepyñ kynge, *and* woH not ffayle,  
 Yeffe he may, to haue hys hedde. 4324  
 The kynge hym hyethe a fulle grette spede  
 To hym warde, *and* off þe strokes ys warre,  
 And wyth hys gysharne a-way hyt bare.  
 Bothe ffersly to-geder they smette, 4328  
 And so hyt happenyð here wepenys mette. [leaf 55]  
 Partonope had there a grette harme :  
 Hys swerde he smotte a-geyne the gysharne.  
 Be the hylte hit brake, *and* alle to-flye. 4332  
 The danys were gladd when they hyt seye,  
 For swerdeles was Partonope.

The sword  
breaks off  
against the  
axe.

The Danes  
are glad, the  
French  
heavy at  
heart.

After 4315 . . . þynge MS. continues : stronge . . . perelowse,  
 see H. 4295 ff.

Univ. Coll. MS.

In bothe handys holdyth þe kyng  
 Hys Gesarne ffersly, and drede no-  
 thing.  
 On the tother syde this Partanope 4316  
 Hys Swerde naked eke holdeth he,  
 Redy to fyght in the same felde.  
 The kyng hath neyther helme ne  
 shelde.  
 Now cometh Partanope for to assoyle  
 This kyng, and wylle not fayle.  
 Yf he now, to haue his hede. 4324  
 The kyng hym hyed a full grete spede  
 To hym warde, and of the stroke ys  
 ware,  
 And wyth his Gesarne away he bare.  
 Bothe ffersly to-gedyr they smette, 4328  
 And atte last her wepyns mette.  
 Partanope had there a grete harme :  
 Hys swerde he smoth in the gesarne.  
 By the hilt hit brake in that fyght. 4332  
 The hethen were glade to se that syght.  
 And Swerdeles than ys Partanope.

Rawl. MS.

In bothe hondes he holdyth þe kynge,  
 His gyssarne freshly, *and* drede no-  
 thyng. [leaf 23]  
 In þe toþer syde þis Partonope 4316  
 His swerde naked holdyth he,  
 Redy to fight In þe felde.  
 The kynge hathe neyþer helme ne  
 shelde.  
 Nowe comyth Partonope to assaith  
 This kynge, *and* witt not failþ,  
 Yef he may, to haue his hede. 4324  
 The kynge hyede a grete spede  
 To hym, *and* of his stroke is ware.  
 And with his gyssarne away it bare.  
 Bothe freshly togeder smete, 4328  
 And at þe laste þe wepens mete.  
 Partonope had þe grete harme :  
 His swerde he smote In þe gyssarne,  
 Be þe hilt it brake In the gyssarne with  
 light. 4332  
 The hethyn were glade to se þat sight,  
 Swerdeles þen is Partonope.

When the ffrenshie men þat dyd se,  
Grette sorowe in hertys they hadde : 4336

And namely the kyng grette sorow made,  
And prayed Gode wyth alle hys myghte  
To saue Partonope *and* eke hys ryghte.

Wythie-owte wepyn\* ys Partonope. 4340

That swerde ys broke, þe toþer tweyne be  
Snarled in þe shyldes ffaste.

Whatte dothe Partonope butte in grette haste

Lepte to þe kyng wyth-owten lette, 4344

And on the gysharne bothe hondys sette,

And þoghte hyt fro þe kyng to pulle.

The kyng defendythe [hyt] atte þe fulle.

And thus they wrastelle *and* streyve sore, 4348

Tylle atte þe laste, whatte wolle ye more ?

The Erle of hym þe gysharne wanne.

The kyng sey þat, *and* faste Ranne

To the swerde, alle men be-helede,

There as hit stake faste in þe shyld.

Vppon þe shyld he sette hys fette,

4340. wepyn] MS. shyld.

Partonope  
rushes on  
the King,  
takes hold of  
the axe, and  
eventually  
wrenches it  
from him.

Sornegour  
then runs to  
the sword  
that is  
sticking in  
his shield.

Univ. Coll. MS.

When the frenchmen that did see, 4335

And prayed God wyth alle hys myght  
To saue Partanope and his ryght.

W<sup>ith</sup>-outen) wepyn ys now Par-  
tanope. 4340

Hys swerde is broken, the other tweyn  
be [leaf 30, back]

Snarled in the Sheeldes rygh fast.

What dothe he than but in grete hast

Leepe to the kyng wythouten  
lette, 4344

And on the gesarne bothe handes sette,

And thought hyt fro the kyng to pulle.

But he defended hit than at fuþ.

And thus they warsteled and stryvid  
sore, 4348

Till at the last, what wole he more ?

The Erle of hym the gesarne wanne.

The kyng seeth that, and fast ranne

To the swerde, alle men tho be-  
heelde. 4352

There hyt stake fast in the sheelde.

Vpon his shelde he sett hys foote,

Rawl. MS.

When þe frenche men dyde see,  
Grete fere In þer hertes þey hade, 4336

And namly þe kyng sorwe made,

And prayede God with all his myght  
To saue Partonope *and* his right.

W<sup>ith</sup>-out wepyn is Partonope. 4340

His swerde is broke, þe toþer ij be

Snarlide In þe shildes right faste.

What dothe he þen but In grete haste

Lepyth to þe kyng with-out lete, 4344

And on þe gyssarne with hondes sete,

And þought it fro þe kyng to puþ.

But he defendyde it at þe fuþ.

Thus þey wrestellede *and* stryuyde  
sore, 4348

Till at laste, what with ye more ?

The erle of hym þe gyssarne wane.

The kyng sethe þat, *and* faste rane

The swerde, all men þo be-heelde, 4352

Ther it stake faste In the shilde.

Vpon þe felde he set his feete.

He succeeds  
in drawing  
it out,

And atte hyt pulled wyth grette hete. 4355  
He pulled *and* lefte not tyll he hyt hadde. [leaf 54, l. 10]

The danys *per-off* were ryghte gladde.

but not in  
taking up  
the shield.

Ther-wyth he wolde haue take the s[h]ylde.

Wyche Partonope pat he be-helde,

Wyth the gysharne at hym he smete, 4360

And of pat porpose þe kyng he lette.

He sythe that hyt wylle not be.

The swyrde in honde naked halte he,

Wyche he drowe owte of þe shyld. 4364

In hys honde he hyt halte, aH men be-helde,

Hys naked swerde [as] syluer bryghte.

Hym lacked no poynte of a knyghte,

[For helme and sheelde had he none, 4368

In the feelde he had hem forgone.]

And wyth þat swerde nowe þynkethe he

Fersley to assayle Partonope.

To hym he smotte wyth alle hys myghte, 4372

And þoghte hys swerde shulde a lyghte

Vppon hys Enemy Partonope.

He aims a  
furious  
blow, but  
strikes his  
hand against  
Partonope's  
shield, and  
the weapon  
flies out of  
his hand.

After 4355 . . . hete MS. continues: A swerde . . . bryghte,  
see ll. 4416 ff.

4366. alle men be helde crossed out before syluer.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And the swerde that was his boote  
He pulled oute, and hit hadde, 4356  
Whereof the hethen were full gladde.  
Ther-wyth he wolde haue take the  
Sheelde,

But whan Partonope that be-heelde,  
Wyth the gesarne at hym he smote, 4360

That hit to take forth so hoote

His purpose he put a-syde.

Wherefore the kyng in the tyde

That naked Swerde as syluer bryght

Heelde in defence as a knyght :

For helme and Sheelde had he  
none, 4368

In the feelde he had hem forgone.

And wyth this Swerde thenkyth he

Freshly to assayle Partonope.

To hym he smott wyth alle his  
myght, 4372

And thought hit shulde haue lyght

Vppon his enemy Partonope.

Rawl. MS.

And þe swerde þat was his bote 4355

He pullyde out, *and* it hade, [ll. 23, bk.]

Where-of þe hethyn were full glade.

There-with he wolde a take his shelde.

But Partonope þat be-heelde,

With þe gyssarne at hym he smote, 4360

That it to take furthe so hote

His porpose he put asyde.

Where-fore þe kyng in þat tyde

That nakede swerde as siluer bright

Heelde In defence as a kynght : 4367

For helme *and* shelde hade he none,

In þe felde he hade hem for-gone.

And with þis swerde thynketh he

Freshly to assaith Partonope.

To hym he smote with aH his  
myght, 4372

And þought it shulde haue light

Vppon his enemy Partonope.

- But hyt happed for sope þat he  
 Was so nyȝ hym þat on hys shyld 4376  
 He smotte hys honde ; *and* in-to þe fylde  
 Owte fle hys swerde þat was so bryghte.  
 The stroke he smotte wyth alle hys myghte,  
 Wyche was to hym both shame *and* harme, 4380  
 Ther-wyth a-stonyed wes hys Arme.  
 Thys a-spyed Partonope.  
 In alle þe haste a-wey caste he  
 Hys gysharne, *and* wyth þat lyghtely \* wente 4384  
 To the swerde, *and* vp hyt hente,  
 Wyche fleye owte of þe kynges flyste.  
 Nowe hathe Partonope aȝ hys lyste,  
 For Sornegowre staunte nowe wepynesse. 4388  
 Lo, thus ffortune can turne hur dyse  
 Nowe vp, nowe downe ; here whele ys vnstabelle. [lf. 54, bk.]  
 On her ys no truste ; she ys so varyabelle.  
 Butte gladde ys nowe Partonope, 4392  
 For in hande that swerde hath he  
 In wyche [he] hath grette affyawnee,  
 He broghte hyt wyth hym in-to Fraunce.  
 Butte wyle Partonope þys swerde vp toke, 4396
- , 4384. MS. lyghtely twice.

Partonope  
throws the  
axe from  
him, and  
catches the  
sword.

He is glad  
to have his  
own sword  
again.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- But hit happed for sothe that he  
 Was so nye hym that on his  
 Sheelde 4376  
 He smote hys honde ; *and* in-to the  
 felde  
 Fley his Swerde that was so bryght.  
 Than was he in hert sore a-fryght.  
 And wyth that stroke he had grette  
 harme, [leaf 31] 4380  
 For sore astonyed was his arme.  
 This aspyed tho Partanope.  
 In alle the haste away caste he 4383  
 The gesarne, *and* than lyghtly went,  
 That Swerde feersly he vp hent. 4385  
 And gladde ys now Partanope 4392  
 That in honde that Swerde hath he  
 In which he hath grette affiaunce,  
 He Brought hit wyth hym in-to  
 Fraunce.  
 But while that Partanope the Swerde  
 vp toke, 4396

## Rawl. MS.

- But it happyde for sothe þat he  
 Was so nye hem þat on his shelde 4376  
 He smote his honde ; *and* In-to þe felde  
 Fley his swerde þat was so bright.  
 Then was he sore afright,  
 With þat stroke he had grette  
 harme, 4380  
 For sore astonyde was his arme.  
 This asspyde þo Partonope.  
 In aȝ þe haste away caste he 4383  
 The gyssarne, *and* þen lightly wente,  
 That swerde fersly vp he hent. 4385  
 And glade is nowe Partonope 4392  
 That In honde þat swerde hathe he  
 In whiche he hathe his afyaunce.  
 While Partonope þe swerde toke 4396

Meanwhile  
Sornegour  
takes up his  
shield, and  
fastens it  
round his  
neck.

The hepynd kynge faste gan lōke  
After wepynd, butte *per* was non  
Thatte he mygh̃te haue; þen what to done  
He wotte neuer; yette he toke keppe 4400  
Where a shyldē lay, *and* thyder he leppe.  
He toke h̃t vp in fulle grette haste,  
And a-bowte hys necke h̃t caste.

Partonope  
comes on,  
and splits  
the shield.

That seth̃e þys erle Partonope, 4404  
And fersly a stroke at hym lette fle.  
The kynge h̃t kepp[t]e appon hys shyldē.  
And wyth þat stroke in-to þe ffylde  
A cantelle fley, þys ys no nay. 4408

And when Partonope þys sygh̃te say,  
A-nother dynte þer-on he yaffe,  
That alle on peces þe shyldē raffe.  
A-none pogh̃te Partonope 4412  
The better he hadde of þys medele.

Sornegour  
runs at him,  
and draws  
his sword  
out of  
Partonope's  
shield.

Ther-wyth sey þys hepynd kynge  
Hys Enemys shyldē, *and* þer-in styckynge  
A swerde þat was ffurbesh̃e[*d*] fuð brygh̃te, [ff. 55, l. 28] 4416  
And *per*-to a-non he lepte fulle rygh̃te.

*After 4415 . . . styckynge MS. continues: On) . . . Partonope, see ll. 4316 ff.*

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

This bethen kyng fast gan lōke  
After wepynd, but there was none  
That he myght haue / then what to done  
He wote neuer / yet he toke kepe 4400  
Where a Sheelde lay, and thider he leepe.  
He toke hit vp in fuð grete haste,  
And a-boute his nek to hit east.  
That seeth the erle Partanope. 4404  
And fleersly at hym tho leete flee  
A stroke, which he defende wyth his  
Sheelde.  
And wyth that stroke in-to the feelde  
A Castell fley, this ys no nay. 4408  
And whan Partanope that sey,  
A-nother dynt theron he gafe,  
That alle to pecis the Sheelde rafe.  
A-none thought Erle Partanope 4412  
The better he had of this medlee.  
Therwyth see[t]h this bethen kyng  
Hys enemyes Sheelde, and therein  
styking 4415  
A Swerde that was furbusshed bright,  
A[n]d therto anone he leepe fuð ryght.

*Rawl. MS.*

The hethyn kynge faste gan lōke  
After wepynd, but *per* was none 4398  
That he myght haue : þen what to don  
He wot neuer; yet þen he toke kepe  
Where a shelde lay, *and* deþer he lepe.  
He toke it vpe In grete haste,  
And aboute his nyke it easte.  
That seyth þe erle Partonope, [ff. 24] 4404  
And fersly at hym let fle  
A stroke, whiche he defendyde with his  
shelde  
And with þat stroke In-to þe felde  
A cantell fley, þis is no nay. 4408  
When Partonope þat sey,  
Anoper dent *per*-on he gafe  
That aȝ to peces þe shelde rafe.  
Anone pought erle Partonope 4412  
The bytter he hade of þis medle.  
Ther-with seyth þis hethyn kynge  
Hisenemys shilde, *and* *per*-Instekynge  
A swerde þat was burnysshede bright,  
And *per*-to he lepe anone right, 4417

- He pulled, *hyt owte and þat a-non*.  
*Hys ffryndes þer-wyth* were gladde echeon.  
 Nowe ys þe bat[a]yle fulle mervelowse, 4420 The combat  
 is dreadful.  
 And to be-holde fulle Dolorowse.  
 Off hem bothe ys now ryghte sure.  
 There falleth so mony a venture  
 On bothe þe sydes; for nowe þe tow 4424  
 Ys atte þe better, *and* ryghte a-non  
 Mervelowse ys atte the wo[r]sse :  
 So ys the batayle fulle *pernerse*. [leaf 55, back] Fortune  
 To bothe partyes fortune stante; 4428 favours now  
 one, now  
 Her whele ys\* *ever vnstabeH and* mevante. the other.  
 Partonope *hys bryghte swerde gynneth dresse*,  
 Wyche that Mel[i]owre for hys provesse  
 Hym gaffe at here laste departynge, 4432  
 Partonope  
 Wyche was to hym a *precyowse* thyng. raises the  
 sword that  
 So goode *hyt* was, whan he *hyt* sey, Melior gave  
 him.  
 And Remembryd hym the cause why  
 Hys lone, *hys lady* so fayre *and* ffre, 4436  
 Thinking on  
 Hym *hyt gaffe*, and for that he his Lady,  
 and of the  
 Shulde hym besy grettely in knyght-hode. giving of  
 the sword,  
 And þat made hym thynke in manhode.  
 And ther-wyth *hys herte gan* faste lyghte; 4440  
 That thohte made hym freshe to ffyghte
4429. ys] MS. ye.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

He pulled hit oute in grete haste,  
 And in his hond hath hit faste.  
 Now ys the Batayle mervelous, 4420  
 And to be-holde how myschevous.  
 Of hym bothe ys none ryght sure.  
 Ther falle so many aventure  
 On Bothe sydes; for now the tone 4424  
 Is at þe better/ and now ryght anone  
 Mervaylesly he ys atte worsse :  
 So this batayle ys *perversse*. [leaf 31, back]  
 Partonope hym ganne dresse 4430  
 To fyght for hym prowesse,  
 And be-thynketh how that Melior  
 That Swerde gafe hym therfor 4437  
 To preve hym-self a manly knyght,  
 Where *ever* he went in any fyght.  
 And therwyth his hert ganne to lyght,  
 And fresh was a-none to fyght. 4441

PARTONOPE.

## Rawl. MS.

He pullede it out In grete haste,  
 And in his honde hathe it faste.  
 Nowe is þe bataill mervelus, 4420  
 And to be-holde myschevus.  
 Of hem bothe is non sure.  
 Ther fitt so many aventure  
 On bothe sythis; for nowe þe tone 4424  
 Ys at better, *and* nowe right anone  
 Mervelusly he is at wors :  
 So þis bataill is fult *perlus*.  
 Partonope hym gan dresse 4430  
 To fight for his prowesse,  
 And be-thynketh howe þat Melyore  
 That swerde gafe hym *perfore* 4437  
 To prove hym-selfe a manly knyght,  
 Where *ever* he went In any fyght.  
 And *per-with* his hert gan to light, 4440  
 And freshe was anone to fyght.

M

he brings it  
down on  
Sornegour's  
shield, and  
shivers it  
altogether.

And quekened hys herte so hyly,  
That to Sornegowre he lepte fulle lyghlyte,  
And so fersly smotte on hys shyld, 4444  
By peces hyt fley a-bowte the fflyde.  
The kynge hym couerythe as he myghte;  
Butte euer Partonope put hym to flyghte.  
For in no place he Soferyth hym to a-byde, 4448  
Butte alle a-bowte þe lystes wyde  
He hym chasyth so hyly,  
That kynge Sornegowre wotte full surely  
He hath the worse of thys batayle. 4452  
Lowe, thys can loue wyth-owte fayle  
MAke ech man hys mastere vse:  
Knyghtes shame to refuse,  
Clerkes to loue-weH clergey, 4456  
And ladyes to cheresse curtesy.  
For sho that can not love,  
Hur grette stabyhesse no man may prove;  
For þowe she be lound for here bewte, 4460  
And þowe she loue, yette aH-way may she  
Saue here worshyppe and hyr name.  
For be hyt in e[r]hyste or in game  
That hyr loue make hyr a requeste, 4464  
And she þynke hyt be not honeste,  
She ys atte large, she may sey naye.

4453. *On the margin is written notatur bene.*

*Vair. Coll. MS.*

Whan he had of his lady memory,  
Then to Sornogoure he lepe full  
lyghtly,  
And so fersly smote hym on the  
Sheelde, 4444  
By pecis hit fley a-boute the feelde.  
The kyng hym couered as well as he  
myght;  
But euer Partonope put hym to flyght.  
For in no place he wolde suffer hym  
a-byde, 4448  
But alle a-boute the lystes wyde  
He hym chased so hidously  
That Sornogoure wenyth full surely  
He hath the worse of this batayle. 4452  
Lo, thus can love wythouten fayle  
Make a man maystries vse,  
And a knyght shame to refuse. 4455

*Rawl. MS.*

When he hade of his lady memorye,  
Then to Sornogoure he lepe lightlye,  
And so freshly smote hym on þe  
shelde, 4444  
The kynge hym couerde as he myght;  
But euer Partonope put hym to flight.  
In no place he wolde suffer hym byde  
But aH aboute þe lystes wyde 4449  
He hym chasede so hedyously [leaf 24 b]  
That Sornogour wenyth surly  
He hath þe wors of þis bataill. 4452  
Lo, þus can loue with-out fail  
Make a man mastres vse,  
And a knyght shame to refuse. 4455



For thus I am serued day be day	(leaf 56)	and com- plains of the cruelty of his Lady.
Off her that I loue <i>and</i> do serue.	4468	
Yette frome her seruyse shaH I not swerue,		
For I wolde euer her seruante be.		
And wolde Gode that onys she		
Off here conselle me wolde make !	4472	
Butte alle þat me luste she dope for-sake.		
LOrdlynges, I pray alle þat ye,		
þowe I leue of Partonope		
A whyle, <i>and</i> speke of oþer þynge,	4476	
Hyt be to yowe no dysplesynge.		
For of suchie mater speke moste I,		Love draws him irre- sistibly to speak of love.
Whether hyt be wysdome or ffoly.		
For þer þe sore ys, þe fynger woH be,	4480	
And where thy loue ys, þyne ey ys to se.		
For as thy ffynger drawethe to þe sore,		
So wolde thyne eye euer-more,		
Drawe to that place þat þou louyste beste.	4484	
Ther-fore to me hyt ys a ffeste		
To talke a-monge of suchie matere		
That longeth to lone, <i>and</i> nowe ye shaH here		
The tale ffortie of Partonope.	4488	
He makethe hys enemy a-fore hym fle.		Mares and his company now enter the lists to help the King,
He sufferythe hym a-byde on no grownde,		
Butte chasyth hym a-bowte þe lystes rownde.		
Thys sythe thys fals Erle Mares,	4492	
Wyche I tolde yowe come of Cherles,		
And was enhawnsed to lordys degre,		
Wyth iij. thowsande of hys mayne		
Comyth in-to þe lystes to helpe hys lorde,	4496	
Welle I-armed, <i>and</i> breketh the a-corde		

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Thus feersly chaseth Partanope, 4488  
 That he maketh his enemy a-fore hym  
 flee.  
 This seeth Marres, that flas Erle, 4492  
 Which I tolde yow that of a cherle  
 Was inhaused to lordys degre,  
 Wyth thre thousand of hys meynce  
 Cometh in-to to lystes to helpe his  
 lorde, 4496  
 WeH I-armed, and brekyth the a-corde

*Rawl. MS.*

Thus fersly chaseth Partonope, 4488  
 That he maketh his enemy flee.  
 This seyth Marras, þe false erle,  
 Whiche I tolde you of a churle  
 Was enhansede to lordys degre. 4494  
 With iij þousonde of his meyne  
 Comyth to þe lystes to helpe his lorde,  
 WeH I-armede, and breke þe acorde

	Off bothe þe partyes, wyth-owten dowte.	
and draw their weapons.	A-none he <i>and</i> alle hys rowte	
	Owte wyth here swerdes, <i>and</i> leyne on ffaste	4500
	One euery syde, <i>and</i> atte þe laste	
Mares at- tacks Par- tonope,	Mares come to Partonope,	
	And wyth hys swerde atte hym lette ffe.	
	The Erle manly defendyth þe ffeelde.	4504
	Mares smete fersly, <i>and</i> Sornegowre behelde,	
	And cryed faste to Erle Mares	
bidding de- fiance to the King's com- mand to withdraw.	That he shulde leue <i>and</i> make pes	
	By the alygeawnce þat he hym owghite.	4508
	Mares hym answered that in hys þoghite	[leaf 56, back]
	Hyt come neuer, what so be-felle ;	
	He wol not be cesyd of hys wylle.	
The Danes hasten towards Sornegour.	The * M <sup>r</sup> Danys þat armed were,	4512
	And þat day assygned there	
	The fylde to kepe on Sornegowre ys syde,	
	To the kyng they faste gan ryde.	
Fursin and Fabur ride quickly to the spot.	Kyng Fursyn * <i>and</i> kyng Fabure eke	4516
	On the ffeelde ffaste gan prycke	
	To kyng Sornegowre, here lege lorde.	
	4512. The] MS. Thre.	4516. MS. Furfyn).

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Of bothe partyes, wythouten doute.  
 Anone he had alle hys rowte  
 Oute wyth ther Swerdes, and lay on  
 fast 4500  
 On euery syde, and than atte last  
 This Marres cometh to Partanope,  
 And wyth his Swerde at hym leete ffe.  
 The Erle manly defended the ffeelde.  
 Marres smote fersly, and Sornegowre  
 behelde, [leaf 32] 4505  
 And cryed fast to the Erle Marres  
 That he shulde leue and make pes  
 By the legeaunce that hym aught. 4508  
 Marres answered that in thought  
 Hyt come neuer what so euer be-felle ;  
 He wolde not be lettyd of his wylle.  
 The thousand hethen that aghmed  
 were, 4512  
 And that day assygned there  
 The ffeelde to kepe on Sornogowre syde,  
 To her kyng tho fast gan ryde.  
 Kyng Sursyn and kyng Fabur eke  
 On the ffeelde fast ganne prycke 4517  
 To kyng Sornogowre, her chief lorde.

## Rawl. MS.

Of bothe partis, with-out doute. 4498  
 Anone he *and* aH his route  
 Out with þer swerdes *and* leyde on  
 faste  
 On euery syde, *and* þen at laste  
 This Marras comyth to Partonope, 4502  
 And with his swerde at hym let fle.  
 The erle defendyde in þe ffeelde. 4504  
 Marras smote smly, *and* Sornogowre be-  
 helde,  
 And cryede faste to þe erle Marras  
 That he shulde leue *and* make pes  
 Be þe legeaunce þat hym aught. 4508  
 Marras answerde þat in his bought  
 Hit come neuer, what so euer be-fell ;  
 He wist not be lettyde of his wist.  
 The þosonde hethyn þat armede  
 were, 4512  
 And were asygnede there  
 The ffeelde to kepe ore Sornogowre syde,  
 To here kyng faste gan ryde.  
 Kyng Sursyn *and* kyng Fabur eke  
 On þe ffeelde faste gan prycke 4517  
 To kyng Sornogowre, here chief lorde.



Sornegour  
mounts a  
horse, and  
rides among  
his people,  
laying about  
him, and  
calling aloud  
that Parto-  
nope should  
be saved.

HE toke an horse *in* grette haste, 4540  
And In a-monge hem pryked faste,  
And *wyth* hys swerde leyde faste a-bowte,  
And slowe mony on, *wyth*-owten dowte,  
Off hys secte *and* hys kynredde, 4544  
And *euer* cryed faste as he yede :  
“Loke ye saue Partonope!”

Thys *in* hys fyghtyng *euer* cryed he.  
Butte when he cowde no-pynge here, 4548  
Off Partonope he was In ffere  
In thys horlyng he had byn sleyne. [leaf 57]

It is now  
dark night,  
and the  
armies sepa-  
rate.

Hys clepyng he thoȝte was *in* veyne,  
For lytelle he þoȝte he shulde be take. 4552  
The heven waxed darke, þe skyes were blake,  
The day was passed, hȝt wes derke nyghte.

The French  
go back to  
Pontoise.

Thys þe Oostes departed from ffyghte.  
The ffrenshe departed *wyth* grette deele, 4556  
For Partonope they supposed welles  
Ys ded *wyth*-owte any nay.  
And streyghte to Pwntyffe þey toke þe way.  
Kynge Sornegowre ys rothe *and* Anguysshous 4560

4556. *de crossed out before deele.*

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

He toke an hors in grete hast, 4540  
And in amonge hem pryked fast.  
And whyth hys Swerde leyde fast  
a-boute, [leaf 32, back.]

<sup>1</sup> And slow many one, *wyth*-oute doute,  
Of his syde and of his kynrede, 4544  
And *euer* cryed fast as he yede :

“Loke he save Erle Partanope!”  
Thus in his fyghting *euer* cryed he.

But whan he Cowde no-thing here, 4548  
Of Partanope he was in feere  
That in this hurlyng he were slayn.

Hys crying hym thought was in vayne,  
Ful lytelle he thought he shulde be  
take. 4552

Than his Skye gan wex blake,  
The day was past, hit was derke nyght.  
Thus the Ooste departed from fyght.  
The french departed *wyth* grete hevyte,

For they Suppose that Partanope 4557  
Ys dede *wyth*-outen any nay.  
And to Pwntyff they toke the way.  
Sornogoure ys wroth and angwisshous

He toke an hors Ingrete haste, 4540  
And In amonge he prykede faste,  
And *with* his swerde he leyde aboute,

And slowe many on, *with*-out doute,  
Of his syde *and* of his kenrede, 4544  
And *euer* cryede faste as he yede :

“Loke ye saue erle Partonope!”  
Thus In fightyng *euer* cryede he.

But when he couthe not here, 4548  
Of Partonope he was In fere

That In his hurlyng he was slayne.  
His cryng hym þought was In vayne,  
Lyttle he þought he shulde be take.

Then þe skye gan wex blake, 4553  
The day was paste, it was dyrke nyght.  
Thus þe oste departyde at nyght.

The frenche departyde *with* grete  
hevyte, 4556

For þey soppode þat Partonope  
Ys dede *with*-out any nay.  
To Pwntyffe þey toke þe wey.  
Sornogour is wrothe *and* angwis 4560

That he myghte not haue þe Rescowse  
 Off hys ffelowe Partonope.  
 What dyd he þen suppose ye?  
 Wyth þe ffrenshe he dyd forthie ryde 4564  
 A-monge hem alle vn-a-Spyed,  
 As þowe he had be on of hem.  
 Ther herde he of þe ffrenshe men  
 So grette sorowe *and* complaynte made 4568  
 For Partonope, þat none was glade,  
 Butte fulle of sorowe *and* wepynge.  
 And þus to Pvntyffe-warde þey be rydyng,  
 And Sornegowre in here company. 4572  
 None of hem hym cowde a-Spy.  
 And In-to Pvntyffe, to þe halle dore,  
 Wyth hem rodde kyng Sornegowre.  
 As he was armed he lyghte a-none, 4576  
 He lette hys hors where he wolde gon,  
 He toke no hede where he be-come.  
 The wey vn-to þe chamber he nome,  
 Where as þe kyng of Fraunse he seye 4580  
 Make sorowe, *and* wepte fulle tenderly,  
 Sowþyng *and* passyng sorowe made.  
 None of hys men hym cowde glade,

Sornegour  
joins them  
without  
being  
observed,

All are  
dismayed.

He alights  
at the hall  
door,

and proceeds  
to a chamber  
where the  
King of  
France is

## Univ. Coll. MS.

That he myght not have the rescows  
 Of his felaw, Erle Partanope. 4562  
 Whatt dyd he than suppose ye?  
 Wyth the frensh he dyd forthie ryde  
 Amonge hem alle vnspied, 4565  
 As though he had be one of hem.  
 There herde he of the french men  
 So grete sorow and playnt made 4568  
 For Partanope / and none was glade,  
 But full of sorow and of weping,  
 And Thus to Pountyff were they  
 rydyng, [1 leaf 33]  
 And Sornogoure in her Company. 4572  
 None of hem cowde hym aspie.  
 And in-to Pountyff, to the halle dore,  
 Wyth hem rode king Sornogoure.  
 As he was was armed helyght a-none,  
 And lete hys hors where he wolde gone,  
 He toke none hede where he be-come.  
 The way in-to the chambre he nome,  
 Where as the kyng of Fraunce he sye  
 Make sorow and full tenderly, 4581  
 Swonned and passyng sorow made.  
 None of his men cowde hym glade,

## Rawl. MS.

That he myght haue no rescous  
 Of his felowe, erle Partonope. 4562  
 What dyde he þen suppose ye?  
 With þe frenche he dyde furthe ryde  
 Amonge hem all vnspyde, 4565  
 As he hade ben on of hem.  
 There herde he of þe french men<sup>1</sup>  
 So grete sorwe *and* pleynte made 4568  
 For Partonope, *and* none was glade,  
 But full of sorwe *and* wepyng.  
 Thus to Pountyff were þey rydyng,  
 [1 leaf 25 b]  
 And Sornogour In here companye. 4572  
 Non of hym couth hym esspye.  
 In-to Pountyff to þe halle dore  
 With hem rode kyng Sornogour.  
 As he was armede, he light downe, 4576  
 And let his hors where he wolde gon.  
 He toke no hede where he be-come.  
 The wey to þe chambrir he nome,  
 Whereas þe kyng of France he sey 4580  
 Make sorwe *and* full tenderly  
 Swone *and* passyng sorwe made.  
 None of his men couth hym glade

lamenting for Par- tonope.	For in hys sorowe þys was hys crye :	4584
	“Allas, Partonope ! þou were so nye	
	My kyn <i>and</i> eke my gouernowre.	
	Nowe arte þou ded, wiche were þe fflowre	
	Off alle þe knyghthode þat longeth to Fraunce.	4588
	Allas ! what happe or what myschawnee	
	Was that þe felde so ffalsely	
	Was kepte ; for þe hepen truly	[leaf 57, back]
The heathen, he says, are for- sworn.	Arne for-sowrne, <i>and</i> þat echone.	4592
	None of hem alle may voyde ne gon	
	Frome þys fowle Inconvenyente,	
	For I my-selfe was there presente,	
	When alle þe kynges þer toke here othe.	4596
He had never be- lieved that Sornegour could be capable of treason.	Yette sory I am, <i>and</i> ryghte wrothe,	
	Thys vyleny shulde be in Sornegowre,	
	For he was þe ffyrste on þat swore ;	
	And þat I wotte weþ he lacked no manhode.	4600
	I trusted euer fully in hys knyghthode	
	And In hys gentylnes, that neuer he	
	In suchē vntroupe fownden wolde be.	
	Hys worde I cowde euer haue trysted welle,	4604
	That hyt had ben as trewe as styllē.”	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

For in crye sorow this was his crye :	4584	For In his sorwe þis was his crye :	4584
“Allas, Partonope ! thou were so nye		“Allas, Partonope ! þou were so nye	
My kynne and eke my gouernoure.		My kynne <i>and</i> eke my gouernoure.	
Now arte thou dede which were the		Nowe art þou dede wiche were þe	
floure		floure	
Of alle the knyghthode that longyth to		Of aþ knyghthode þat longyth to	
Fraunce.	4588	France.	4588
Allas ! what happe or mychaunce		Allas ! what happe ore myschance	
Was that this felde so ffasly		Who þat fekiþ so falsly	
Was kept ; the hethen now trwly		Was kepte ; þe hethyn truly	
Be forsworne wythouten nay.	4592	Be for-sworne <i>with-out</i> nay.	4592
The contrary they mowe not say,		The contrary þey may not say.	
For I myself was present for sothe,		I my-selfe was present for sothe,	
Whan they toke her othe.	4596	When þey þer toke þer othe.	4596
Yet for Sornogour I am ryght sory		Yet for Sornogour I am right sorye	
That he shulde be founde in suchē		That he shulde be fonde In soyche	
vyleny.		velony.	
And yet I wote weþ he lacked no man-		Yet wot I weþ he lakede no manhode.	
hode.	4600		
I trusted euer fully in his knyghthode		I truste euer fully to his knyghthode.	
And in his gentylnesse and suerte,		And In his lentillnes <i>and</i> suerte,	
That such vntrouth wolde not he		That soyche vntrouthe wot not he	
Enförged ne neuer haue wrought.		Enförgyde ne neuer haue wrought,	
I trowe therto he not consentyd in		I trowe þer-to he neuer consentyde In	
thought.”		bought.	

- When Sornegowre herde þe kyng hym preyse,  
 To hys herte hyt was grette ese.  
 Wyth-In hym-selfe then þoʒte he : 4608  
 "I wolle no lenger hyde me."  
 And wyth þys þoʒhte in grette haste  
 Hys hedde he vnarmed, *and* per-wyth as faste  
 Alle naked he pulled owte hys swerde, 4612  
 Wyth þe wyche at þat tyme he was gyrde.  
 And in hys honde þe poynte he toke,  
 Hy's Regalyte he than for-Soke  
 As for þat tyme, as pynkethe me ; 4616  
 For downe he sette hym on hys kne.  
 "Syr," sayde he to þe ffrenshe kyng,  
 "Mercy I aske a-boue all þynge.  
 I am vnarmed, as ye may se, 4620  
 My hedde ys naked, syr, parde.  
 The hyltes vpwarde ye se I holde  
 Off my swerde naked, for þat I wolde  
 Bene atte your grace *and* atte yowre wylle. 4624  
 Thys ys my cause *and* also my Skille :  
 Yeffe þat yowre cosynd Partonope

Sornegour  
 discovers  
 himself,  
 offers up his  
 sword,

and kneels  
 before the  
 King,

asking his  
 grace.

If he be  
 proved  
 guilty of  
 treason, he

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- When Sornogoure herde the kyng  
 hym preyse,  
 Than to his hert hit was grete ese.  
 Wyth hym-self then thought he : 4608  
 "I wole no lenger now hide me."  
 And wyth this thought in grete haste  
 His helme he pulled of as faste,  
 And naked he plucked oute his  
 Swerde, 4612  
 Wyth which at that tyme he was gerde.  
 And in his honde the poynt he toke,  
 His regally he thanne for-soke,  
 As for that tyme thus dyd he, 4616  
 And down he sett hym on his kne.  
 "Syr," sayde he to the french kyng,  
 "Mercy I aske a-bove alle thing.  
 I am vnarmed, as ye may see, 4620  
 Myne heede ys naked, and I Submytte  
 me. [leaf 33, back]  
 The hyltes of my Swerde I vp holde,  
 For at youre grace I be wolde. 4623  
 And cause why / ye shaft determyn :  
 Yf that Partanope, youre Cosyn, 4626
- ¶ When Sornogour herde þe kyng  
 hym pryse,  
 Then to his hert it was grete eyse. 4607  
 With-In hym-selfe þen þought he :  
 "I wilt no lenger nowe hyde me."  
 With þis þought In grete haste, [leaf 26]  
 His helme he of faste,  
 And nakede he pullede out his swerde,  
 With whiche þat tyme he was gyrde,  
 And In his honde þe poynt he toke,  
 His regally he þen for-soke,  
 And for þat tyme þus dyde he : 4616  
 Downe he set hym on his kne.  
 "Sir," seyde he to þe kyng of France,  
 "Mercy I aske for myne alyance.  
 I am vnarmede, as ye may see." 4620  
 The helt of his swerde vp helde he.  
 "For at your grace I wolde be.  
 And cause why I shaft determyne : 462  
 Yef þat Partonope, youre cossyne,

is willing  
to yield  
himself  
prisoner.

Be ded or takyn), or pat I be  
Fow[n]den wyttyng of thys trosone, 4628  
Or any man can preve be resone  
Thys [pes] shulde be broke porowe me,  
I am here redy alle-vey to be [leaf 58]  
Obeyaunte to yowre cowrtys a-warde. 4632  
Puttythe my body in safe garde.  
My requeste I pray pat ye do,  
I yelde yowe here my Swerde also."  
þe kyng hys swerde taketh in goode a-vyse, 4636  
And prayethe hym he wolde a-ryse \*  
Vpon hys fette, and þen he sayde :  
" Sornegowre, I am grettely myspayde  
Wyth þys falshode ; yette neperles I se 4640  
By yowre governavnce þat ye ne be  
Knowyng þer-off in no wyse,  
Sythe ye arn come þus in þys gyse  
To yelde yowe þus lowly vn-to me. 4644  
Hyt semeth sory þer-off þat ye be,  
Off thys grette losse þat I haue."

The King  
begs him to  
rise ; he is  
re-assured  
that Sorne-  
gour is  
innocent.

4637. ryse] MS. ryde. 4643. MS. possibly sythen.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Rawl. MS.

Be dede or take thorow this treason,  
And yf any man canne preve be reson  
This peas shulde be broke thorow me,  
I am here redi alwey to be 4631  
Obyesaunt to youre eurtys a-warde.

Putteth my body now in safe garde.  
My request I pray that ye doo, 4634  
I yelde yow here my Swerde also.  
And thenkyth in me no variaunce,  
For I neuer thought this myschaunce."  
The kyng his Swerde taketh in goode  
wyse, 4636  
And prayde hym that he wolde ryse  
Vpon his fete, and then he sayde :  
" Sornogoure, I am gretly myspayde  
Wyth this flashede ; yet neuer þe lesse  
I see 4640

Be youre governaunce that ye not be  
Knowing therof in no wyse,  
Sethen ye are comen in this gyse 4643  
To yelde yow thus lowly vnto me.  
Hit maketh grete profe now, parde,  
That of this Tresoun no gilt ye haue."

This pes shaft be broke þorwe me,"  
I am here redy aft-vey to be  
Obeysant to your courtesye and  
warde, 4632  
Puttyth me, lorde, In saffe garde.  
My requeste I praye you þat ye do,  
I yelde you here my swerde also. 4635  
Thynketh In me no varyaunce."

The kyng his swerde taketh In good  
wyse, 4636  
And prayede hym þat he wolde ryse  
Vpon his fete, and þen he seyde :  
" Sornogour, I am gretly myspayde  
With þis falshede ; yet neuer þe lese  
I se 4640

Be your governaunce þat ye ne be  
Knowyng þer-of In no wyse,  
Sethe ye are come In þis gyse 4643  
To yelde you þus lowly to me.  
Hit maketh grete prefe now, parde,  
Of þis tresoun no gilt ye haue."



- "Syr," sayde Sornegowre, "so Gode me safe,  
 I am rothe also trewly. 4648  
 Ye ben be-trayed, *and* also am I,  
 And by home I shalle yowe telle :  
 He ys bope olde, fers, *and* felle.  
 I haue broghte hym vp of noghte, 4652  
 Where-fore ofte in my þoghte  
 I haue fulle sore repented me.  
 For he was butte of lowe degre ;  
 Off berthe hys fader was a chorle. 4656  
 Nowe haue I made hym a grette Erle ;  
 Hys name ys Mares, syr, Parde.  
 He hath be-trayed bope yowe *and* me.  
 Cursed he ys in alle wyse, 4660  
 Fayre of speche, *and* fals of seruyse.  
 To me he ys plesawnte *and* lowly,  
 And to my knyghthode dyspituos *and* stordy.  
 Fryste I helde hym trewe *and* sadde, 4664  
 And þer-fore my stewarde I hym made.
- Sornegour  
 complains of  
 the false-  
 hood of  
 Mares, who  
 was born a  
 churl ;  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
 but Sorne-  
 gour trusted  
 him, and  
 made him  
 his steward.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

"Syr," sayde Sornogoure, "so God me  
 save,  
 I am wrothe and in my hert angrey 4648  
 That ye thus are be-trayed/ and so am I ;  
 And be whome hit ys I shaft yow tell :  
 He ys bothe olde, fers, and felt.  
 I haue brought hym vp of nought, 4652  
 Wherefore ofte in my large thought  
 I haue full sore repentyd me  
 That euer I so lewde shulde be ;  
 For he was of bryth but lowe degre,  
 I my-self made hym free.  
 His fadyr was but a power Cherle ; 4656  
 Now I haue made the Son an Erle.  
 Hit ys Marres, Syr, pardee.  
 He hath be-trayed bothe yow and me.  
 Cursid he ys and Covetous in alle wyse,  
 Fayre of spech, and flas in Servyse. 4661  
 To me he ys plesant and lowly, [leaf 31]  
 And to my men dyspituos and sturdy.  
 Fyrst I helde hym true and sadde, 4664  
 And therfore my stywarde I hym made.  
 Quaynt rewles now dothe he vse,  
 I wole for euer now hym refuse.  
 And servyse more neuer shaft he do,  
 And his deservyng shaft I quyte also.

## Rawl. MS.

"Sir," seyde Sornogour, "so God me  
 saue,  
 I am wrothe *and* In my hert angry 4648  
 That ye are betrayede, *and* so am I.  
 Be whom it is I shaft you tell :  
 He is bothe olde, fers, and felt.  
 I haue brought hym vp of nought, 4652  
 Where [-fore] oftyn in my þought  
 I haue full sore repentyde me [lf. 26, bk.]  
 That I euer so lewyde shulde be ;  
 For he was of berthe but lowe degre.  
 His fader was but a poure churle, 4656  
 Nowe haue I made his son an erle.  
 His name is Marras, *sir*, parde.  
 He hath be-trayedde you *and* me.  
 Coursede he is In all wyse, 4660  
 Fayre of speche, *and* false In seruyse.  
 To me his he plesant *and* louly,  
 To my men dysspyttuouse *and* stordy.  
 Fyrste I helde hym trewe *and* sade, 4664  
 There-for my stewarde I hym made.  
 Qynnte Rulis dothe he vse,  
 I wiþ for euer hem refuse.  
 His seruyce more neuer shaft he me do,  
 His deservy[n]ge shaft I quyte so.

A recital of  
Mare's  
falseness.

And when he purposed to do fals þynge,  
þys was hys worde : þys wolle þe kyng.  
Thys alle þe dynte ys falle on me. 4668  
There as my pepelle was wonte to be  
To me fulle louynge *and* fulle kynde,  
Ille wyllid *and* frowarde nowe I hem ffynde. 4671  
For no man to me wolde \* sey of þe traytowre (leaf 58, back)  
Butte alle worshyppe *and* grette honowre.  
An Erles doȝter I gaffe hym to wyfe ;  
He hathe me greued wyth werre *and* stryfe.  
For þer I had wende he had saued myn honowre, 4676  
He maketh me be holde fals *and* a traytowre.  
Where-fore I pray yowe of on þynge,  
As ye ben a ryȝhtfulle kyng,  
þat in no wyse ye pynke þorowe me 4680  
Shulde be ded Partonope.  
For an Erle haue here a kyng.  
And yeff so be [þat] for no-thinge  
I may not [now] excuseð be, 4684  
Takethe venganse þen vpon me.  
And yeffe hyt lyke yowe þen þat I haue

Sornegour  
declares  
himself in-  
nocent. If  
it pleases  
the King, he  
is ready to  
become his  
liege-man.

4672 MS. Wollé.

Univ. Coll. MS.

For whan he purposyth to do fals thing  
Such ys his worde/ thus wolle the kyng.  
Thus alle the dent ys falle on me.  
There as my peple was wont to be 4669  
To me full lovyng and full kynde,  
Evyth wyllid now hem fynde.  
For none wolde tell me of this Traytour,  
But speke hym worship and honour. 4673  
And Erles daughter I gafe hym to wyfe ;  
He hath me rewarde wyth sorow and  
stryfe.  
Where I had went tha[t] he shulde save  
my honoure 4676  
He makes me to be holde a fals Tray-  
toure.  
Where-fore I pray yow of oo thing,  
As ye be now a ryȝht-full king.  
That in no vyse ye thenke thorow me  
Shulde be dede or take Partonope. 4681  
For an Erle haue here a king.  
And yf so be that for no-thing  
I may not now Excused be, 4684  
Take vengeance then on me.  
And yf hit lyke yow that I haue

Rawl. MS.

When he purposeth to do false thyng,  
Soche is his wordes : þus wyl þe kyng  
That aþ þe doute is fast on me. 4668  
There as my pepith was wont to be  
To me louy[n]ge *and* full kynde,  
Eviþ willyde I do hem fynde,  
Non wolde tell me of þis trayture, 4672  
But speke hym worchipe *and* honour.  
An erlis daughter I gafe hym to wyfe ;  
He hathe me rewardyde with sorwe *and*  
stryfe. 4675  
Where I wende to sauȝde my honour  
He makes me to [be] holde a trayture.  
Where-for I praye you of o thyng,  
As ye be now a right-full kyng,  
That in no wyse ye thynke þorwe me  
Shulde be dede ore take Partonope.  
For an erle haue here a kyng.  
And yef so be þat for no-thinge  
I may not nowe excusede be, 4684  
Take vengeance þen on me.  
And yef it lyke you þat I haue

My lyffe, I shalle, so Gode me saue, To yowe as trewe <i>and</i> ffryndely be As <i>Euer</i> was Erle Partonope, And do yowe seruyse as weH as I can, And þer-to be-come yowre trewe lege man. And here-of to make yowe swerte I shalle le hostages of goode degre, Erlys <i>and</i> baronys <i>and</i> oper men, Kynges also, <i>and</i> echie of hem Shalle come <i>and</i> do yowe homage, As welLe as they þat ben for me in Ostage." The kynge hym answered fuH goodely : "Syr," he sayde, "be Gode aH-myghty, O-the[r] vengauunce kepe I none Butte þat ye haue seyde ye wolLe done. Ye seyne ye wolLe my lege man be And alle yowre londe holde of me."— "Syr," sayde Sornegowre, "þat I yow seye, To do hyt redy I wolLe obeye." þe ffrenshe men aH helde hem weH payde Wyth þe kynge, <i>and</i> also they sayde	4688	He will serve him as faithfully as Partonope,
	4692	and pro- mises host- ages.
	4696	
	4700	The King agrees,
	4704	and receive Sornegour's homage.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

My lyfe / I shaH, so God me save, To yow as trew and as frendly be As euer that was Erle Partanope, And do yow Seruyse as weH as I canne, And therto be-come youre legeman. And herof to make yow sewertee I shaH lay hostage of goode degre, Erles and Barons and other men, Kingis also, and eche of hem ShaH Come and do yow homage, As weH as for to lye for me in hostage." HE him answerd then fuH goodely : "Sir," he sayde, "be God al- myghty, Other vengauunce kepe I none But as ye haue sayde that ye wolde done. Ye seen he wole my legeman be And alle youre londes holde of me."— "Syr," sayde Sornogoure, "that I yow say To do hit redyly I wyH obeye." The frenchemen alle helde hem weH payde Wyth the king, and also they sayde	4688	My lyfe, I shaH, so God me saue, To you as trewe <i>and</i> frendly be As euer was erle Partonope, [11f. 27.] And do you seruyse as weH as I can, And here-of to [make] you suerte I shaH ley ostage of good degre, Erlis <i>and</i> barons <i>and</i> oper men, Kynges also <i>and</i> iche of hem ShaH come <i>and</i> do you homage, As weH as lye for me in hostage." ¶ He answerde þen fuH goodly : "Sir," he seyde, "be God almyghty, Othir venganee kepe I none, But as I haue seyde þat wiH I done. Ye sey ye wiH my lege man be And aH youre lordes holde of me."— "Sir," [seyde] Sornogour, "that I you sey To do it redy I wiH obeye." The frenche aH helde hym payde With þe kynge, <i>and</i> also þey seyde	4688
	4692		4692
	4696		4696
	4700		4700
	4704		4704

- Off kynge Sornegowre grette worshyppe in soþe, 4708  
 And seyden trewly he had kepte *hys* othe.  
 The kynge a-non *hys* Omage haþe take.  
 The ffrenshie men grette Ioye make,  
 And seyne Sornegowre wyth holde *hys* heste, 4712  
 And that þe kynge a grette *conqueste* [leaf 59]  
 H[ath]e made, *and* fewe \* strokys gefe.  
 They byn ensured eche other to loue.  
 Thes iij. kynges vnarmed be. 4716  
 Yette grette heuynes for Partonope  
 Ys made a-monge þe ffrenshe men.  
 The kynge a-nonne comawndetþe hem  
 Alle that of *hys* conselle be, 4720  
 That they shulde besy hem to se  
 That alle þe worshyppe *and* honowre  
 That myghte be do to Sornegowre,  
 Shulde be don *and* alle þe seruyse 4724  
 þat myghte be do in ony wyse.  
 And so they dyd as they myghte.  
 Here hertys were heuy *and* no-þynge lyghte  
 4714. fewe] *MS.* grette ; gefe] *MS.* scarcely gofe.

They wait on  
 Sornegowr  
 with due  
 honour,

but are sad  
 at heart for

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Of king Sornogoure grete worship in  
 sothe, 4708  
 And sayden he truly hath kept his  
 hothe.  
 The king a-none his homoge hath take.  
 The frenshmen grete Ioye make,  
 And sayde that Sornogoure wolde holde  
 his hest, 4712  
 And that the king a grete conquest  
 Hath made, and few strokes yove.  
 They be Ensured eche other to love.  
 These two kinges vn-armed be. 4716  
 Yett grete hevynesse for Partonope  
 Is mad a-monge the french men.  
 The king a-none commaundeth hem  
 That they shulde besy hem to see 4720  
 Alle that of Counsaile be,  
 That alle the worship and the honor  
 That myght be do to Sornogoure \*  
 Shulde be done and alle the servyse  
 That myght be done in eny wyse. 4725  
 And so they dyd as they myght.  
 Her hertes were hevy and no-thing  
 lyght

*MS.* places l. 4723 after 4720.

## Rawl. MS.

Of kynge Sornogoure grete worchiþe  
 In sothe, 4708  
 And seyde he truly hade kepte his othe.  
 The kynge his homage hathe take.  
 The frenche men grete Ioye make,  
 And seyde Sornogour wolde holde his  
 heste, 4712  
 And þat þe kynge a grete conqueste  
 Hathe made, *and* fewe strokes yeve.  
 They ben ensuerede iche oþer to loue.  
 This ij kynges vnarmede be. 4716  
 Yet grete heuynes for Partonope  
 Ys made amonge þe frenche men.  
 The kynge anon comonlyth hem  
 That þey shulde besye hem to se 4720  
 All þat of his counsell be,  
 That all þe worchiþe *and* honour  
 That myght be do to Sornogoure  
 Shulde be done *and* all þy seruyce  
 That myght be don in ony wyse. 4725  
 And so þey dede as þey myght.  
 Here hertes were heuy *and* nothyng  
 light

4724. A flourished S before shulde.

For the losse of Partonope.	4728	the loss of Partonope.
Grette sorowe in herte for hym made he.		
Alle nyghte gret sorowe a-monge hem was made ;		
None of hem cowde other glade.		
The hethen men on here syde	4732	
On the morowe faste to Chars gan ryde,		The next morning, the heathen ride to Chars.
And to the castelle off Agysowre		
To seehe here lorde kynge Sornegowre.		
And when they hed aH I-soghte,	4736	They do not find Sornegour, and suppose he is dead.
And of hym fynde cowde ryghte noghte,		
Off hym cowde they no nother rede,		
Butte Supposen sothely pat he ys dede.		
Kynge Fursyn * and kynge Fabowre	4740	Fursin and Fabur, with their com- pany, ride to the lodg- ing of Mares, and put the traitor to death.
Hem armed a-none wyth hert Sore,		
And comawndeð aH here cheualrye		
Wyth hem to ryde In grette hye		
Streghite to Mares loggyng.	4744	
They sayde he was causer of lesynge		
Off here kynge and here a-vowe,		
Where-fore they seyde ded shulde he be.		
As they seyden so they dyd.	4748	
4732. of crossed out before on).	4740. MS. Furfyn).	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

For the losse of Partanope.	4728
Grete sorow in hert made he.	
Alle nyght grete sorow amonge hem was made ;	
None of hem couthe other glade,	
The hethen men on her syde	4732
On the morow fast to Chars gyve ryde,	
And to the Casteff of Agrysor [leaf 33]	
To seche her lorde king Sornogoure.	
And whan they had alle l-sought,	4736
And of fynde hym Couthe they ryght nought,	
Than they couth none other rede,	
But supposen sothely that he ys dede.	
King Sursyn and king Fabour	4740
Hem armed anone wyth hert sore,	
And Conmaunde alle her Cheualrye	
Wyth hem to ryde in grete hie	
Streight to Marras logging.	4744
They Sayde he was Cause of lesyng	
Of her king and her a-bowe,	
Wherefore they sayde that dede he shulde be.	
As they sayden so they dyd.	4748

## Rawl. MS.

For þe losse of Partonope.	4728
Grete hert with sorwe hade he.	
AH nyght grete sorwe þey made ;	
None of hem couthe oþer glade. [ff. 27, bk 1]	
The hethyn men on þer syde	4732
On morwe faste to Chars dede ryde,	
And to the casteff of Agysoure	
To seche þer kynge Sornogoure.	
When þey hade aH sought,	4736
Of hym couthe þey here nought.	
Of hym þey couthe no noþer rede,	
But suppose sothely pat he is dede.	
Kynge Sursyn and Kynge Fabure	4740
Hem armede anone with hert sore,	
And comondyde aH here cheualrye	
With hem to ryde In grete hye	
Streight to Marras loggyng.	4744
They seyde he was cause of lesyng	
Of hir kynge and here meyne,	
Where-fore he seyde he shulde dye.	
As þey seyde so þey dede.	4748

	Ferssely a-pon hym they rydde, And In grette haste dyd hym sle, And grette parte also <i>hys</i> meyne.	[leaf 59, back]
They thank their God that Partonope is alive.	When Partonope sawe alle thys, To hem a-none yeldon he ys. When they fownde hym on lyfe, Grette Ioye was a-monge hem as blyfe, And þonked ther gode of <i>hys</i> grace :	4752 4756
	They howped they shulde þe better passe Thorowe Fraunce to þe ssee, And so to passe safe in-to here cuntre. And as they were in thys affray,	4760
	Fro Povntyffe, ther as here kynge laye, A letter he sende in grette haste, Vndyr <i>hys</i> synette, comawndynge ffaste Alle <i>hys</i> oste to come to Povntyfe	4764
	To make an ende of aH þys stryffe, And homage to do to þe kynge of Fraunce, To home he had made <i>hys</i> alygeavnssse. When they herde of here kynge	4768

4756. or þanked ?

## Unic. Coll. MS.

Feersly vpon hym they ryde,  
And in grete haste they dyd slee,\*  
And grete parte also of his meyne.  
When Partonope sey alle this, 4752  
To hem anone yolden he ys.  
When they founden hym a-lyye,  
Grete yole amonge hem was made as  
bylyve,  
And thanked God of his grete grace :  
They hoped they shulde the better  
passe 4757  
Thorow Fraunche alle to the See,  
And so forthe safe in-to her Countree.  
And as they were in this affray, 4760  
Fro Pountyff, there as her kyng lay,  
A letter he sent in grete hast,  
Vndyr his Signett, comaundyng fast  
Alle his Ooste to come to Pountyff 4764  
To make an ende of alle this stryfe,\*  
And homage to do to the king of  
Fraunce,  
To whom he had made his lyegeaunce.  
When they herd of her king 4768

4750. MS. flec.

1. 4765 after 4771 in MS.

## Raecl. MS.

Faste vpon hym þey rede,  
And in grete haste þey dyde sle  
And a grete parte of his meyne.  
When Partonope se aH this, 4752  
To hem anone yeldyn he is.  
When þey fonde hym on lyve  
Grete Ioye amonge hem was blyve,  
And thankede God of his grace : 4756  
They hoppede þey shulde þe beter passe  
Thorwe France to þe see,  
And so forthe safe in-to þer contre.  
And þey were in þis affray 4760  
Fro Pountyfe þer here kynge lay,  
A leter he sent In grete haste,  
Vnder his sygnet, comondynge faste  
AH his oste to come to Pountyfe 4764  
To make an ende of þe stryfe  
And homage do to þe kyng of Fraunce,  
To whom he hade made his legaunce.  
When þey herde of þer kynge 4768

- That on lyfe was, a-bofe alle þynge  
 They made grette Ioye, *and* yette þey were  
 For Mares dethe grettely in ffere.  
 Nowe be they come to Povntyfe 4772  
 To here kyng, *and* of hys lyfe  
 They be as gladde as they may be.  
 Wyth hem they brynge Partonope.  
 The kyng of Fraunce owte of þe towne 4776  
 Ys ryden, *and* wyth hym a legyowne  
 Off hys knyghtes, as syker as day,  
 Welle I-horsed *and* in ffresshe a-aye.  
 Off aH þe Ostys they bere þe flowre. 4780  
 And wyth hym rydeth kyng Sornegowre,  
 Talkynge *and* spekyng dyuerse þynges.  
 And sone after they had tydynges  
 That þe oste of Sarsenyas was neye. 4784  
 When the kyng of Fraunce hem sye, [leaf 60]  
 A-fore hem aH come kyng Fursyn,\*  
 And nexte hym come kyng Faburyñ,  
 Partonope and \* kyng Loemers,\* 4788

The King of  
 France and  
 Sornegour  
 come to  
 meet him.

Sornegour's  
 vassals beg  
 for pardon  
 for having  
 slain Mares.

4786. MS. Furfyn or perhaps Surfyn.

4788. and] MS. had; MS. Leomers.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

That he on lyve was, above alle thing  
 They made grete Ioye, and yett they  
 were  
 Foo Marres dethe gretly in feere.  
 Now be they come to Pountyfe 4772  
 To her kyng, and of his lyfe [ff. 35, bk.]  
 They be as gladde as they mow be.  
 Wyth hem they bring Partanope. 4775  
 The king of Fraunce oute of the town  
 Is ryden, and wyth hym a legyoun  
 Of his knyghtes, as syker as day, 4778  
 Wyth I-horsid and in freesh aray.  
 Of alle his Ooste they bere the flour.  
 And wyth hym rydys king Sornogoure,  
 Talking and speking of dyuers thynges.  
 And sone after haue they tithynges  
 That the Ooste of Sarasyns was nye.  
 And when the king of Fraunce hym  
 sye, 4785  
 Afore hym alle Comyth king Fursyn \*  
 And next hym Comyth king Fabouryn,  
 Partanope and king Loemers, 4788

l. 4786. MS. rather fursyn than sursyn.

PARTONOPE.

*Rawl. MS.*

Was on lyve, aboue althyng  
 They made grete Ioye þere  
 For Marras dethe gretly In fere.  
 Nowe be þey come to Pountyfe, 4772  
 To hir kyng *and* of his lyfe.\* [ff. 28.]  
 They be as glade as þey may be.  
 With hem þey brynge Partonope. 4775  
 The kyng of France oute of þe towne  
 Ys redyn, with hym his alygyone,  
 Of his knyghtes, sekere as day,  
 WeH I-horsede *and* In noblay.  
 Of aH his oste þey bere þe flour. 4780  
 With hem was kyng Sornogoure,  
 Talkynge *and* spekyng of dyuerse  
 thynges.  
 And sone after haue þey tydynges  
 That þe oste of sarsons was nygh. 4784  
 When þe kyng of France hym sigh,  
 Afore hem aH comyth kyng Sursyn,  
 Nexte hym comyth kyng Fabryne,  
 Partonope, *and* kyng Loemers, 478

ll. 4772-73 inverted in MS.

N

- And Marukyns,\* a kynge full fers.  
 Wyth hem come mony a worthy knyghte.  
 These iiii. kynges on here fete be lyghte,  
 And come to Sornegowre, wyth-owten les, 4792  
 To crye hym mercy, and axe here pes  
 Off þat they had Mares Slayne.  
 But lorde! the frensshie men were fayne,  
 When þe kynge had Partonope 4796  
 In hys possessione and in hys sewerte.  
 Some lowhen, and some sterte,  
 And some wepte for tendernes of herte.  
 And Sornegowre was boþe glad and Ioyus 4800  
 Off Partonope, and þer-to desyrus  
 Wyth hym to speke, wyth-owte les.  
 But a-none þer was so grette pres  
 To be-holde þys yonge Partonope, 4804  
 Eche man had Ioye on hym to se.  
 Some hym welcome, and some hym kysse,  
 The syghte of hym here care made lesse.  
 The kynge of Fraunce taketh homage 4808  
 Off alle þe heþyn, and þer-to sure hostage,  
 4789. MS. Mavrekyns.

The French  
rejoice  
to see  
Partonope  
again.

The King  
receives the  
homage of  
the heathen,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And Markynne, a king full fers,  
 Wyth hem come many a worthy  
 knyght.  
 There foure kynges on foote be lyght,  
 And come to Sornegoure wythouten  
 lees 4792  
 To Crye hym Mercy and aske hym pes  
 Of that they had Marres slayne.  
 But lorde! the frenchemen were full  
 fayne,  
 When the king had Partanope 4796  
 In his possession and in suerte.  
 Som lowghen, and some strete,  
 And some wept for tendyrnesse of hert.  
 And Sornegoure was bothe gladd and  
 Ioyouse 4800  
 Of Partanope, and therto desyrouse  
 Wyth hym to speke, wyth-outen les.  
 But there a-none was so grete pres  
 To be-holde this yong Partanope, 4804  
 Eche man had Ioye on him to see.  
 Som hym welcomed, some him kysse,  
 The syth of hym her care made lesse,  
 The king of Fraunce tolde homage 4808  
 And ther-to suer hostage,

## Rawl. MS.

And Markyn, a kynge full fers.  
 With hem come many a worthy  
 knyght.  
 These iiii kynges on foote be light,  
 And come to Sornegour, with-out les,  
 To crye hym mercy and aske hym pes  
 Of þat þey hade Marras slayne. 4794  
 But þe frenche men were fayne,  
 When þe kynge hade Partonope 4796  
 In his possession and In suerte.  
 Som loughen, and som sterte,  
 And som wepte for tendernes of herte.  
 Sornegour was glade and Ioyeus 4800  
 Of Partonope and þer-to desyrus  
 With hym to speke, with-out les.  
 But þer anone was so grete prese  
 To be-holde þis Partonope, 4804  
 Eche man hade Ioye hym to see.  
 Som hym welcomede, som hym kysse,  
 The sight of hym þer care made lesse.  
 The kynge of France toke omage, 4808  
 And þer-to sure ostage,



That they shulde hym bere feyth <i>and</i> trowpe, And In hym shaH neuer be slowpe Fownden, but in trowpe here honowre	4812	
Euer he wolde safe, <i>and</i> per-wyth Sornegowre, When he herde þe detli of Mares, He comawndetlie <i>hys</i> men þat aH per plays Shulde cese <i>and</i> be putte in contynuawnce,	4816	
WhyH they were in þe Reme of Fraunce. The kyng of Fraunce hath made an ende Wyth aH þes heþyn, <i>and</i> lefe to wende He geuyth hem þorowe þe Remme of Fraunce,	4820	and gives them leave to pass through the country.
Wyth-owte lettynge or dysturbaunce. Atte þe departynge of thes ij. kynges,		[leaf 60, back]
þe kyng of Fraunce geuyth grete þynges : He gaffe hem golde, seluer, <i>and</i> corne,	4824	He presents them with magnificent gifts,
And þat suchie plente, þat neuer be-forne In Fraunce was sene suchie a coste,		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

That they shulde him bere fayth and  
trouth,  
And in hym shaH neuer be slouth  
Founden, but that in thought thayre  
honoure [leaf 36]. 4812  
Evyr he weH saue, and therwyth  
Sornogoure,  
When he herde the dede of armes,  
He comaundyd his men that alle her  
plees  
Shulde sees and be put in contynu-  
aunce, 4816  
Whiles they were in the Rewme of  
Fraunce,  
For there they thought no lenger  
sogeourene,  
But besy hem homward to retourene,\*  
For the king of Fraunce had made  
an ende  
Wyth alle these hethen), and lefe to  
wende  
He yeuyth hem thurgh the Rewme of  
Fraunce, 4820  
Wythouten letting or any dystaunce.  
At the parting of these two kynges  
The king of Fraunce yafe grete thynges :  
He yafe golde, Seluer, and also Corne,  
And that such plente as neuer be-forne  
In Fraunce was seen) such a cost, 4826

## Rawl. MS.

That þey shulde hym bere feyth *and*  
trothe [leaf 28, back.  
And In hem shaH neuer be fonde  
slouthe,  
Fonde, but In trouthe *and* honoure  
Euer he wiH saue *and* per-with  
Sornogoure, 4813  
When he herde þe dede of armes,  
He comondyth at aH perelles  
Shulde sece *and* put In contenance,  
Whyle þey were in the reme of France.  
The kyng of France hade made ende  
With aH þis hethyn, *and* lefe to wende  
He yeuyth hem þorwe-out France, 4820  
Without lettynge ore ony dystaunce.  
And departyde of þis ij kynges,  
The kyng of Fraunce yafe grete  
thynges :  
He yafe golde, syluer, *and* also corne,  
Soyche plente was neuer be-forne 4825  
In France was sen soyche a coste,

11. 4818-19 inverted in MS.

and assures  
Sornegour of  
his friend-  
ship.

Sornegour  
takes his  
departure,  
and the King  
of France  
leaves for  
Paris.

Off corne suche plente, for aH þe Oste  
Was refreshed, yet more gaffe he : 4828  
Clethes of golde *and* of sylke gret plente,  
Horse, howndes, berys, and lyonys,  
Goshawkys, sparohawkys, *and* ryalle facownys.  
Sornegowre suche frenshyppe he be-hyghte, 4832  
That homwarde in hert he ys gladde *and* lyghte.  
    Affter þe kyng his yefftys alle  
    Hath I-geffe, boþe grette *and* smalle,  
    Be-pynketh hym grettely Partonope 4836  
Whatte geftes beste geffe may he.  
And for hys worshyppe shulde a-ryse  
Grette geftys he gan to denyse  
And to departe so plentuosly, 4840  
That men myghte se so frely  
Neuer man hys geftys gaffe.  
The heþyn kyng sownde *and* saffe  
Hys lefe hape taken, *and* streyghte goþe he 4844  
The nexte way in-to hys Cuntre.  
The kyng of Fraunce be goode a-vyce  
þe streyghte way holdeth in-to Paryse.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Of Corne suche plente that alle the  
Ooste  
Was refreshed, yet more yafe he : 4828  
Clothes of golde and of Sylk grete  
plente,  
Horsis, houndys, Berys, and lyounys,  
Goshowkis, Sperhawkys, and ryatt  
fawcouns.  
Sornogour such frendship he be-hyght  
That homward in hert he ys gladde and  
lyght. 4833  
    After the king his yeftes alle  
    Had he yve, bothe grete and smalle,  
    Be-thinketh hym gretly now Partanope  
    What yeftes best yve myght he. 4837  
    And for his worship shulde a-ryse,  
    Grete yeftes he ganne devyse,  
    And so to hem departe so plenteuously  
    That men myght se so freshly 4841  
    Neuer man his yeftes yafe.  
    The hethen king sounde and safe,  
    His leve hath takyn, and Streight  
    gothe he 4844  
The next way in-to his Countre.  
The king of Fraunce by goode devyse  
The streyght way holdyth to Parys.

Of corne soyche plente þat ilke oste  
Was refreshede, yet yve more he: 4828  
Clothis of golde *and* sylke grete plente,  
Hors, houndes, beris, lyons,  
Goshaukes, sparehaukes, *and* royatt  
facons. 4831  
Sornogour soyche frenchipe he be-hight  
That homwarde in hert is he light.  
    After þe kyng hade gef his gyftes aH  
    Hade he yve, bothe grete *and* smatt,  
    Be-thynketh hym gretly þat Partonope  
    What yeste hym yve myght he. 4837  
    And for his worchipe shulde aryse  
    Grete yeftes he gan devyse,  
    And to hem departyde so plentely 4840  
    That men myght se so freshly  
    Neuer man his yeftes yve  
    The hethyn kyng sonde *and* saue  
    His lene hath, *and* streight gothe he  
The nexte wey In-to his contre. 4845  
The kyng of France be good avyse  
The streight wey to Parris holdyth he.

Wyth Sornegowre ys Partonope,	4848	Partonope is highly praised for his gene- rosity and courtesy.
And grette geftes nowe geueth he		
To hym <i>and</i> to all hys Oste,		
þat wyth-owte a passynge coste		
Alle men sayde hyt myghte not be.	4852	
He was boþe manly, curteyse, <i>and</i> fre.		
Ther was neyþer Erle, kynge, ne barowne,		
Were he in fylde, Castelle, or towne,		
þat he ne had gefttes grete.	4856	
Hyt semed weþ he wolde not lette		
Hym-selfe to worshyppe for coste or dyspence.	[leaf 61]	
Also, for soþe, grette necligens		
Was neuer herborowed in hys persone,*	4860	
He wyste so welle what was to done.		
Ther was neyþer knyghte, ne squyer of price,		
That they ne had gyfttes of good deuysse.		
þer-fore they thonked hym in hys wyse,	4864	
And ther-to gaffe hym the pryce		
Off manhode, fredome, <i>and</i> curtesey.		
They cleped hym þe flowre of cheualrey ;		
For in hys geuynge he ofte hem prayde	4868	
4860. MS. <i>persone</i> .		

<i>Univ. Coll. MS.</i>		<i>Rawl. MS.</i>	
Wyth Sornogoure ys Partanope	4848	With Sornogoure is Partonope,	4848
And grete yeftes geuyth he		And grete yeftes geuyth he	[leaf 29]
To hym <i>and</i> to all his oste,		To hym <i>and</i> to all his oste,	
That with-out a passenge coste		That with-out a passenge coste	
All men sayde hit myght not be.	4852	All men seyde it myght not be.	4852
He was bothe manly, curteys, and free.		He was wyse, manly, <i>and</i> fre.	
Ther was nouthur kyng, Erle, ne baroun,		Ther was neyþer erle ne barone,	
Were he in felde, Casteil or town,		Where he in felde, castell, ore towne,	
That he ne had yeftes grete.	4856	That he ne hade yeftes grete.	4856
Hym-self to worship for cost or dyspence		Hit semyde weþ he wolde not lete	
Also sothely grete negligence		Hym-selfe to worchipe for ony dys- pence.	
Was neuer founden In his persone,	4860	Also sothly grete neck[legennce	
He wist so weþ what was to done.		Was neuer founde In his persone,	4860
There ne was knyght, ne Squyer of pryce,	[leaf 36, back]	He wyste so weþ what he hade to done.	
That they ne hadde gyftes of goode deuyce ;		Ther ne was squyre, ne knyght of pryse,	
Where-fore they thanked hym in hys wyse,	4864	But þey hade yeftes of good deuyse,	
And therto gyffyn him so hys a pryse		Where-for þey thanke hem In here wyse,	4864
Of manhode, fredom, and curtasye,		And þer-to gyfe hym so hys enpryse	
Of worship, nurture, and Clevalrye ;		Of manhode, fredom, <i>and</i> cortesey ;	
For In his gyffynge ofte he prayde	4868	For In his praynge he hym prayde	

- Off here goode frenshyppe, *and per-wyth* sayde,  
 Yeffe euer hyt lay in hys lotte eny þynge  
 That hem myghthe do ese or plesynge,  
 He wolde be euer redy to do. 4872  
 The hepen on the other syde also  
 Hym ponked grettely, bothe moste *and* leste,  
 Off hys grette yefftes *and* hys be-heste.  
 Sornegour and Partonope part like brothers.  
 Butte when Sornegowre *and* Partonope 4876  
 Alle-gate shulde departed be,  
 And eche shulde take leue of other,  
 They wepte as þowe broþer *and* broþer  
 For euer shulde departe on tweyne. 4880  
 Sornegowre sayde, þowe he myglite wyne  
 Atte one worde alle Turkye *and* Fraunce,  
 He had leuer haue þe Allyawnee  
 Off yonge Partonope þan þat to Ioye, 4884  
 “And nowe I wotte welle, departe fro yow \*  
 I moste nedys, þys ys the fyne.”  
 Fursyn, And *per-wyth* he wepte, *and* þen kyng Fursyne \*  
 4884–85. *Three points in MS. after Partonope and welle.*  
 4885. yow] *MS.* ye. 4887. *MS.* Furfyne.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Of his good frendshipp, and therwyth  
 sayde  
 Yeff euer in his lotte lay any thing  
 That he myght do ease or Ellis plesing,  
 He wolde ben redy euer to do. 4872  
 The hethen on the tother syde also  
 Hym thanked gretly, bothe mooste  
 and lest,  
 Of his grete yefftes and his be-heste.  
 But whan Sornogoure and Partanope  
 Algate shulde de-partyd be, 4877  
 And eche shulde take leue of other,  
 They wept as they had be Brother and  
 brother  
 That euer they shulde departe a-  
 twynne. 4880  
 Sornogour sayd: “Though I myght  
 wyne  
 At one worde alle Turky and eke  
 Fraunce,  
 I had lever haue the delyaunce  
 Of yow Partanope than that to Ioye  
 now. 4884  
 And now I wote weþ departed fro yow  
 I mote nedys, this ys the fyne.”  
 And ther-wyth he wepte, and than  
 king Surseynd

## Rawl. MS.

Of his frencheipe, and yet with seyde  
 Yef euer in his lot lay onythyng  
 That hym myght do eyse ore plesynge,  
 He wolde be redy euer to do. 4872  
 The hethyn on þe toþer syde also  
 Hym thanketh gretly, moste and leste,  
 Of his grete yefte *and* his heste.  
 But when Sornogour *and* Partonope  
 Algate shulde departyde be, 4877  
 And iche shulde take leue of oþer,  
 They wepte as þey hade ben broþer,  
 That þey shulde departe atwyne. 4880  
 Sornogour seyde: “þough I myght  
 wyne  
 At on worde Torkey *and* Fraunce,  
 I hade leuer þy dalyaunce  
 Of you Partonope þen þat Ioye nowe.  
 And nowe I witt departe fro you, 4885  
 I moote nedes, þis is þe fyne.”  
 Ther-with he wepte, *and* þen Sursynd

- Come, *and wyth hym kyng* Loemers \* 4888 Loemer and Faburin explain to Partonope that, as keepers of the place, they have thought it just to put Mares to death.  
 And kyng Fabur[i]nes, þey had no perys,  
 For kynges they were alle thre,  
 And come to speke *wyth* Partonope.  
 Fryste of all spake Fursyne \* þe kyng 4892  
 To Partonope, *and* sayde: "Of one þynge  
 We wolde yow pray, *and þat* echē-one,  
 Ye wolde vs conselle what were to done."  
 "Syre," sayde Fursyne, \* "þys ys no les, [ff. 61, bk.] 4896  
 Ye wotte wel þat deð ys Mares,  
 And Gode wotte not þurghē owre defawte,  
 For falsly vpon yow he made a-sawte  
 A-yenste þe a-corde of owre parlemente. 4900  
 Ther swore \* we alle be one assente  
 The ffylde to kepe weð *and* trewly  
 That no man shulde be so hardy  
 To entermete hym on eyþer partye. 4904  
 And thus sware \* Mares as weð as I.  
 And þen we sawe hȳt myghte not ffayle  
 That þe vycторыe of þys batayle
4888. MS. Leomers. 4892-96. MS. Furfyne.  
 4901. swore] MS. fore. 4905. sware] MS. swake.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Come, and wyth hym king Loemers,  
 And king Faburnyns, they had a prees,  
 For kinges they were alle there, 4890  
 And come to speke wyth Partanope.  
 Furst of alle spake Sursyn the king  
 To Partanope, and sayd: "Of oo  
 thing [1 leaf 37] 4193  
 We wolde yow pray, and that echone,  
 Ye wolde vs counsaile what were to  
 done."  
 "Sir," Sayde Fursyn, "this ys no  
 lees, 4896  
 Ye wote wele that dede ys Marres,  
 And God wote not thorow oure defaute,  
 For flasly vpon yow he made assaute  
 A-yn the acorde of oure parlament.  
 There swere we alle by one assent 4901  
 The feelde to kepe wele and truly  
 That no man shulde be so hardy  
 To entormete hym on neyther parte.  
 And this swere Marres as wele as we.  
 And thanne we sye this myght not  
 fayle 4906  
 That the victori of this batayle

## Rawl. MS.

Come, *and with hym* Loemers. 4888  
 Firste of all spake Sursyn þe kyng<sup>1</sup> 4892  
 [1 leaf 296]  
 To Partonope and seyde: "Of othyng  
 We witt you praye, *and þat* ichone,  
 Ye wolde vs counseñ what to don."  
 "Sir," seyde Sursyn, "þis is no lesse,  
 Ye wot weð þat dede is Marras, 4897  
 And not þorwe oure defaute,  
 For falsly made on you de saute,  
 A-yen þe corde of oure parlemente. 4900  
 There swere we all by on sente  
 The felde to kepe weð *and* truly  
 That no man shulde be so hardy  
 To entermete on neyþer parte. 4904  
 This sware Marras weð as we.  
 Then we se we myght not faith  
 That þe victory of þis bataiñ

Moste nedes falle to yowre syde. 4908  
 Thys Mares wolde no lenger a-byde :  
 He toke no hede of othe ne allegeawnce,  
 Butte enteryd þe lystes, *and* gret dysturbawnce  
 Made, for he wolde rescowe hys lorde, 4912  
 A-geyne þe ordynavnce *and* þe accorde  
 Off alle þe lordes of bothe partye.  
 Where[-fore] me þynketh, syr, trulye,  
 Suchie as were kepers of þe place 4916  
 To suchie one shulde do no grace,  
 Butte done hym lawe \* *and* hie Iustyce.  
 So dede we, *and* þus in þys wyse  
 Ys dede þat fals Erle Mares, 4920  
 That brake hys othe *and* eke owre pes.  
 And þer-fore, yef any man wolþ [say] þat y \*  
 In thys case dude ffelonye,  
 Or ony of vs, þe contrary to proue 4924  
 I am redy." *And* þer-wyth hys gloue  
 He threwe downe ; *and* Partonope  
 Toke vp þe gloue, *and* þen sayde he :  
 " Off alle þys stryfe ys made a ende. 4928  
 4918. lawe] MS. grace. 4922. y] MS. ye.

Partonope  
 answers that  
 all troubles  
 are now  
 over.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Must nedes falle on youre syde. 4908  
 This Marras wolde no lenger a-byde :  
 He toke no hede of othe ne leygeawnce,  
 But Entryd the lystes, *and* grete  
 distrourbaunce  
 Made, for he wolde rescow his lorde,  
 Agayn the ordinaunce *and* acorde 4913  
 Of alle the lordis of bothe party.  
 Where-fore me thinkes truly  
 Such as were kepers of the place 4916  
 To such one shulde do no grace,  
 But do hym lawe *and* eke Iustyse.  
 So dyd we, *and* thus in this wyse  
 Ys dede that fals Erle Marras, 4920  
 That brake his othe *and* eke oure pees.  
 And therefore, yeff any man wyll say  
 that we  
 In this caas dyd ffelonce, 4923  
 Or ony of vs, the contrayri to prove  
 I am redy," *and* therwyth his glove  
 He threw downe ; *and* Partanope 4926  
 Toke vp the glove, *and* then sayde he :  
 " Of alle this stryfe ys made an ende.

## Rawl. MS.

Moste nedes fast on youre syde. 4908  
 This Marras wolde no lenger abyde :  
 He toke none hede of oure legaunce,  
 But enterde *and* made dysstorbaunce  
 Be-cause he wolde rescowe his lorde,  
 A-gayne þe ordenance *and* þe acorde  
 Of aþ þe lorde[s] of bothe partye.  
 Where-fore me thynketh truly  
 Soyeche as were kepe[r]s of þe place 4916  
 To soyeche on sholde do no grace,  
 But do hym lawe *and* eke Iustyce.  
 So dede we. *and* In þis wyse  
 Ys dede þat false erle Marras. 4920  
 That brake oure othe *and* oure pes.  
 And yef ony man sey þat we  
 In þis case dyde felonye,  
 Ore ony of vs, þe contrary to prove 4924  
 I am redy." *And* þer-with his gloue  
 He drewe downe ; *and* Partonope  
 Toke vpe þe gloue, *and* þen seyde he :  
 " Of aþ þis stryfe is made ende. 4928

Eche man ys kyste <i>and</i> oper frynde, And eche ys shapen to <i>hys</i> cuntre. Lette aH pes nedeles rehersales be."		
And wyth <i>pys</i> Partonope hape take	4932	
Hys leue, <i>and</i> ther-wyth the hepen make	[leaf 62]	The heathen depart, and Partonope returns to Blois.
Grette heuynes at <i>hys</i> departynge. And pen he prayeth Gode hem brynge Safe <i>and</i> welle in-to there cuntre.	4936	
And thus wyth worshyppe departeth he. And here-wyth-alle Partonope The streyghte way to Bloys takyth he.		
NOwe ys Partonope come to Bloys	4940	One day, Partonope sits silent on the dais, heavy at heart, and thinking of Melior.
And on a day a-pon) * <i>hys</i> deys A-monge <i>hys</i> meyne atte mete he sete Alle heuy, <i>and</i> neyper dranke ne ete, Butte sette <i>hys</i> eyen in a place,	4944	
And neuer hem remeuyd of a grette space. Butte <i>hys</i> mayne grette Ioye made, Etyen, <i>and</i> dronken, <i>and</i> were ryghte glade. And aH-wey sate Partonope heuy,	4948	

4941. MS. a pon) a day on) ; of crossed out before on).

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Eche man ys kyst, and others frende,  
And eche man in-to his Contree.  
Leete alle these nedeles rehersayles be."  
[leaf 37, back]  
And wyth these wordys Partanope hath take 4932  
His leve, and therwyth the hethen make Grete heuenesse at his departing.  
And then they prayde God hym bring Safe and wele to his contree. 4936  
And Thus wyth worship departyd he.  
And there-wyt-alle Partanope The stryght way to Bloys taketh he.  
Now ys Partanope comen to Bloys, 4941  
And in a day vpon his deys  
Amonge his meyne at mete he sate Alle heuyly, and nother dranke ne ete,  
But sett his yen in a place, 4944  
And neuer hem remeved on a grete space.  
But his meyne grete Ioye made, Ethen, and dranken, and were ryght glade.  
Alle-way sate Partanope hevyly, 4948

## Rawl. MS.

Eche man is kyste *and* oper frende,  
And iche man In-to his contre.  
Let aH pis nedles rehersaH be."  
And with pis worde Partonope hathe take [leaf 30] 4932  
His lene, *and* per-with pe hethyn make Grete heuynes at his departynge.  
Then pey prayede God hym brynge Safe *and* weH In-to her contre. 4936  
And þus with worchipe departyde he, And here with-aH Partonope The streight wey to Bloyes toke he.  
Nowe is Partonope come to Bloyes, And on a day vppon þe doyes 4941  
Amonge his meyne at met he sat AH hevely, *and* noþer dranke ne ete,  
But set his eye In o place. 4944  
And not hem remevyde a grete space.  
But his meyne grete Ioye made ; They ete *and* dranke, *and* were glade.  
AH-wey sat Partonope hevely, 4948

- þynkyng in *hys* herte besely  
 Off ffayre Melyowre, *hys* ladye fire,  
 Howe longe þe tyme ys syn þat he  
 Hade be owte of hyr syghte, 4952  
 And also in whate wyse he myghte  
 Wyth-owten any other-ys offence  
 Sonneste come to here presence.  
 His mother wonders at his heaviness, Hys moder on hym faste gan loke, 4956  
 And of *hys* chere grette hede toke.  
 She had grette mervayle for \* why *and* whatte  
 þe cause was so hevy þat he Sate,  
 Her dere sone Partonope. 4960  
 and asks him the reason of it. Fulle mekely to hym þus sayde she :  
 ‘ My ffayre sone, ye wotte weþ thys,  
 In alle þys worlde a-lyue þer nys  
 þynge þat better loued shulde be, 4964  
 Ne trusted neyþer, as þynketh me,  
 Then of a chylde shulde be þe moder.  
 For eche of vs shulde lofe so other,  
 That ther shulde none heuynes be 4968  
 In yowre herte, þat a-none to me  
 Ye shulde dyscouer *and* playnely sey.

4958. for] MS. *and*.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Thenking in his hert besely  
 Of fayre Melior, his lady free,  
 How longe hit ys sythen, that he  
 Had ben oute of her syght, 4952  
 And also in what wyse he myght  
 Wythouten any other offynce  
 Sunnest come to her presence. 4955  
 His moder on hym gan fast looke,  
 And of his cheere grete hede tooke.  
 She had grete mervayle for why and  
 what [1 leaf 38]  
 The cause was so hevy and made  
 Hir dere Son sate, Partanope. 4960  
 Full mekely to hym thus sayde she :  
 “ My fayre Son, ye wote weþ this,  
 In alle the worlde on lyve there nys  
 Thing that better loved shulde be, 4964  
 Ne trusted neyter, as thenkith me,  
 Than of the childe shulde be the modyr.  
 For eche of vs shulde so love other,  
 That ther shulde none heuynesse be  
 1 In yowre hert, that anone to me 4969  
 Ye shulde dyscouer and playnly say.

## Raccl. MS.

Thynkyng In his hert besely  
 On fayre Melyore, his lady fre,  
 Howe longe it is þat sethe þat he  
 Hade ben out of here sight, 4952  
 And also In what wyse he myght  
 With-out any oþer offence  
 Sonneste come to here presence.  
 His moder faste on hym gan loke, 4956  
 And of his chere grete hede toke.  
 She seyde merveth for why *and* what  
 The cause was so hevy *and* mate  
 Her dere son sat, Partanope. 4960  
 Full mekely to hym þus seyde she :  
 “ My fayre son, ye wot weþ þus,  
 In all þe worlde alyue þer nys  
 Thyng þat beter louyde shulde be, 4964  
 Ne trusted neyþer as thynketh me,  
 Then of þe childe shulde be þe moder.  
 For iche of vs shulde shulde lone so oþer  
 That þer shulde no heuynes be 4968  
 In yowre hert, but anone to me  
 Ye shulde disconer *and* playnly sey.  
 [lf. 30, b.]



Ye haue sete nowe thes owres twey  
 Ryghte pensyfe *and* In grette heynesse. [leaf 62, back] 4972  
 Tellethe me nowe yowre grette dystresse.

Ye semie a man, as þynketh me,  
 That grettely wyth loue vulnerate be,  
 And þat yowre herte wyth-owte varyaunce 4976  
 Ys hole in yowre loues gouernaunce.

He seems to  
 be in love.

I conivre yowe, yeff hȝt so be,  
 þe verey trowþe ye telle to me,  
 By þe feyth þat a goode chylde owe 4980  
 To hys moder, *and* lette me knowe  
 The verey trowþe, *and* yeff ye be  
 In grette dystresse, playnely telle me.  
 And yeff ye haue cause to be seke or heyle, 4984  
 I may yowe ese wyth my conséyle."

"MÖder," þen sayde Partonope,  
 "I wotte ryghte weþ truly þat ye  
 Loue me a-boue aþ erpely þynge. 4988

Partonope  
 confesses  
 that he has  
 a love.

Ther-fore atte yowre comawndyng  
 I moste nedes obeysaunte be.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Ye haue sett now this two mylevay  
 Ryght pensyfe and in grete heyn-  
 nesse.

Telle me now what is youre dystresse.  
 Ye seme a man, as thenketh me, 4974  
 That gretly wyth love taken be,  
 And that youre hert wythouten vary-  
 aunce 4976

Is holly in youre loves gouernaunce,  
 I yow coniure, yf hit so be,  
 The verray trouthe that ye telle me,  
 By the fayth that a goode childe owe \*  
 To his Moder, and lette me knowe 4981  
 The verray trought, and yeff ye be  
 In grete dystresse, pleyunly telle hit  
 me.

And yeff ye haue cause to be seeke  
 or hayle 4984  
 I may yow ease wyth my counsaile."

"MÖder," sayde Partanope,  
 "I wote right wele truly that  
 ye

Love me a-boue alle erthly thing. 4988  
 There-fore to youre commaundyng  
 I mote nede obeysaunt be.

Ye haue set þis ij myle wey  
 Right pensefe *and* In grete heynes.

Tell me nowe youre dysstres. 4973  
 Ye seme a man, as thynkes me,  
 That gretly with lone take be,  
 And þat youre hert with-out varyaunce

Ys holy In youre loves gouernaunce.  
 I you conloyre, yef it so be,  
 The verrey trothe þat ye tell me,  
 Be þe feyth þat a childe sholde owe 4980  
 To his moder, *and* let me knowe  
 The verrey trouthe, *and* yef ye be  
 In grete dysstres, playnly tell me.

Yef ye haue cause to be seke ore heyth,

I may you eyse with my counsaith."  
 ¶ "Möder," þen seyde Partonope,  
 "I wot right weþ truly þat ye

Love me aboue aþ erthly thyng. 4988  
 There-fore to youre comondyng  
 I moste nedes obey-sante be.

All the  
riches have  
come from  
her.

And also ye haue coniuined me  
To telle wheder I haue [a loue] or none. 4992  
þe soþe I wolle sey, so motte I gone.  
Trewlye, moder, a loue I haue,  
That vnder heuen, se Gode me saue,  
Hape no man) suchie one of heye noblesse. 4996  
Frome hyr come alle þys grette rychesse  
That In þes someres was broghte wyth me,  
Off golde and syluer so grette plente.  
As she luste, she may me gye ; 5000  
She hape of me the Senorye." \*

Then) seyde hys moder : " Blessed be þat lord  
þat in gouernaunce hape att þe worlde,  
And geffe grace þat for þe beste hyt be."— 5004  
" Amen," answered Partonope.

He cannot  
tell whether  
she is fair.

" Ys she ryghte ffayre, my sone? telle me."—  
" For sothe I notte, moder," sayde he.  
" Thys ys mervayle, be Gode aft-myghte. 5008  
So moche as ye haue had þe syghite

5001. MS. Sonorye.

Univ. Coll. MS.

And also ye haue coniuiret me  
To telle whether I haue a love or  
none. 4992  
The sothe I wyll say, so mote I gone.  
Truly, moder, a love I haue,  
That vndyr hevyu), so God me saue,  
Hath no man) such one of high nob-  
lesse. 4996  
From) her come alle this grete Rychesse  
That in this Somers ys brought wyth  
me,  
Of golde and Syluer so grete plente.  
And as her lust She may me gye, 5000  
She hath of me the seygnorye."  
¶ Hanne sayde his Modyr : " Yblessid  
be that lord  
That in gouernaunce hath alle the  
worlde,  
And yefe grace that for the best hit  
be."— 5004  
" Amen," answerid Partanope. —  
" Is She ryght fayre? my Son), telle  
me."— [leaf 38, back]  
" For sothe, modyr, I note," sayde he.  
" This ys mervayle, by God almyght.  
So moche as ye haue had a syght 5009

Rawl. MS.

And also ye haue conlourede me  
To tell wheþer I love ere none. 4992  
The sothe I with sey, so mot I gon.  
Truly, moder, a loue I haue,  
That vnder hevyu), so God me saue,  
Hathe no man) of soychenobithnes. 4996  
Fro her come att þis Ryches  
That In þis somers I brought with me,  
Of golde and syluer grete plente.  
And as she lyst she may gyde me ; 5000  
She hath of me þe soueraynete."  
Then seyde þe moder : " Blyssede be  
þat lord  
That In gouernaunce hath þe worlde,  
And yef grace þat for þe beste it be."  
" Amen," answerde Partonope. 5005  
" Ys she fayre? my son, tell me."—  
" For sothe, moder, I not," seyde he.  
" This is merveth, be God aft-myght.  
So moche as ye haue a sight [lf. 31] 5009

Off hyr, *and* also þe repayre

[leaf 63]

In here howse, where she ys ffayre,

Or ells nay, ye can not telle?"—

5012

"For sope, moder, alle-powe I dwelle

In her howse, boþe day *and* nyghte,

Off her had I neuer yette þe syghte.

For she haþe geffe me in charge,

5016

þowe I be fro hyr *and* atte large,

I shulde neuer besy be

In no wyse her to se,

Tylle she fully a-corde *per-to*.

5020

And a-geyne her comawndement wyth I not do."

"Fayre sone," seyde she, "hyt ys beste

Thatte ye kepe alle her be-heste,

And þat ye do alle your entente

5024

To *parforme* alle her comawndemente.

Dyscouer hyr conselle in no wyse,

Butte besy yowe to do hyr seruyse.

And spare not for besynes ne labowre.

5028

þynke she haþe done yowe grette honowre.

And I pray Gode, þat sytteth a-boue,

His Lady  
has forbid-  
den him to  
try to see  
her.

The mother  
says he must  
obey his  
Lady.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Of her, and also haue had repayre

In her hous, where She be fayre, 5011

Or ellis nay, ye canne not telle?"—

"For sothe, modyr, alle-though I dweth

In hyr hous, bothe day and nyght,

Of her had I yett neuer no syght.

For She hath geffen me in charge,

Though I be from hir at large, 5017

I shulde nevir besy be

In no wyse hir to see,

Tylle She fully a-corde therto. 5020

Agayn her comaundement wylle I not

do."

"Fayre Son," sayde She, "hit ys

the best

That ye kepe alle her by-heest.

And that ye do alle youre entent 5024

To *parforme* hir comaundement.

Dyscouer her counsaile in no wyse,

And besy yow to do hir Seruyse.

Spare not for besynesse of laboure.

Thenkyth She hath do yow ryght grete

honoure, 5029

And pray God, that sytteth a-boue,

## Rawl. MS.

Of hir, *and* also hade repayre 5010

In hir how[s]e, howe where she be fayre,

In her howse, both day *and* nyght,

Of hir hade I yett neuer no sight.

For she hathe yeve me In charge, 5016

Though I be fro hir *and* at large,

I shulde neuer besye be

In no wyse here to see,

TiH she fully acorde *per-to*. 5020

Ayen her comonde-ment wiH I not do."

"A sone," seyde she, "it is þe beste

That ye kepe aH her beheste,

And *per-to* youre entente 5024

To *parforme* her comondemente.

Dyseouer her counseH In no wyse,

And besye you to do here *seruyse*.

Spare not for no maner of laboure. 5028

Thynkyth she hathe do you honoure.

And I praye God, þat Syttyth aboue,

ll. 5014-15 inserted in MS.

He intends  
returning to  
her on the  
next day.

Yeffe yowe *grace* euer to loue  
Yowre lady, *and* no wyse forfette 5032

My fayre sone, when þynke ye *wyȝth* her to mete?"—

"To-morowe, moder, efter none,  
When I haue dyneȝt, þynke I to gon).

My mayne I wyȝth *wyȝth* yowe lette, 5036

I wolle no frynde I haue þys wytte;  
For, moder, I wolle gone aȝt a-lone."

"Ye wotte beste, sone, what ys to done.

Gouerne yowe after your entente, 5040

And br[e]ke not her comawndemente.

And kepe your conselle fro euery wyȝhte.

For on my syde, be Gode almyȝhte,

Hyt shaȝt be kepte fro euery man). 5044

And conseȝt I wolle yowe as I can."

The moder *and* þe sone departedȝ be.

An heuy woman in herte ys she.

To hys conselle þow she a-corde, [leaf 63, back] 5048

Her hert ys fuȝt fer fro her worde.

To [pe] kyng of Fraunce ys she gonne.

"Syr," she sayde, "What may I done,

Sorrowful,  
the mother  
goes to the  
King, and  
complains  
that her son  
has been  
lost by the  
devil's en-  
chantments.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Yeve yow *grace* that neuer the love  
Of youre lady in no wyse ye foryete.

My fayre Son, when think ye wyȝth  
her mete?"— 5033

"To-morow, modyr, after none,  
When I haue dyneȝd, than think I  
gone.

My meyne wyȝth yow I wyȝt lete, 5036  
I wyȝt no frende I haue hit wete;

For, moder, I wylle gone alle a-lone."

"Ye wote best, Son, what ys to done.  
Gouern yow after her entent, 5040  
And breke not her comawndement.

And kepe your counsaile from euery  
wight.

And on my syde, by God Almyȝht,  
Hit shaȝt be kept from euery man.

I shaȝt hit kepe as wele as I can." 5045

5045. Between leaf 38 and leaf 39 one leaf  
has been torn out.

Rawl. MS.

Yeve you *grace* þat neuer þe love  
Of youre lady In no wyse for-yete. 5032  
Sone, when thynke ye *wyȝth* here to  
mete?"—

"To-morwe, moder, at after-none,  
When I haue dyenede, þen thynke I  
gon.

My meyne *with* you I wiȝt let, 5036  
I wiȝt no frende I haue it wyte;

For, moder, I wiȝt gon alone."

"Ye wot, son, beste what is to done.  
Gouerne you after hir entente, 5040  
And breke not here comondemente.

Kepe youre counseȝt fro euery wight,  
[leaf 31, back]

And on my syde, be God aȝt-myȝht,  
Hit shaȝt be kepte fro euery man). 5044

I shaȝt it kepe as weȝt as I can."

• The moder *and* þe sone departyde be.

An heuy woman In hert is she.

To his counseȝt þought she acorde,

Her hert is fuȝt ferre fro hir worde.

To þe kyng of France is she gon). 5050

"Sir," she seyde, "what may I done,

- I sorowfulle wrecche *and* wofulle caytyfe ? 5052  
 I may be sory I am on lyfe.  
 Ther was neuer woman had suchē a harme :  
 My sone ys loste by crafte of charme,  
 Alle by þe deuyllys Enchauntemente. 5056  
 My sone ys lore, *and* I am shente."  
 Ther-wyth a-none þe kyng of Fraunce,  
 In whome wes alle hyr affyaunce,  
 Toke hyr to hym fulle goodely ; 5060  
 And in-to a chamber preuely  
 They wente to-geder, *þer* as she  
 Myghȝt telle hyr complaynte, *and* no man se.  
 And *þer* she wepte wonderly sore 5064  
 Er *þat* she myghȝt sey wonȝ worde more.  
 When she lefte hyr wepynge,  
 þese wordes she sayde to þe kyng :  
 "Syr," she sayde, "I can not se 5068  
 Butte ye \* haue loste Partonope.  
 When he wes loste in yowre florestes,  
 In Arderȝ a-monge þe wylde bestes,  
 Ther drewe to hym a pyng of ffeyre, 5072  
 As þowe hȝt had benȝ a womanȝ or a ladye,  
 And bade hym of goode comforte for to be,  
 And be-hyghȝt also *þat* she  
 Shulde brynge hym owte of dysese. 5076  
 And wyth hyr wordes so hym dukȝ plese,  
 And geffe hym *þat* tyme of hauer,

The King  
takes her  
with him  
into a  
chamber,

and here the  
mother,  
after many  
tears, ex-  
plains that  
Partonope  
in the Ar-  
dennes met  
a fairy,

5069. ye] MS. I.

Rawl. MS.

- I wofull wrecche *and* caytyfe ? 5052  
 I am sory I am on lyue.  
 There was neuer womanȝ hade soych  
 harme :  
 For my sone is loste be crafte *and*  
 charme,  
 All be þe devillȝ entysemente." 5056  
 Ther-with anone þe kyng of Fraunce,  
 In whom was here affyaunce,  
 Here to hym he toke fullȝ goodly ; 5060  
 And In-to a chambir fullȝ prevely  
 They went to-geder, *þer* as she  
 Might tellȝ here complaynt *and* no man  
 se.  
 And *þer* she wepte wonderly sore 5064  
 Ore *þat* she myght sey ij wordes more.  
 And when she lefte hir wepyngȝ,  
 All þis wordes she seyde to þe kyngȝ :  
 "Sir," she seyde, "I can not see 5068  
 But ye haue loste Partonope.  
 When he was loste In youre forestes,  
 In Arderne amonge þe wilde bestes,  
 There drewe to hym thyngȝ of fayre, 5073  
 As it were a womanȝ ore a ladye,  
 And bade hym of comforte be,  
 And be-hight hym wellȝ *þat* she  
 Shulde hym brynge out of dysseyse. 5076  
 And with her wordes so hym dyde plese,  
 And yaf hym *þer*-to grete avere,

- And he *in* þat tyme was *in* grette fere.  
 who made him her lover, at the same time forbidding him the sight of her. He made *wyth* hyr cove-naunte 5080  
 To be hyr loue *and* hyr seruante.  
 He louethe \* hyr beste of any creature.  
 Yette of hur persone, shappe, ne fygure,  
*Wyth* hys eyen he neuer [had] syghthe trewly. 5084  
 þys ys, me þynketh, a mervelowse ffoly.  
 Off hyr he hath alle maner plesawnee. [leaf 64]  
 þus ys he broghthe *in* þe deuellys dawnee.  
 She hath defended hym *in* alle degre 5088  
 He shulde not besy hym here to se.  
 And þus I see welles he ys butte lore.  
 And yette y sey yowe furthermore,  
 He bydethe no lenger þen to-morowe none. 5092  
 He shapythe hym towarde here to gone.  
 Thus ys he loste, syr, what sey ye?  
 For Goddys loue, syr, consellythe me.  
 I haue be-þoghte me of won þynge 5096  
 Yeffe hyt were to yowre plesynge.  
 Wolle ye here nowe my devyse?  
 I wolle be ruled at yowre a-vys.  
 Ye haue a nece, syr," she sayde, 5100  
 "That ys to mary, *and* ys a mayde,  
 Wyche hathe passynge grette \* beawte.  
 And þer-to, syr, ye wotte weþ þat she  
 Ys weþ neryssheþ, conynge, *and* wyse. 5104  
 Trewly me þynketh she beryth þe pryse  
 5082. louethe] MS. þynketh. 5102. MS. grette passynge.

## Rawl. MS.

- And þat tyme was *in* grete fere.  
 He made *with* here a couenante 5080  
 To be hir loue *and* hir seruante.  
 He lonyth her beste of ony cature.  
 Yet of hir shape ne fygure,  
*With* his eyen he neuer sey. 5084  
 This me thyneketh grete folye. [leaf 32]  
 Of her he hathe aþ maner plesawnee.  
<sup>1</sup> Thus is he brought *in* þe devilles dawnee.  
 She hathe defendyde hym *in* aþ degre  
 He shulde not besye hym here to se.  
 Thus I see he his but lore. 5090  
 And yet I sey forther-more,  
 He byte no lenger þen to-morwe none.  
 He porposethe hym to here gone. 5093  
 Thus is he loste, *sir*, what sey ye?  
 For Goddes loue, som counseþ gyf me.  
 I haue be-þought me of o thyng, 5096  
 Yef it were to you plesynge.  
 Will ye here nowe my devyse?  
 I wil be ruled be youre avyse.  
 Ye haue a nyce, *sir*," she seyde, 5100  
 "That is to marye, *and* is a mayde,  
 Whiche hathe passynge grete beute.  
 Ther-to, *sir*, I wot weþ þat she  
 Ys weþ nortured, cony[n]ge *and* wyse,  
 Truly me thynke she beryth þe pryse  
 5103. ye crossed out before she.

- Off alle maydenys *in* þe reme of Fraunce.  
 Yeffe ye a-corde to hys allyawnee,  
 Yeff ye wolle þus sende for hym a-none, 5108  
 I shalle telle yowe how þys shaft gone.  
 I moste haue ij. pottys of wyne;  
 Hyt moste be goode *and* Inle ffyne.  
 þe tone I shalle *in* þys wyse a-ray : 5112  
 Yeff my sone *per-off* assay  
 A drawȝte or tweyne, I wotte ryȝhte weH  
 Hys poȝte shaft chaunge enery delle.  
 Yowre nece to yowe þe wyne shalle brynge, 5116  
 But drynketh not *per-off* for no-þynge.  
 Yowre nece *per-off* shalle drynke I-nowe.  
 þe toþer potte shalle be for yowe.  
 And lette hem twayne to-geder speke ; 5120  
 I kepe here dalyance no man \* breke.  
 And thys I howpe alle shalle be welle.”  
 The kyng answered : “ I graunte echē delle. (leaf 64, back)  
 Hyt ys wysdome a man hys frynde to wynne 5124  
 Where þorowe ffoly they shulde twynne,  
 Be what crafte hyt euer may be.”  
 And *per-wyth* a-none for Partonope  
 He sent a-none *in* alle þe haste, 5128  
 Chargynge hym he shulde faste  
 Come to hym, alle þynges lefte.  
 Partonope a-bode tylle efte  
 Off hys Iorney *and* off aH hys þynge, 5132  
 5121. MS. adds *dyd before* breke.

A potent  
drink will  
make him  
change his  
mind.

The King's  
niece is to  
bring the  
wine.

The King  
agrees to  
her plan,

and sends  
for  
Partonope.

## Rawl. MS.

- Of maydens aH as In Fraunce.  
 Yef ye acorde to þis alyauce,  
 Yef ye wiH sende for hym anone, 5108  
 And I shaft teH you howe ye shaft done.  
 I moste haue ij pottes of wyne;  
 Hit moste be good *and* Inly fyne.  
 The tone I shaft In þis wyse array : 5112  
 Yef my son *per-of* assay  
 A draught ore ij, I wot Right weH  
 His þought shaft change enery deH.  
 Your nyce to you þe wyne shaft brynge,  
 But drynketh not *per-of* for nothyng.  
 Your nyce I-nowe shaft drynke *per-of*,  
 The toþer parte shaft *per-in* leue.  
 And let iche to oþer speke ; 5120
- I kepe here dalyance no man breke.  
 Thus I hope aH shaft be weH.”  
 The kyng answerde : “ I graunt iche  
 deH. (leaf 32, back)  
 Hit is wysdom a man his frende to  
 wyne, 5124  
 Ther þorwe foly þey shuH atwyne,  
 Be what crafte þat euer it be.”  
 Ther-wiH anone for Partonope  
 He sent a man in haH þe haste, 5128  
 Chargynge hym he shulde faste  
 Come to hym, aH thyng lefte.  
 Partonope abode tiH efte  
 Of his Iorney *and* of aH thyng, 5132

Partonope comes.	And In grette haste come to þe kyng.	
	When he was come, þe kyng a-none	
	To a wyndowe <i>wyth</i> hym dyde gone,	
	And ther they fylle in mery talkyng	5136
	Off dyuerse þynges ; <i>þer-wyth</i> þe kyng	
The maiden bars the door.	Bade alle men owte of þe chamber goo, Safe the ladye and they too,	
	And þe mayde, wyche rose vp faste,	5140
	And after hem barred þe dore in haste.	
Description of the maiden's beauty.	Thys fayre mayde, wyche ys to marye, Her bewte dyscry fayne wolde I	
	Affter þe sentence off myne auctowre.	5144
	Butte I pray yowe of <i>þys</i> grette labowre	
	I mote at <i>þys</i> tyme excused be,	
She is eighteen years of age,	Off þe ffeture to reherse þe bewte.	
	Xviij. yere she wes of age,	5148
	Semely of stature, borne of hye parage.	
fond of fine attire,	Hur herte was sette grettely in on þyng	
	To be ffreshe a-rayed in elopyng,	
	Enbrowded <i>wyth</i> perle in strawnge wyse.	5152
	<i>þer</i> cowde <i>hyt</i> no man lyghtely denyse	
	To telle owte playnely here entente.	
	Here forhede was brod, here browes bente,	
	Hyr here was bloye, streyghte wes hur nose,	5156
	Hur colowre rody lyke to the rose.	
	Off sangweyne was hur complexione,	
	þe here of hur browes were <i>sum-dele</i> browne,	
	The skynne of hur necke was lyly whyte.	5160
	She wes not leue, but flesly a lyte. [leaf 65]	

## Reul. MS.

And in grete haste come to þe kyng.	That I may at þis tyme excusede be	
When he was come, þe kyng anone	Of <i>enry</i> fetture to reherse þe beute.	
To a wyndowe <i>with</i> hym dyde gon.	xviij yere she was of age,	5148
And <i>þer þey</i> fast in many talkyng	Synly of stature, borne of high parage.	
Off dyuerse materis ; and <i>þer-with</i> þe	Hir hert was set gretly in o thyng	
kyng	To be freshe arrayde in clothyng,	
Bade aft men out of chambir goo,	Enbrowderde <i>parte</i> in strange wyse.	
Safe þe lady and þey two,	To tell out playnly hir avyse,	5153
And þe mayde, whiche rose faste,	Her forhede brode and streight rose,	
And barrede þe dore þen in haste,	Hir coloure rede lyke a rose,	
This fayre mayde, which is to marye,	Of sangwen her complexion,	5158
His beute dyscrye wolde I	The here of here browis were browne,	
After þe sentence of myn auctor.	The shynd of hir nyke was lyfly whyte.	
But I praye you of þis laboure	She was not leue, but flesshly a lyte.	



- Smale armes she had *and* hondys flayre,  
 She was curteyse, lowly, *and* debonayre.  
 Clethed she was In samette fyne, 5164 courteous  
and  
debonair.  
 Atte hur owne delyte welle shapyn.  
 She was sette in ffreshenesse of goode a-rye.  
 She was as freshe as þe rose in maye.  
 Off alle hur bewte I make a fyne. 5168  
 The kynge of Fraunce nowe axethe þe wyne,\* The maiden  
brings the  
wine to  
the King.  
 Thys mayde gothe *wyth* goode chere,  
 And ffyllethe a cuppe of þat pychere,  
 Wyche þe moder of Partonope 5172  
 Hadde so a-Rayed yeff þat he  
 Off þat wyne drynke a drawghte,  
 That a-none he shalle be caughte  
 In suche wyse he shulde for-yete 5176  
 Melyowre, *hys* fayre lady swete.  
 The mayde bryngeth þe kynge þe wyne,  
 That of þe poysen was myghty *and* fyne.  
 The kynge knewe alle þe crafte welle, 5180 The King  
does not  
touch it,  
 He kyssed þe cuppe, but neuer a delle  
 Ther-of he dronke, but þus he sayde :  
 " Berythe my cope, fayre mayde,  
 To my cosyn Partonope. 5184  
 And I commawnde that also ye  
 Drynke to hym *and* make hym chere."  
 Thys mayde hape boþe connyng *and* manere,  
 After l. 5169 MS. adds :  
 He kyssythe þe cuppe but neuer a delle [he *crossed out*]  
 dranke he  
 He ravghte þe cuppe to Partonope ys moder fre.

*Rawl. MS.*

- Smale armes *and* hondes fayre.  
 She was courteys *and* eke debonayre.  
 Clothide she was In fyne satyn. 5164  
<sup>1</sup>Weth I-shape, for euer here delyte  
 Was set In freshnes of array ; [<sup>1</sup> leaf 33]  
 She was as freshe as rose Ine may. 5168  
 Of all here beute I make a fyne.  
 The kynge axede after his wyne.  
 This mayde goth *with* good chere,  
 And fylde a coppe of þe pichere 5172  
 Whiche þe moder of Partonope  
 Hade so arrayde þat yef þat he  
 Of þis wyne drynke a draught,  
 That anone he shulde be caught  
 In soyche wyse he shulde for-gete 5176  
 Melyore, his lady swete.  
 The mayde bringyth þe kynge wyne,  
 That of þis poysen [was] myghty *and*  
 fyne.  
 The kynge knewe þis crafte weth, 5180  
 And kyssede þe coppe, but neuer a dell  
 There-of he ne dranke, but þus sayde :  
 " Beryth my coppe, fayre mayde,  
 To my cossyn Partonope. 5184  
 And I comonde also þat ye  
 Drynke to hym *and* make hym chere."  
 This mayde hade conyng *and* manere,

	She bare þe cuppe to Partonope.	5188
	“Syr,” she sayde, “þe kyng wold þat ye Drynke of þys cuppe, I shaþ be-gynne.”	
	She purposytþe fully hys loue to wyne,	
She and Partonope drink of the powerful wine ;	She dronke fryste, <i>and</i> þen dronke he.	5192
	Thys wyne was lusty, <i>and</i> Partonope	
	Sette cuppe to mowþe, <i>and</i> better assayde,	
	And <i>per-wyth</i> -aþ he prayde þe mayde	
	She wolde drynke to hym a-geyne.	5196
	And so they dronke þat boþe they bene	[leaf 65, back]
	Welle I-wette, <i>and</i> þen Partonope	
he looks on her beauty and forgets Melior.	Off þys mayde behelde so þe bewte,	
	That <i>wyth</i> hur loue he wes so take,	5200
	He had for-yete Melyowre hys make.	
	And <i>wyth</i> þys mayde he felle in talkynge	
	Off dyuerse materes, þat of o þynge	
	Hys moder was syker by hys chere	5204
	He had for-yete hys olde fferre.	
His cheer changes.	Hys chere gan chawng, hys blode gan ryse.	
	Thys mayde wes plesawnte in aþ wyse ;	
	To loue hym beste wes alle hur luste.	5208
He kisses	Fulle ofte tymes þys mayde he kyste.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

	And bare þe coppe to Partonope.	5188
	“Sir,” she seyde, “þe kyng wold þat ye Drynke of þis coppe, I shaþ be-gynne.”	
	She porposede hir his loue to wyne.	
	She dranke firste <i>and</i> þen dranke he.	
	This wyne was lusty, <i>and</i> Partonope	
	Set coppe to mouthe, <i>and</i> beter assayde.	
	And <i>per-with</i> -aþ he prayede þe mayde	
	She wolde drynke to hym ayen.	5196
	And so þey dranke þat bothe þey bene	
	Wet wet, <i>and</i> þen Partonope	
	Of þis mayde so be-helde þe bente	
	That <i>with</i> here loue he was so take,	5200
	He hade for-yet Melyore his make.	
	And <i>with</i> þis mayde fit in talkynge	
And wyth this Mayde he fylle in Talk- ing [leaf 39]	Of dyuerse mater, <i>and</i> of o thyng	5202
His moder was syker by his chere	His moder was sekere be his chere	5204
That he had for-yete his olde fere.	That he hade for-yete his olde fere.	
His chere ganne chonge, his bloode gan ryse.	His chere gan change, his blode to ryse.	[leaf 33, back]
This mayde was plesant in alle wyse ;	This mayde was pleasant in aþ wyse ;	
To love hir best was alle his lyst ;	To loue here beste was his luste.	5208
Ful oft tymes this mayde he kyst.	Ful oft tymes þis mayde [he] kyste.	

- To hym so plesawnte was þys mayde  
 þat atte þe laste to hur he sayde :
- “Yowre beawte *and* yowre goodely chere, 5212
- Your semely poorte, your womanly manere,  
 In my trewe hert arne prynted so,  
 þat where þat euer I ryde or goo  
 Ye ar my loue *and* lady souereyne. 5216
- And to brynge me owte of payne  
 Graunte me nowe to be my loue.”—
- “Syr,” sayde þe mayde, “be Gode a-boue,  
 On a condycione ye graunte me 5220
- To be my husbonde, I woth be  
 Euer redy atte your comawndemente.”—
- “I graunte to parforme your entente,”  
 Sayde thys yonge Partonope. 5224
- Thus in þys wyse a-corded they be.  
 Yette of þys foly haue I no mervayle ;  
 For a ryghte sober man, wyth-owten ffayle,  
 Wyth drynke *and* dalyaunce *and* grette delyte, 5228
- Off so fayre wone myghte in suchē plyghte

the beautiful maiden,  
 and asks  
 her to be  
 his love.

She consents on  
 condition  
 that he  
 promises  
 to be her  
 husband.

Partonope  
 is willing.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

To hym so plesant was this mayde  
 That at the last to hir he sayde :

“Your high beaute, your goodely chere,  
 Your semely porte, your womanly  
 manere, 5213

In my trew hert are paynted soo  
 That where that euer I ryde or goo  
 Ye are my love and lady soueraygne.  
 And to bring me oute of payne 5217

Graunte me now to be my love.”—

“Sir,” sayde the Mayde, “by God  
 a-bove,  
 On a condicion that ye graunt me 5220

To be my hosbond, I wylle be  
 Euer redy at youre comaundement.”—

“I graunte to parforme alle youre  
 entent.”

Than sayde this yong Partanope 5224

“Thus in this wyse a-corded we be.”

Yett of his foly haue I no mervayle ;  
 For a right Sosour man, wythouten  
 fayle,  
 Wyth drinke and daliaunce and grete  
 delyte 5228

Myght be brought in such plyte

## Rawl. MS.

To hym so plesant was þis mayde.  
 Thus at laste to here he seyde :

“Youre high bente, your goodly chere,  
 Youre symly porte, youre womanly  
 manere\* 5213

In my trewe hert are peyntide so  
 That where þat euer I ryde ore goo  
 Ye are my loue *and* lady souerayne.  
 And to brynge me out of payne 5217

Graunt me nowe to be my loue.”—

“Sir,” seyde þis mayde, “be God above,  
 On on condicion þat ye graunte me  
 To be my hosbonde, *and* I wyl be 5221

Euer redy at youre comondemente.”—

“I graunt to parforme youre entente,”

Then seyde þis yonge Partonope. 5224

Thus In þis wyse acordyde þey be.  
 Yet of his foly haue I [no] mervett ;  
 For a right sobure man samfaiht,

With drynke *and* dalyaunce *and* grete  
 light 5228

Of so fayre on myght [in] suche plight  
 5213. MS. Youre symly porte, your high chere  
 And also youre womanly manere.

Be broghte to axe hur of hur grace,  
 Beynge boþe in so preuey a place.  
 Ther were no mo folke but they to, 5232  
 Safe þe kyng *and* hys moder þer were no mo,  
 Lokynge owte atte a wyndowe *and* talkynge  
 Howe they myghte Partonope In brynge  
 To lofe thys mayde *and* for-yete Melyowre. [leaf 66] 5236

The King  
 persuades  
 Partonope  
 to wed his  
 niece, and  
 promises  
 him great  
 riches.

The kyng a-none, *wyth*-owte more,  
 Cleped to hym Partonope.  
 "Cosyn," he sayde, "howe lyke ye  
 Be my nece, wyche ys to marye?" 5240  
 By owre lady þat in heuen syttethe on hie,  
 Yeff ye wolle hane hur to your wyffe,  
 As I am trewe kyng, aþ my lyffe  
 I shaþ be to yowe goode lorde *and* souereyne. 5244  
 For ye shaþ truste me fulle *and* playne :  
 I shaþ geffe yow townes, Castelles, *and* Cyte,  
 And off aþ ryches grette plente.  
 Off aþ men on lyfe I truste yowe beste." 5248  
 Hys moder on hur syde made grette heste.

5241. on] perhaps an) !

Univ. Coll. MS.

Of so fayre one to aske hir of hyr grace,  
 Beyng bothe in so pryve a place.  
 There were no folke but thay towo, 5232  
 Sane the king and his modyr moo,  
 Loking oute of a wyndow and talking  
 How they myght Partonope bring  
 To love this mayde and leve Melionre.  
 The king anone, wythouten more,  
 Clepyd to hym Partonope. 5238  
 "Cosyn," he sayde, "how lyke ye  
 By my nyce, which ys to Marye? 5240  
 By oure lady of hevyn that men to calle  
 and crye, [leaf 39, back]  
 Yeff ye wyll hane hir to youre wyfe,  
 As I am true knight, alle my lyfe  
 I shaþ be to yow goode lorde and  
 soneraygne. 5244  
 For ye shaþ trust me fult and playne :  
 I shaþ yeve yow twones, Castelles *and*  
 citee,  
 And of alle rychesse fult grete plente.  
 Of alle men a-lyve I trust yow best."  
 His modyr in hir syde made grete  
 heeste. 5249

Rawl. MS.

Be brought to aske here of hir grace,  
 Beynge bothe In so prevy place.  
 Ther were no folke but þey two, 5232  
 Safe þe kyng *and* his moder also,  
 Lokynge out of a wyndowe talkynge  
 Howe þey myght Partonope In brynge  
 The kyng anone, *with*-out more,  
 Clepyde to hym Partonope.  
 "Cossyn," he seyde, "howe leke ye  
 Be my nyce, whiche is to marye? 5240  
 Be oure lady, to whom I crye,  
 Yef ye wilþ hane here to youre wyfe,  
 As I am trewe knyght, aþ my lyfe  
 I shaþ be to you good lorde *and* souer-  
 ayne. 5244  
 For ye shaþ truste me playne :  
 I shaþ yeve you castelles *and* Cete,  
 [leaf 34]  
 And of aþ Ryches grete plente,  
 Of aþ men on lyve I truste you beste."  
 His moder on hir syde made grete  
 heste. 5249

- They yede so to hym not for to lye,  
 He accorded hym fully to þys folye. He agrees.  
 Hys moder was gladde tho owte of mesure, 5252  
 And made hem echie oder to ensure.  
 þe kyng by þe honde he toke þe mayde,\*  
 And Partonope þus he sayde\* : The King  
formally  
gives him  
the maiden,  
 "Thys woman I yeffe yowe to your wyfe, 5256  
 In Ioye for euer to lede your lyfe,  
 And so I pray Gode hyt mote be."—  
 "I thonke yowe, syr," sayde Partonope. and  
Partonope  
thanks him.  
 He wende aH þys had ben ryghte welle, 5260  
 Hys olde loue was for-gete echie a delle  
 He kysseth hys loue, he maketh hur chere.  
 He was in wyH, had he leysere  
 And place, þys ys syker as daye, 5264  
 For to haue pleyed þe comyn play  
 Off wychie thes louers haue suchie plesaunce,  
 For Melyowre was clene owte of Remembraunce.  
 Thus wes he falle to novelry. 5268
5254. MS. mayden). 5255. he sayde] MS. they sayden).

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They yede so to hym not for to lye,  
 He a-corded hym fully to this folye.  
 The moder was gladde that wythouten  
 mesure, 5252  
 And made hem fast eche other ensure.  
 The king by the hande tho toke the  
 mayde,  
 And to Partanope thus he sayde :  
 "This woman I yeve yow to your  
 wyfe, 5256  
 In Ioye for euer to lede your lyfe,  
 And so I pray God hit euer mote be."—  
 "I thank yow, Sir," sayde Partanope.  
 He wende alle this had bene ryght  
 wele, 5260  
 His olde love was for-gete eche dele.  
 He kysseth his love, he maketh her  
 chere.  
 He was in wylle, had he hadde leysere  
 And place, this ys syker as day, 5264  
 To haue pleyed the comon play  
 Of which these lovers haue such  
 plesaunce,  
 For Melioure was clene oute of remem-  
 braunce.  
 Thus was he falle to novellerye. 5268

*Rawl. MS.*

They yede so to hym not for to lye,  
 He a-cordyde fully to his folye.  
 The moder was glade þat out of mesure,  
 And made hem sure iche to oper. 5253  
 The kyng toke þe mayde be þe honde,  
 And þus Partonope he seyde :  
 "This woman I yeve you to wyfe 5256  
 In Ioye for euer to lede your lyfe,  
 And so I praye God it euer may be."—  
 "I thanke you, sir," seyde Partonope.  
 He wende aH þis hade ben weH, 5260  
 His olde loue was for-gete iche deH.  
 He kyste his loue, and maketh hir  
 chere.  
 He was In witt, while he hade leyser  
 A[nd] place, þis is seker as day, 5264  
 To haue pleyde þe comyn play,  
 Of whiche þis louers haue soych ples-  
 aunce,  
 For Meliore was clene out of remem-  
 braunce.  
 Thus was he faH [to] novelly. 5268

The Poet  
will never  
forsake his  
Lady.

Thus was grette merveyle, for trewly I  
Shulde neuer haue be brogthe in þat plyghte,  
Off ony oþer to haue Ioye or delyte  
Butte of my lady, þat ys my souereyne ; 5272  
I telle yowe trowþe, I can not feyne.

Partonope  
holds the  
maiden in  
his armes.

Fresshe *and* lusty ys Partonope ;  
For in *hys* armes *hys* loue hape he, 5275  
Wyche he hath geton hym fresshe *and* newe. [leaf 66, back]  
He seyethe to hyr he wol be trewe.

She tells  
him she is  
happy that  
she has  
sawed him  
from his  
old love.

And she wyth hym falleth in Dallyaunce  
Off maters of loue *and* of hye plesaunce ;  
Wyth kyssynge *and* talkynge she ys fath in boldenesse.  
When wymmen be weþ they can not cese. 5281  
Wyth gladde chere to hym she sayde :  
“ My dere herte, fulle weþ a-payde  
Alle my lyffe-dayes ben may I, 5284  
That I haue conquered yowe so wysely.  
For be crafte I haue yowe take,  
And made yowe fully to for-sake  
Yowre olde loue, *and* fully to me 5288  
Ye ben ensured euer trewe to be.”

Univ. Coll. MS.

This ys grete merveyle, for I truly  
Shulde haue ben brought in that plyte  
Of any other to haue had Ioye or  
delyte, 5271  
But of lady that ys my soueraygne ;  
I telle yow thoug, I canne not fayne.  
Fressh and lusty ys Partonope ; 5274  
For in his armes his love holdes he,  
Which he hath gotten hym fressh and  
new. 5276  
He sayde to hir he wolde be trew.  
And She wyth hym ys fallen in  
dallyaunce  
Of Maters of love and hight plesaunce.

Rawl. MS.

This is grete merveþ, for iche truly  
Shulde neuer a brought In þat plight,  
Of ony oþer to haue Ioye ore delyte,  
But of my lady *and* my souerayne ;  
I tell you trowthe, I can not fayne.  
Freshe *and* lusty is Partonope, 5274  
For In his armes his love holdyth he,  
Whiche he hathe gottyn hym newe.  
He seyde to here he wolde be trewe.  
She with hym is fath In dallyaunce  
Of maters of love *and* high plesaunce,  
With kyssenge *and* talkynge is fath in  
dallyaunce. [leaf 34, back] 5280  
When women beth weþ I can not sese.  
With glade chere she to hym seyde :  
“ My dere hert, full weþ payde  
All my lyve-dayes be may I, 5284  
That I haue conquerede so wysly.  
For be crafte I haue you take,  
And made you fully to for-sake  
Yowre olde love ; *and* holy to me 5288  
Ye be ensurede euer trewe to be.”

- When of *hys* loue he herde hur speke,  
*Hys* herte hym þoʒte for sorowe shulde breke.  
 Alle pensyfe styлле a grette whyle he sytte. 5292  
 In thys þynkyng a-yeu*n* *hys* wytte  
 Ys come to hym aH ffresshe *and* newe.  
 "Al[a]s!" poʒhte he, "I am vntrewe  
 To hur þat ys my souereyne ladye." 5296  
 And *þer-wyth*-aH he sterte vp fersly,  
 And to þe dore stregh*t*e he wente.  
 The barre *in* *hys* honde he hente,  
 And openy*d* þe dore *in* grette haste, 5300  
 And þorowe þe haH heyd*e*d f*as*te.  
 In-to þe porche he come rennyng*e*,  
*Hys* horse he fownde *þer* redy stondyng*e*.  
 Vppon *hys* horse *in* haste he lepte, 5304  
 More of *hys* trowþe toke he no kepe.  
 A-none as þe kyng*e* wes war of *þys*,  
 A sory man*⁹* for soþe he ys.  
 He curs*e*d þe moder *and* hur Enchawntment*e*.\* 5308  
 The newe loue also for aH *þys* ys shent.  
 In grette haste rydethe Partono*e*  
 To the casteH of Bloys, *and* tenderly wepyth he,  
 Thynkyng*e* on*⁹* *hys* lady Melyowre, 5312  
 Howe of *hys* herte she ys þe tresowre,  
 And he hath*⁹* hur serued so falsely.  
 In *hys* herte he fynte hym gyltye. [leaf 67]  
 Whome *in* haste he cometh rydyng*e* ; 5316  
 5308 MS. Enchawntment*e*. After 5314 catchword In *hys* herte.

At these  
words  
Partono*e*  
recovers  
his senses.

He starts  
up, unbars  
the door,  
and rides in  
haste back  
to Blois.

The King is  
angered and  
curses  
Partono*e*'s  
mother and  
her enchant-  
ments.

## Rawl. MS.

- When of his love he herde hir speke,  
 His hert hym þought wolde breke.  
 A*ll* pensefe a grete while he sate. 5292  
 In his hert thynkyng*e* agayne his  
 wyte  
 Ys come to hym freshe *and* newe.  
 "Allas!" he þought, "I am vntrewe  
 To hir þat is my souereyne lady." 5296  
 And *þer-with* he stert vp freshly,  
 And to þe dore streight he wente.  
 The barre In his honde he hente,  
 And oppynde þe dore In haste, 5300  
 And þorwe þe haH he hyede f*as*te.  
 In-to þe porche he come ryng*e*,  
 His hors he fonde redy stondyng*e*.  
 Vppon his hors In haste he lepte, 5304  
 More of his trouth toke he no kepe.  
 When þe kyng*e* was ware of þis,  
 A sory man*⁹* for sothe he is.  
 He courssede his moder *and* hir en-  
 chantment*e*. 5308  
 The newe love also is I-shente.  
 In grete haste rydes Partono*e*  
 To þe casteH of Bloyes, *and* sore wepte  
 he,  
 Thynkyng*e* on his lady Melyore, 5312  
 Howe of his hert she is þe tresoure,  
 And he hathe her seruyde falsly.  
 In his hert he fyndes hym gylty. 5315  
 To Pountyfe In haste he come rydyng*e*;

Partonope  
shuts him-  
self up in  
a chamber,  
weeping and  
lamenting  
sorely.

Frome *hys* meyne he hydyth *hys* wepynge.  
Frome *hys* horse lepethe, *and* streghte gothe  
In-to *hys* chamber, for he ys lothe  
Hys meyne shulde knowe of *hys* dysese. 5320  
He byddyth *hem* voyde, *pys* ys no lese.  
They voyde *hys* chamber in grette haste ;  
After *hym* he barrethe the dore ffaste.  
Nowe by *hym*-selfe he ys allone ; 5324  
He makethe sorowe *and* moche mone.  
He cursyth the cunselle of *pe* kyng,  
He hatyth *hys* newe loue a-boffe aH pyng.

The kyng, *pe* moder, *and* *hys* loue, 5328

Herde tydynges pat a-bofe

In-to a chamber was Partonope

He refuses  
to see his  
mother.

Go to slepe. "pat may not be,"  
Sayde *hys* moder, "for no-pyng. 5332

AH for noȝte *pen* were owre charmyng."

To *hys* chamber she yede in haste,

The dore she fownde barred faste.

She knocked *per*-ate, *and* faste gan crye : 5336

"Vndo the dore, sone, hyt am I."

AH for noghte he lette hur be,

And *pen* he sayde : "For sothe ye

She has  
caused all  
his grief.

Haue fro me take my erthely loye ; 5340

And mowe I ones departe fro the,

Ye shaft neuer efte haue loye of me.

He bids her  
go.

Gothie forthie yowre way, *and* lette me be."

Rawl. MS.

Fro his meyne he hydyth his wepyng.

Fro his hors he lepyth *and* streight  
gothe 5318

In-to his chambir, for he is lothe

His meyne shulde knowe his dysseyse.

He byddes *hem* voyde, *his* is no lese.

They voyde his chambir in grete haste,

After *hem* he barres *pe* dore faste.

Nowe be *hym*-selfe he is alone, 5324

He maketh sorwe *and* moche mone.

<sup>1</sup> He courseth *pe* counsell of *pe* kyng,  
[<sup>1</sup> leaf 35]

And his newe love above aH pyng.

The kyng, his moder, *and* his love

Herde tydynges pat vp above 5329

In-to a chambir was Partonope

Goon to slepe. "pat may not be,"

Seyde his moder, "for nothyng. 5332

AH for nought were oure charmy[n]ge."

To his chambir she yede In haste.

The dore she yede, *and* founde sperede  
faste.

She knocked faste, *and* loude dyde  
crye : 5336

"Vndo *pe* dore, son, it am I."

AH for nought he let here be.

Then he seyde : "For sothe ye

Haue fro me take my erthly make *and*  
loye ; 5340

And nowe I am departyde fro you  
a-weye.

Ye shaft neuer after haue loye of me.

Gothie furthe yowre wey, *and* let me  
be."



Thys lady wepynge went hur way,	5344	She goes, weeping.
Wenyngē fully, þys ys no nay,		
She had to hym no trespas do.		
Partonope a-none, as she was go,		Partonope will ask
Be-poghte hym : “ Yeff I a-byde here,	5348	his Lady's pardon,
The kyngē <i>and</i> my moder wyth wepyng <sup>e</sup> chere,		
Wyth mony a-nother, scholde wender on me,”		
And a-noper whyle þus þoghte he :		
“ My loue, my lady, my hertys leche,	5352	
I wolle me besy yowe for to seeche.		
For I haue not so grettely a-geyne resone	[leaf 67, back]	
Forfete to hur, butte <i>grace</i> and pardone		
I may axe of hur <i>and</i> haue.	5356	
Off þat I haue do, so Gode me sauē,		and repents of his actions.
Wyth aH my hert I me repente,		
And merey [erye] wyth goode entente.”		
And wyth þys þoghte he rose vp faste.	5360	He leaves secretly,
The dore he vnbarreð in grette haste,		
And went hys way fuH heuely.		
And for men shulde hym not aspye,		
ouer hys eyen he keste hys hode,	5364	
And to a man þat to-fore hym stode		
He sayde : “ No lenger loke þou a-byde,		
Butte fecche my horse, for I wolle ryde		
A lyteH way for to desporte me	5368	
aH alone ; for of my meyne		
Atte þys tyme grettely haue I no nede.”		
Thus aH alone forthē he yede.		and riding forth.

*Paul. MS.*

This lady wepyng went hir wey, 5344  
Weny[n]ge fully, þis is no nay,  
She hade to hym a trespas do.  
Partonope anone, as she was goo,  
He bought: "Yef I abyde here, 5348  
The kyng *and* my moder *with* wep-  
yng ehere,  
With many *oþer* shult wonder on me."  
Anoþer while þus bought he:  
"My loue, my lady, my hertis leche  
I wilt me besy for to seche. 5353  
For I haue gretly agan resoune  
For-fet to here; *grace and* pardoune  
I may aske of hir and haue. 5356  
Of þat I haue do, so God me saue,

	And thus alone as he rode musynge,	5372
he meets the knights who brought him the sumpter-horses.	Knyghȝtes sodenly hym come metynge,	
	Off wȝche I haue tolde of be-fore,	
	þat broȝhte hym hys somers wyth aȝ hys tresowre.	
They greet him,	The[y] saluyd hym fulle godely,	5376
	And þen they seyde : "Syr, grettely	
	Off your lady desyreð ye be.	
	Gothȝe your way, for atte þe ssee	
tell him of his ship,	Yowre bote, your shyppe, þer ys redy.	5380
	The tyde a-bydetȝe yowe trewly,	
	And þe wynde and the weder at wyȝ ye* haue."—	
	"Off thes tydynges, so Gode me safe,	
	I thonke yowe grettely," seyȝe Partonope.	5384
and then disappear.	And wyth þat worde þes knyghȝtes be	
	Sodenly gon, he wotte ner where.	
	And he rydetȝe forthȝe to þe water of Lere.	
On the Loire the boat is lying ready.	When he come þer, redy he fownde	5388
	A fayre bote stondynge by þe londe,	
	Where-In he fownde a ffeyre bedde made.	
	Partonope þer-off wes wonder gladde.	
	Shortely, no lenger wolde he a-byde,	5392
	Butte goȝhe to botte, and weder and tyde	[leaf 68]
	Wes aȝ redy ryȝhte to hys plesyre.	
	Downe on þe bedde he hym leyde at leysere ;	
	He þoȝhte þer for to slepe a wynke.	5396
His horse and hounds become invisible.	Nowe shuȝ ye here a wonder þynge :	
	Hys horse, hys leмерыs nogȝhte he seye,	
	5375. MS. rather semers.	5382. ye] MS. they.

## RanL. MS.

And alone as he rode mvsynge,	5372	And with þat worde þese knyghȝtes be
Kny[gh]tes sodenly hym come metynge,		Sodenly gon, he wot neuer where.
Of whiche I haue tolde be-fore,		He rydyth furthe to þe water of Loyre.
That brought hym þe somers with tresoure.		When he come þer, redy he fonde
They saluede hym fuȝt softly,	5376	5388
And þen þey seyde : "Sir, gretly		A fayre bote redy be þe londe.
Of youre lady desyrede ye be.		Where-In he fonde a fayre bede made.
Gothȝe youre wey, for at þe see		Partonope þer-of was wonder glade.
Yowre bote, youre ship þer is redy.	5380	Shortly, no lenger wolde he abyde.
The tyde abydes you, and truly		Bout goȝhe to bote ; weder and tyde
The wynde and weder at wiȝ ye		Was redy dight to his plesure.
haue."—	5382	5394
"Of þis tydynges, so God me saue,		Downe on þe bede he toke his leysere ;
I thanke you hertly," seyde Partonope.		He þoȝhte þer to slepe awhile.
		Ye shaȝ here a wonder thyng :
		His hors, his leмерыs not he se,
		5398

The knyghtes ne no-þynge were bye.		
The bote was gouerned in þe see.	5400	
A wonder þys ys, as þynketh me.		
The bote streyghite hym broghite to þe shyppe.		
When he was In, he toke grette keppe :		
For hys horse, hys lemers þer he fownde,	5404	He sees them again on board the ship.
Wyche be-hynde hym on the strownde		
Hed be lefte, for so wende he.		
And þus forthe saylethe Partonope		
þorowe þe water wyche ys called [L]oyre,	5408	Partonope arrives at Chef d'Oire,
TyH he entered Chyffe Deoyre,		
Wyche ys chyffe hauen of þat cuntre.		
Fro þe shyppe to þe londe streyghite goþe he.		
Master of þe shyppe, ne gouernowre	5412	
Sawe he none, and streghite to þe towre		and rides to the palace.
Off hys lady nowe rydethe he,		
And lette þe shyppe allone be.		
Streyghite he rydethe in-to þe palys,	5416	
And in þe haß, a-pon the deyse		
He sette hym downe; hys soper was redy.		
He yete no mete, but sate heuely.		
Sone after soper, when tyme was,	5420	He can eat nothing.
To chamber he went a esy pas.		
He knewe what he was wonte to done.		
He made hym redy for streyghite to gone		
To bedde, þat was hys entente.	5424	
Shorte tale to make, to bedde he* wente.		He goes to bed.

5425. MS. hem.

## [Rawl. MS.]

The knyghtes ne nothyng where þey be.		Fro þe chiþe to þe londe gothe he.	
The bote was gouer[n]de in þe see.	5400	Maister of þe shipe, ne gouernoure	5412
A wonder þis was, as thynketh me.		Sees hym none; streight to þe toure	
The bote hym brought to þe shipe.		Of his lady nowe rydes he,	
When he was In, he toke grete kepe :		And let þe shipe alone be.	
His hors, his lemers þer he founde,	5404	Streight he rydyth to þe palis,	5416
Whiche be-hynde hym, and on þe stronde,		And In þe haß, vppon þe doyes,	
Hade ben, for so wende he. [leaf 36]		He set hym downe; his soper was redy.	
And þus furthe saillyth Partonope		He etes no mete, but syttes heuyle.	
Thorwe þe water whiche clepede		Sone after soppere, when tyme was,	5420
Loyre,	5408	To chambir he goth and eyse pas.	
TiH he enterde In-to Chyfe doyere,		He knewe what he was wont to do.	
Whiche is chefe haunyn of þe contre.		He made hym redy streight to goo	
		Te bedde, þat was his entente.	5424
		Short tale to make, to bede he wente.	

- Melior comes.  
When he was leyde, þe couertowre  
To hym he drowe. þer-wyth Meleowre  
To bedde come fulle softly. 5428  
In armes he toke hur fuH goodely,  
He kyssed hur, *and* made hur chere. [leaf 68, back]  
Butte she a-spyed be hys manere  
He was atte þat tyme sum-what heuy. 5432  
"GOode syr," she seyde, "whate cause or why  
Be ye nowe in thys heuynes?  
Tellethie me playnely your dystresse."  
Partonope confesses that he was tempted by his mother and the King of France.  
He answered hur fuH softly: 5436  
"My dere herte, I crey yowe mercy.  
I-wys, my loue, I am grettely dysmayed.  
The kynge of Fraunce hath [me] be-betrayed,  
And my euelle moder also, 5440  
Thorowe a drynke made me do  
A þynge where-of I repente me.  
Falce *and* vn-trewe hyt made me be  
To yowe, my lady souereyne. 5444  
On here falsehode I me complayne.  
A wyne I dronke, was made by crafte,  
þorowe wyche my wytte was me by-rafte,  
And I be-come a fole naturelle. 5448  
Thys made my moder, she ys fuH felle.  
Ther-wyth they broghte me a mayde  
That was mery, *and* þen they sayde :
- He pledged his troth to a maiden,  
5447. þe crossed out before wyche.

## Rowl. MS.

- When he was leyde, þe couertoure  
To hym he drew; *and* þer-with  
Melyore  
To bede come full softly. 5428  
In his armes he toke hir goodly,  
He kyssed hir, and made hir chere.  
But she asspyede be his manere  
¶ He was at þat tyme som-what  
heuy. 5432  
"Good sir," she seyde, "what cause  
ore why  
Be ye in þis heuynes?  
Telt me playnly your dysstres."  
He answerde here softly: 5436  
"My dere hert, I crye your mercy.  
My dere hert, I am dysssmayde.  
The kynge of Fraunce hathe me be-  
trayede,  
And myne eviH moder also, 5440  
Thorwe drynke made me to do  
A thyng where-of I repente me.  
False *and* vntrewe it made me be  
¶ To you, my lady souerayne. 5444  
On hir falsheode I me complayne.  
A wyne I dranke, was made be crafte,  
Thorwe whiche my wyt was me rafte,  
And I be-come a fole naturaH. 5448  
This made my moder, she is full  
feli. [leaf 36, back]  
Ther-with þey brought a mayde  
That was to marye; þen þey seyde

- ‘Howe lyke yowe be *pys* mayde yonge? 5452  
 She ys ryghte fleyre *and* nece to þe kyng.’  
 The kyng *þer-wyth* come as blyfe,  
 And gaffe hur me vn-to my wyfe,  
 Wyth townes, castellys, *and* grette ryches. 5456 and received  
great riches  
with her;  
*þer* I ensured\* here a-fore þe wyttenes  
 To be hur husbondon *and* alle *oper* for-sake,  
 And she on hur syde to be my make  
 Ensured by-fore hem alle tho. 5460 but left her  
in time.  
 Yette by grace *hyt* happed so,  
 Er I here nyghed bodely,  
 My wytte come to me *gracyosly*.  
 And *þen* I wyste I had mys-do. 5464  
 In grette haste sterte I vp tho,  
 And lefte my trowpe *þer wyth* hem alle.  
 Where-fore *your* mercy euer I calle,  
 For I for-yete yowe þus flalsselye. 5468  
 My swete herte, haue on me mercy.” [leaf 69] Now he  
implores  
his lady’s  
pardon.  
 Off speche he stynte, *and* seyde no more,  
 Butte styлле he lay *and* syked sore.  
 “Syr,” sayde *hys* lady, “why do ye thus?” 5472 Melior as-  
sures him  
that she  
loves him  
the more  
for having  
returned.  
 Ther-*wyth* she gaffe hym a swete cosse,  
 And sayde: “Lette be, my herte swete,  
 For I wolle ryghte welle ye wete  
 I loue yowe a thowsande folde þe more, 5476  
 That ye haue byn a-sayde so sore,  
 5457. MS. ensweryd or ensdrieryd. 5458. MS. scarcely husbonden).

## Rawl. MS.

- Howe lyke ye þis mayde yenge? 5452  
 She is right fayre *and* nyce to þe  
 kyng.  
 The kyng *with* here come as blyue,  
 And gafe me hir to my wyfe,  
 With townes, castelles, *and* grete  
 Ryches. 5456  
 Ther I ensured here, *and* none wytnes,  
 To be here hosbonde, *and* none *oper*  
 for-sake,  
 And she on here syde to be my make  
 Ensured be-fore hem aft þis to do. 5460  
 Yet be *grace* it happede soo,  
 Ore *þat* I nyghede here bodyly,  
 My wyte come to me *graceously*.  
 Then I wyste I had mys-do. 5464  
 In grete haste vp sterte I þo,  
 And lefte my trouthe *with* hem aft.  
 Ther-fore *mercy* euer I call,  
 For I forgot you þus falsly. 5468  
 My swete hert, euer I crye you mercy.”  
 “Of speche he stont, *and* seyde no  
 more,  
 But stið lay *and* sighede sore.  
 “Sir,” seyde þis lady, “why do you  
 þus?” 5472  
 Ther-*with* she gaf hym a swete cus,  
 And seyde: “Let be, my hert swete,  
 For I wið right wett I wete  
 Love you a þousonde folde þe more 5476  
 That ye haue ben assayde so sore

But he must  
beware of  
treason.

And leve hem alle *and* drawe to me.  
 And I may *per*-by knowe *and* se  
 Yowre herte to me stonte euer stable, 5480  
 Where-fore þys traspas ys pardonable.  
 Butte yeffe here-after þe deuylle be  
 Yowre master so grettely þat me to se  
 [Ye desyre] ffor drynke or for ony poysone, 5484  
 To make of me oppyn demonstracyone,  
 Er my wyth be þat hyt be so,  
 Ye shulle vn-do vs boþe to.  
 Alle *oper* pynges mowe fulle lyghtely 5488  
 Off me for-yeffe be, but trewly I  
 Lone yowe so weH wyth myn herte,  
 Alle *oper* forfettys mowe me not smertte."  
 Nowe ar they falle fro þys Dalyaunce, 5492  
 And besy hem to do eche *oper* plesawnce.  
 Thus alle þe nyghte to-geder pey be,  
 Tylle on the morowe þat Partonope  
 Moste nedes ryse, for hyt was day. 5496  
 And þus he rose, *and* wente hys way,  
 Where he wolde hym to dysporte.  
 Off no wyghte ells had he comforte  
 Neuer a day, tylle hyt was nyghte. 5500  
 Thys lyffe he leuyd fortenyghte.  
 And on a day he hym be-poghte  
 In whatte care he had broghte  
 Hys moder, *and* eke þe kynge of Fraunce, 5504

A fortnight  
having  
passed,  
Partonope  
again thinks  
of seeing his  
family,

*Rowl. MS.*

And lefte hem aH *and* drewe to me.  
 I may *per*-by bothe knowe *and* se  
 Your hert to me stonte euer stabliH. 5480  
 Where-for þis traspas is pardonabiH.  
 But yef here-after þe deviH be  
 Your maister so gretly þat me to se  
 Ye desyre for drynke ore for  
 poyson [leaf 37] 5484  
 To make of me oppyn demonstracion,  
 Ore my wiH be þat it be so,  
 Ye shaH vndo us bothe two.  
 AH *oper* thynges nowe fult lightly 5488  
 Of me for-yeve, truly I  
 Love you so weH with aH my herte,  
 AH *oper* forfettes may me not astert."  
 Nowe are þey fult fro þis dalyaunce,  
 And besye hem to do i-che *oper* ples-  
 aunce. 5493  
 Thus aH nyght to-geder pey be,  
 TiH at morwe þat Partonope  
 Moste nedes ryse, it is day. 5496  
 And þus he rose, *and* wende hir wey,  
 Wheþer he wolde hym to dyssporte.  
 Of nought eHes hade he comforte  
 Neuer a day, tiH is was nyght. 5500  
 This lyfe he leuyde a fortnyght.  
 And on a day he hym be-pought  
 In what care he hade brought  
 His moder *and* eke þe kynge of  
 Fraunce, 5504

And aH *hys* kynrede *and* *hys* allyaunce.  
 Where-fore he porposethe hem aH to se  
 And hastily to go *in-to* *hys* cuntre.  
 As he [on] nyghte *in* bedde laye [leaf 69, back] 5508  
*Wyth* *hys* lady, *hys* fresshe maye,  
 He toke *hys* *in* armes *and* *wyth* *þat* *hys* kyste.  
 "My dere herte, he sayde, "*and* I wyste  
 Ye wolde not dyspleased be, 5512  
 I wolde haue leue of yowe to se  
 My cuntre; *hyt* were to me grette ese.  
 Butte me were lothe yowe to dysplese."  
 And *wyth* *þat* worde she syked sore. 5516  
 "My loue," she sayde, "*euer*-more  
 I drede me porowe fals en-chawntemente  
 Ye shulle make vs bope shente.  
 Yowre moder atte yowre nexte comynge 5520  
 I fere me shaft make yowe brynge  
 Some þynge where-porowe ye shaH me sene.  
 Shente for *euer* shaft ye þen bene,  
 To brynge me *in* offence *and* to breke your trowpe. 5524  
 My swete herte, haue on me rowpe.  
 For Gode me so helpe as wyslye  
 I gaffe yowe cause neuer why  
 Thus lyghtly to departe fro me. 5528  
*Wyth*-owten stroke ye wolle me sle.  
 In Fraunce ye mowe lyffe *in* pes,  
 Er *euer* to yowe I shulde make pres  
 That ye shulde *euer* repayre to me, 5532

and prays  
Melior for  
leave.

?

She fears  
that the  
mother will  
turn him  
from her  
again by her  
enchant-  
ments.

## Rawl. MS.

And aH his kenrede *and* his alyaunce.  
 Where-fore he porposeth hem to see  
 And hastily go *in-to* his cuntre.  
 As he on nyght *in* bede lay 5508  
*With* his lady, þis freshe may,  
 He toke her *in* armes *and* hir kyste.  
 "My dere hert," he seyde, "*and* y  
 wyste  
 Ye wolde not dyssplesede be, 5512  
 I wolde haue leue of you to se,  
 To me it were a grete eyse.  
 But lothe me were you to dyssplese."  
*With* *þat* worde he sighede sore. 5516  
 "My loue," she seyde, "*euer*-more  
 I drede me of false enchantmentes,  
 Ye shaft make vs bothe shente.  
 Your moder at your nexte comynge  
 For me shaft make you brynge 5521  
 Som thyng *þat* ye shaft me sene.  
 Shent for *euer* þen shaft ye ben,  
 To breke myne offence and my trouthe 5525  
 My swete hert, haue on me rounthe.  
 For God me helpe so as wyssly  
 I yef you neuer no cause why  
 Thus lightly to departe fro me. 5528  
*With*-out stroke ye wiff me sle.  
 In France ye may byde *in* pes,  
 Ore *euer* I shulde to you make pres  
 That ye shuff *euer* repayre to me, 5532  
 1 leaf 37, back.

It will  
kill her if  
Partonope  
breaks his  
word.

Butte yeff hȳt to yowe plesaunce be.  
 Yeffe ye thus departe fro me,  
 And breke your behestē, ye shulle se  
 Ye shulle me sle *wyth*-owten knyffe. 5536  
 Thus shaH your loue reve me my lyffe,  
 And þus shaH I be lefte allone  
 In care *and* sorowe to make my mone  
 I note to whom, when\* ye be wente. 5540  
*Wyth* sorowe *and* wepyngē shalle I be shente,  
 For efter won euylle comythe mony mo.  
 And ye in suchē wyse lette me go,  
 Then shaH I endure in languyshtyngē, 5544  
 Never fuH dedde, but euer dyinge,  
 And lyteH ete *and* lesse drynke,  
 And no dele slepe þowe I wynke. [leaf 70]  
 þus shaH I my body pyne, 5548  
 Fro myrthe *and* loye my hert restreyne.  
 Off aH trewe counseH shaH I be sadde,  
 And mercy axe ther non may be hadde.  
 Soche loye hape he þat lesythe hys loue, 5552  
 Alle day hȳt hathe byn in proue :  
 Comynly ther þat wone louythe beste  
 Off aH oþer hys thonke ys leste.  
 Lo, dere herte, þus mowe ye se 5556  
 In whatte myschyffe ye shulle lefe me,  
 Yeffe ye me se or þan my luste.  
 In yowe fully ys alle my truste,

5540. *Second when seems marked for erasure.*

*Rawl. MS.*

But it to you plesaunce be.  
 Yef ye þus departe fro me,  
 And breke your heste, ye shaH se  
 Ye shaH me sle *with-out* knyfe. 5536  
 Thus shaH ye reve me my lyfe,  
 Thus shaH I be lefte alone  
 In care *and* sorwe to make my mone  
 I not to whom, when ye be wente. 5540  
*With* sorwe *and* wepyngē I shaH be  
 shente,  
 For after on evill comyth many mo.  
 And in soychē wyse ye let me goo,  
 Then shaH I endure In langwyssyngē,  
 Never fuH dede, but euer dyngē, 5545  
 And lyte mete drinke *and* lese drynke,  
 And no deH slepe þough I wynke.  
 Thus shaH I my body peyne, 5548  
 Merthe *and* loye my hert resstrayne.  
 Of aH newe counseH I shaH be sade,  
 Mercy askyngē þer none may be hade.  
 Soychē loye hathe he þat louyth his  
 loue. 5552  
 Aȳ þe day it hathe be put In proue  
 Comynly þer þou lovyste beste  
 Of aH oþer his thanke is leste.  
 Loo, dyre hert, þus may ye see 5556  
 In what myschef ye shaH leue me,  
 Yef ye me se ore þen me lyste.  
 In you fully is aH my truste.



For lo, dere herte, <i>pys ys my ffre :</i>	5560	
A-monge yowre ffrendes, when ye be <i>per</i> ,		
<i>Wyth</i> crafte broghite ynd ye shulde be.		
Ye shulle hem truste better <i>pen</i> me.		
Yowre moder wenythe aH fantasye be	5564	
That I do, seth me to se		
Ye ben defended; <i>per</i> -fore sykerly		
She wolle make some crafte where-by		
Ye shulle a-yen my wyH me se.	5568	His mother will surely use some witchcraft.
Thus shulle ye leue hur better <i>pen</i> me.		
Yet a-boue aH <i>pys ys my fere</i>		
My loue to lese <i>pat ys</i> so dere,		
Haue boughite myne herte, and <i>pat</i> be ye.	5572	
Nowe gode [loue], haue mercy on me."		
"Mi ffayre lady, pynke weH thys,		
In alle <i>pe</i> reme of Fraunce <i>per nys</i>		Partonope begs her to trust him.
Mand ne woman <i>pat</i> cand me brynge	5576	
To done offence In eny <i>pyng</i> e		
That were <i>contrary</i> to yowre plesawnce.		
Gode kepe me euer fro <i>pat</i> myschaunce.		
Then were I worse <i>pen</i> ony hownde,	5580	He were worse than any hound to cause her death.
That thys lounge haue yowe fownde,		
That I shulde your deth caste.		
Myne endeles sorowe <i>pen</i> shulde I haste.		
For by the holy A-postolys twelffe	5584	
I loue yowe better <i>pen</i> my-selffe.		
And moche loue <i>pen</i> haue I loste,	[leaf 70, back]	Her faith is the measure of their love.
Yeffe ye shulde me thys mystruste."		

## Rawl. MS.

Loo, dere hert, pis is my fere :	5560	"My fayre lady, thynke weH pis,	5574
Amonge youre ffrendes. pis is my fere,		In aH <i>pe</i> reme of Fraunce <i>per nys</i>	
<sup>1</sup> With crafte brought In ye shaft be.		Mand ne woman <i>pat</i> cand me brynge	
Ye shaft hem truste beter <i>pen</i> me,		To do offence In ony thyng	5577
Your moder wenyth aH fanten be	5564	That were <i>contrary</i> to your plesawnce.	
That I do, sethe me to see <sup>[leaf 38]</sup>		God kepe me fro <i>pat</i> myschaunce.	
Ye be defendyde ; <i>per</i> -fore sekerly		Then were I wors <i>pen</i> an hownde,	5580
She wiff make som crafte wherby		Sethe so longe I haue you founde,	
Ye shaft ayen my wiff me see.	5568	That I shulde your deth caste.	
Thus shaft ye leue here better <i>pen</i> me.		My endles sorwe shulde In haste.	
Yet above aH pis is my fere		For be <i>pe</i> holy appostelles xii	5584
My love to lese, <i>pat</i> is so dere,		I loue you beter <i>pen</i> my-selve.	
Haue bought my hert, and <i>pat</i> be ye,		And moche loue <i>pen</i> haue I loste,	
Nowe, good loue, haue mercy on me."		Yef ye shaft me <i>pus</i> mysstruste."	

	Thus aH nyghte by-twyn hem twey	5588
	Wordes þer were ; hem luste not to pley,	
	Ne slepe neyþer, þys ys no nay,	
The next day Partonope makes his prepara- tions for the voyage.	TyH on þe morowe þat brode daye	
	Shone In so bryghte þat Partonope	5592
	þoghte þat hyt was hey tyme þat he	
	Made hym redy, and so he dyde ;	
	And to hys dyner streyghte he yede.	
	And after dyner streyghte yede he	5596
He observes the sea from the castle.	Vppon a towre of þe castelle to se	
	The see, þe wynde, and eke þe tyde.	
	AH þys was weH, and þer-fore a-byde	
	Longe wyth hys lady þoghte not he.	5600
	Butte aH-wey after Partonope	
	To hys lady every nyghte	
	Sware he shulde neuer þe syghte	
	Off hyr desyre, tyll þat she	5604
Taking his leave, he goes on board ;	Luste hyt were so ; and þus takyth he	
	Hys leue ; also when hyt was day,	
	To shyppe he gothe, and taketh þe way	
	Ouer þe see* streyghte to Bloys.	5608

5608. MS. adds þe shyppe after see.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Neyther they myght not slepe, this ys  
no nay, [leaf 40] 5590  
Tyll on the morow that brode day  
Shone in so bryght that Partonope 5592  
Thought that hit was tyme that he  
Made hym redy, and so he dede ;  
And to his dyner streyght he yede,  
And after dyner streyght yede he 5596  
Vppe in-to the Toure of the CasteH to  
see  
The See, the wynde, and eke the tyde,  
Alle this was weH, and there-fore a-byde  
Longe wyth his lady thought not he.  
But alle-way after Partonope 5601  
To his lady every nyght\*  
Swere he shulde neuer the syght  
Of hir desyre, tyll that She 5604  
Lyst hit were so ; and thus taketh he  
His leue ; and so when hit was day,  
To Shippe he gothe, and taketh the way  
Ouer the See styrght to Bloys. 5608

Rawl. MS.

Thus aH þe nyght be-twyx hem to 5588  
Wordes þer were ; hem lyste none oper  
to do.  
They myght not slepe, þis is no nay,  
TiH on þe morwe þe brode day  
Shone In so bright þat Partonope 5592  
Thought it was tyme þat he  
Made hym redy, and so he dyde ;  
And to his dener streight he yede.  
And after dener streight yede he 5596  
In-to þe toure of þe casteH to se  
The se, þe wynde, and eke þe tyde.  
1AH þis was weH, and þer-fore abyde  
Longe with his lady þought not he.  
But alwey after Partonope 5601  
To his lady every nyght [leaf 38, back]  
Swere he shulde neuer þe sight  
Of her desyre tiH þat she 5604  
Lyste it were ; and þus taketh he  
His leue ; and when it was day,  
To shipe he goth, and taketh þe wey  
Ouer þe se streight to Bloyes. 5608

Thyder he come as who seyethe treys.  
 Shorte tale to make, he yede to londe,  
 And went to Bloys, *and* per he fownde  
 Hys moder *and* alle hys oder meyne, 5612 and sails to  
Blois, where  
he is given  
a hearty  
welcome.  
 That off hys comynge fuþ Ioyfuþ bee,  
 And of hys passage haue grette mervayle,  
 For no man sawe shyppe neyþer sayle,  
 And þat A-none he come to Bloys. 5616  
 In hys comynge he ys curteyse.  
 Aþ Fraunce made Ioye of hys comynge. All France  
rejoices.  
 On horsbacke lyghtely lepethe þe kynge,  
 He prycked faste þorowe þe towne. 5620  
 After hym heyed, bope Erle *and* barowne.  
 Knyghtes, Squyers of every degre  
 Come to welcome Partonope. Kings, Earls  
and Barons  
give him  
welcome.  
 And he hem thonked wyth swyche\* chere, [leaf 71] 5624  
 That they lyked so hys manere.  
 Every man made grette Ioyinge  
 Off Partonope-ys home comynge  
 Off welcomenyng and ende to make, . 5628  
 The grette pres here leue haþe take,  
 And homwarde eche man taketh hys wey.  
 5624. MS. swythe.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Thether he come as who sayth tries.  
 Short tale to make, he yede to londe,  
 And went to Bloys, and there he fonde  
 And Modyr and alle his other meyne,  
 That of his comyng fuþ Ioyfull be, 5613  
 And of his passage haue grete mervayle,

For no man seeth nother Shipp nor sayle,

And that alone he come to Bloys. 5616  
 In his comyng he ys curteys.  
 Alle Fraunce made Ioye of his comyng.  
 On horsbak lyghtly lepyth the king,  
 He pryked fast thorow the thownd. 5620  
 After hym hyed bothe Erle and baroun;  
 Knyghtes and Squyers of enery degree,  
 Came to welcome home Partanope.

And he hem thanked wyth such chere,  
 That they lyked so his goode manere.  
 Every man made grete Ioyng 5626  
 Of Partanopes home Comyng. [11. 40, b.]  
 Of his welcomyng and ende to make,

The grete prees her leve haue take, 5629  
 And homward eche man toke the way.

Deþer he come as who seyth threys.  
 Short tale to make, he yede to londe,  
 And went to Bloyes, *and* per he fonde  
 His moder *and* aþ his oder meyne,  
 That of his comy[n]ge Ioyefuþ be,  
 And of his passyng [haue] grete mer-  
 veyth, 5614

For no man seyth noþer ship ne saith,

And þat alone he come to Bloyes. 5616  
 In his comy[n]ge he is courteys.  
 Aþ France made Ioye of his comy[n]ge.  
 On hors-bake lightly lepyth þe kynge,  
 He prekede faste þorwe þe towne. 5620  
 After hym hyede erle *and* barowne.  
 Knyghtes *and* squyeres of enery degre  
 Come to welcome Partonope.

He hem thanked wyth blythe chere,  
 That þey leked so his manere. 5625  
 Every man made grete Ioyenge  
 Of Partonope home comy[n]ge.  
 Of his comy[n]ge an ende I make. 5628  
 The grete prese þer leue hathe take,  
 Home iche man toke þe wey.

Partonope's  
mother asks  
the advice of  
her mother,  
as to keep-  
ing her son  
in France.

Sone after *hyt* felle vpon a deye  
Thys moder of Partonope 5632  
Hur wyttes castet<sup>he</sup> howe beste myghte she  
Hur Sone haue style In Fraunce.  
A moder she had, in home hur affyaunce  
Was grettely, for she was bope olde *and* wyse. 5636  
She þoghte she wolde haue hur a-vyse.  
Hur moder she tolde alle hur conselle.  
She hur answered, *and* sayde : " In perelle  
Grettely stante Partonope ; 5640  
Where-fore, doghter, I conselle þat ye  
Sende for þe bysshoppe off Parys.  
He ys a clerke, *and* per-to ryghte wysse,  
And can goode skyH of Sermonyng. 5644  
He knowet<sup>he</sup> the helpe off alle þynge."  
He was sente after, he come a-none.  
When he wes come, to-gedyr they gone  
In-to a parlere alle thre. 5648  
The moder sayde to the bysshoppe : " Syr, ye  
Be ryghte welcome, wyth-owten more.

She coun-  
sels her to  
send for the  
Bishop of  
Paris.

The mother  
lays the case  
before him.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Sone after hit felle vpon a day  
That the Moder of Partonope 5632  
Hir wyttes cast how best myght She  
Hir Sone wyth-holde style in Fraunce.  
A Moder She had, in whom hir  
affiaunce  
Was gretly, for She was bothe olde and  
wyse. 5636  
Sheo thought Sheo wolde haue hir  
a-vyse.  
Hir Moder She tolde alle hir CounseH.  
She answerid, and sayde, " In grete  
perceH  
May thus stonde Partonope : 5640  
Wherefore, doughter, I counsayle the  
Send for the Bysshop of Paryse.  
He ys a Clerk, and therto Riche and  
wyse.  
And can goode skylle of sermonyng,  
He knoweth the helpe of alle thing."  
He was sent after, he come a-none. 5646  
When he was comyn, to-gyder they gone  
In-to a parloure alle there. 5648  
The moder sayde to the Bysshope :  
" Ye, Sere,  
Bene ryght welcome, wythouten more.

## Bartl. MS.

Sone after it fiH on þe day  
That þe moder of Partonope 5632  
Here wyttes kyste howe beste myght she  
Here sone kepe stiH In Fraunce.  
A moder she hade in hir here affyaunce  
Was, for she was olde *and* wyse. 5636  
She þought she wolde haue here avyse.  
Hir moder she tolde here counseH.  
She answerde : " In grete perceH [leaf 39]  
May þus stonde Partonope : 5640  
Where-fore doughter I counseH the  
Sende for þe byshope of Paris.  
He is a clerke *and* per-to right nyse,  
And can goode skiH of sermony[n]ge.  
He knoweth þe helpe of aH thyng."  
He was sent aft<sup>r</sup>, he come anone. 5646  
When he was come, to-geder þey gon  
In-to parloure nowe aH there. 5648  
The moder seyde to þe bysshope : " Ye  
sore,  
Ye be right welcome with-out more.  
5648. thre crossed out before there.

- I am dyssese~~d~~ wonder sore,  
 Where-fore your counse~~l~~ I moste haue. 5652  
 I fere me grettely, so Gode me saue,  
 My sone to lese Partonope.  
 For thys *hyt* stante trewly, syr, he  
 Ys taken *wyth* ffendys of ffayre. 5656  
 For a~~ll~~ a-lone he gothe, *pat* we  
 Be monthe ne wotte where hym to fynde,  
 Butte alle *hys* mayne he leuythe be-hynde.  
 He hathe a loue, syr, sykerly. 5660  
 She hathe defende~~d~~ hym *hyly*  
 That he desyre hur noghte to se.  
 Thys ys a wonder pyng to me. [leaf 71, back]  
 They mete neuer but on nyghte ; 5664  
 Off hur had he yette neuer no syghte.  
 Wyth hur he fynte a~~ll~~ maner of plesaunce.  
 Hyt ys a fende or some myschawnee,  
 That wolle *hys* body *and* sowle brynge 5668  
 In-to some myscheffe ; lo, *pis* ys a pyng  
 Wyche greuethe my hert wonderly Sore.  
 Thys ys *pe* cause ye were sent fore."

Her son  
lives for  
months with  
a fairy,

but meets  
her only by  
night.

His body  
and soul are  
in jeopardy.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rough MS.

- I am diseased wonderly sore,  
 Where-fore youre counsayle I mote haue.  
 For I feere me gretly, so God me saue,  
 My Son to leese Partanope. 5654  
 For thus hit stont truly, Sir, he  
 Ys take wyth feendes of the flayry.  
 For aloone he gothe that I 5657  
 Newote in a moneth where hym to fende,  
 And alle his meyne he levys hym be-  
 hynde.  
 He lateth hym a-loone, Sir, sykerly.  
 She hath defended hym highly 5661  
 That he desyre not hir to see.  
 This ys a wonder thyng to me.  
 They mete neuer but a-nyght ; 5664  
 Of hir had he yett neuer no sight.  
 He fyndeth wyth hir alle maner of  
 plesaunce. 5666  
 Hit ys a feende or som myschaunce,  
 I am desseyse~~d~~ wonder sore,  
 Where-fore your counse~~l~~ I moste haue.  
 For I fere me gretly, so God me saue,  
 My sone to lese Partonope. 5654  
 For *pis* it stont truly," quod she,  
 "He is take *wyth* fendes of *pe* feyre. 5656  
 For alone he goth *pat* I  
 Ne wot In a monthe where hym to fynde,  
 And a~~ll~~ his men he leuyth be-hynde.  
 He lettyth hem alone sekerly. 5660  
 She hathe deffendyde hym gretly  
 That he desyre not here to see.  
 This is a wonder thyng to me.  
 They met neuer but at nyght ; 5664  
 Of here he hade neuer yet sight.  
 He fyndyth *wyth* here a~~ll~~ plesaunce.  
 Hit is a fende ore som myschaunce  
 That *wyth* his body *and* soule brynge 5668  
 In-to som myschef ; lo, *pis* is a thyng  
 Whiche greuys my hert wonder sore.  
 This is *pe* cause ye were sent fore."

	" WyH," sayde þe bysshoppe, "lette me a-lone.	5672
	In-to a chamber I woH gonne, And brynge yowre sone þen in to me. A whyle in conselle we woH be."	
	For hur sone she sent a-none.	5676
	When he was come, she made hym gone In-to þe chamber wyth-owte lette, Where as þe bysshoppe hym sone mette, And sayde to hym : " Welcome be ye.	5680
The Bishop speaks to Partonope,	Come, syttythe downe ryghte here be me." The bysshoppe hys tale be-gan sotelly Alle a-ff[e]rre, and seyde : " Syr, I Here of yowe moche worschyppe and honowre ;	5684
and refers to his renown.	For off aH Fraunce ye bere the flowre Off manhode and of cheualry. Thys ys þe cause, syr, why þat I Hyder am come yowe for to se,	5688
He is glad to see him in good health.	And wyth aH my herte am gladde þat ye Arne in hele and in gladnes." þys bysshoppe pleyed wyles, as I gesse ; For he no worde spake of hys lady,	5692
	Butte oper materes broghte yn soþely. And þen he sayde : " Trewly ye To Gode moche holden be. Ye haue þe name of gentylnes,	5696
	Off curtesy and off hys prouesse. þus renneth your fame porowe þe worlde. Thankethie heyly þat ylke lorde Fro whome þys cometh ; for wytte weH ye	Deaf 721 5700

## Rawl. MS.

" WeH," seyde þe bysshope, "let me alone."	5672	Heþer am come you to see,	5688
In-to a chambir she is gon,		With aH my hert and glade am I	
In-to his chambir with-out lete.	5678	That ye are in hele and gladnes."	
Where as þe bysshope sone mete,		This bysshop pleyde wylis, I gesse :	
And seyde to hym : " WeH-come be ye		For he no worde spake of his lady,	5692
Come, sit downe right here be me."	5681	But oper materis brought subtilly.	
The bisshope be-gan his tale subtilly		Then he seyde : " Truly ye	
AH afterre, and seyde : " Sir, sekerly		Moeche to God holdyn be.	
I here of you moste worchipe and honour	[1 leaf 39, back] 5684	Ye bere þe name of lentylnes,	5696
For of Fraunce ye bere þe flour		Of courtesey and high prouesse.	
Of manhode and of chevalrye.		Thus renyth þe fame þorwe þe worlde.	
This is þe cause, sir, þat I		Thanketh byely þat ilke lorde	5699
		Fro whom þis comyth ; for weH wot ye	

Off yowre-selfe hyt may not be.  
 For þowe a monne wolde yefe yowe a ffoder  
 Off golde, ye myghte not selle to a-nother  
 Bewte, strenghe, ne provesse, 5704 for all your  
 Fredome, curtesy, ne larges, beauty,  
 Alle tho *graces* comethe fro hym ; strength and  
 Fro yowe cometh no-þynge but fowle synne. prowess,  
 Ther-fore sette alle yowre entente 5708  
 To fulfyH *hys commaundement*.  
 Serue\* not a-nothe[r]wyth *hys* yefte. dedicate  
 Take resone to yowe, *and* porsewe þryfte, these to  
 And besy yowe to serue Gode a-bone ; Him,  
 Then haue ye a lorde *and* eke a lone. 5712 and love  
 Yeff ye hym lone, he wolde yowe kepe Him above  
 Fro alle your Enemys, þowe ye slepe, everything."  
 Oper ellys wheper ye be wakyng. 5716  
 Ther-fore loue hym a-bone aH þynge.  
 AH wordely worshyppe I-nowe haue ye.  
 AH þat he geffe yowe, *and* þynketh þat he  
 Alle, when hym luste, may fro yowe take. 5720  
 Loue hym þen for yowre owne sake,  
 And loue hym trewly in alle wyse.  
 Loke none erthely loue yowe suppryse,  
 Leste *per-wyth* ye be so blente, 5724 "Beware of  
 That ye breke *hys* comawndement. the guiles of  
 Lyethe not longe in dedely Synne, earthly love,  
 Yeff *per* be eny nowe þat ye be ynne. and confess  
 your sins."

5710. Serue] MS. Seyne.

5711. or persewe ?

## Rowl. MS.

Of youre-selfe may it not be.  
 For though a man wolde gyfe a foþer  
 Of golde, he myght not sell to anoþer 5704  
 Bente, strenght, ne prowess,  
 Freedom, courtesye, ne largesse.  
 AH þis *graces* come fro hym ;  
 Fro you comyth not but syn. 5708  
 Ther-for set aH *your* entente  
 To kepe fully his comondement.  
 Serve not anoþer with his gyfte,  
 Take reson to you, *and* persue right. 5712  
 Then haue ye a lorde *and* a love  
 To serue ouer aH thyng above.  
 Yef ye hym lone, he wyth you kepe

Fro aH enemys, þough ye slepe,  
 Ore eþes þough ye be wakyng. 5716  
 There-fore loue hym above aH thyng.  
 AH worldly worship I-nowe haue ye.  
 And aH þat he gaf you ; *and* thynke  
 þat he [leaf 40]  
 When hym lyste may fro you take. 5720  
 There-fore loue hym for your owne sake,  
 And loue hym truly in aH wyse.  
 Loke none erthly loue you surpryse,  
 Leste *per-with* ye be so blente 5724  
 That ye breke his comondement.  
 Lyth not longe in dedly synne,  
 Yef *per* be ony þat ye be inne.

5717. catchword AH wordly.

- Gope faste to sore confessione." 5728  
 þus endythe þe bysshoppe ys sermone.  
 When þe bysshoppe hadde aH seyde,  
 Partonope sat aH dysmayde.  
 He caste a syke, *hyt* semeð fro ferre. 5732  
 That herde þe bysshoppe, *and* nyghleð hym ner.  
 He bade hym boldely teH owte *hys* synne,  
 And ransake *hys* consyence weH *wyth*-yn.  
 And *þen* he tolde hym a nobeH story 5736  
 Off holy wrytte, *and* howe þe vycторы [leaf 72, back]  
 Off þe deuylH seynttes hadde  
 In olde tyme, *and* bade hym be gladdē,  
 And on þe deuylle showe *hys* knyghthode, 5740  
 Sythen in batayle he lacked no manhode,  
 "And showe þat þou arte Goddys knyghte."  
 And so moche pyngē hym he be-hyghte,  
 þat atte þe laste Partonope 5744  
 Aggreid hym fully for to be  
 Atte þe bysshoppys owne wyH.  
 And sodenly ther-*wyth* he felle  
 In-to a poghte fuH henely. 5748  
 "Allas," þoghte he, "what may I  
 Do, for weH I wotte truly  
 I haue do nowē fulle grette folye  
 My lone þus fowle to be-traye. 5752  
 Nowe ys to late to sey naye,  
 Sythe I am agreed þer-to."

5754. MS. possibly sythen.

*Rawl. MS.*

- Gettyth faste to confessione." 5728  
 Thus endyth þe bysshope his sermon.  
 When þe bysshope hade aH seyde,  
 Partonope stont aH dyssmayde.  
 He caste a sigh, it semyde fro ferre. 5732  
 That herde þe bysshope *and* nyghede  
 nerre.  
 He bade hym boldly teH out his syne,  
 And ransake his coucience *with*-in.  
 Then he tolde hym a nobiH storye. 5736  
 Of holy wryte, *and* how victorye  
 Of þe deviH *and* sentence hade  
 In olde tyme, *and* bade hym be glade,  
 And þe deviH shewyde his knyghthode.  
 5748. Gettyth þe *like* o.  
 Sethe In bataiH he lakede no manhode,  
 "Shewe þat þou art Goddes knyght, 5742  
 And thynke howe meeche ye hym hight,"  
 That at laste Partonope 5744  
 A-greede fully for to be  
 At þe bysshopys owne wiH.  
 And sodenly þer-*with* he fiH 5748  
 In-to a pought fuH hevely,  
 "Allas," he þoght, "what may I  
 Do, for weH I wot truly  
 I haue do nowē grete folye  
 My lone þus foule to be-traye. 5752  
 Nowe is to late to sey nay,  
 Sethe I am a-greede þer-to."



- þen to þe bysshoppe he seyde : " Syr, loo,  
 Off a synne I moste me shryue. 5756 He confesses  
that he has  
a love  
whom he has  
never seen.  
 A loue I haue, wyche in my lyue  
 Wyth myne eyen yette neuer I seye.  
 For hur to se fuH hylce  
 She me defendyth ; yette haue I be 5760 She always  
speaks well  
of God.  
 Wyth hur fulle moche. And hardely she  
 Off Gode spekethe weH and off hys lawe,  
 And euer conselleth me to drawe  
 Hym to serue and eke to plesse. 5764  
 And wytteth weH, þys ys no lese,  
 Off hym she spekethe fuH blessydlye.  
 Golde and syluer fuH plentuosly,  
 And precyous stones she geaythe to me, 5768  
 And ryche clopes ; and bytte me be  
 Manly and þer-to off yefftes large.  
 Somerys of golde she made me charge,  
 And to me sente hem in-to Fraunce. 5772 She sent  
great gifts  
to France,  
 And to my kyn and myne allyaunce  
 She bade I shulde departe ffrely. [leaf 73]  
 And so I dude, for trewly I  
 Yafe kynges, Erles, and eke barownes, 5776  
 Knyghtes, Squyers : Cytees and townes.  
 And moche peple of every degre  
 Wyth hur golde I wyth-helde wyth me.  
 þorowe hur ys pes come in-to þys lande. 5780 and through  
her peace  
is now  
restored.  
 She hath made me to take on hande  
 þys batayle, þorowe wyche I haue þe pryce.

## Rowl. MS.

- <sup>1</sup> Then to þis bysshope he seyde þo :  
 " Of syne I moste me shreyve. 5756  
 A love I haue with-In my lyve  
 With myne eyen yett neuer I sigh.  
 For hir to se fuH loughly. [<sup>1</sup> leaf 40, back]  
 She me defendyde ; yett haue I be 5760  
 With hir fuH meeche. And hardly she  
 Of God spekes and of his lawe,  
 And euer counssellyth me to drawe  
 Hym to serue and to plesse. 5764  
 And wete ye weH, þis is no lese,  
 To me she gyffes fuH besely  
 Golde and syluer plentuosly,  
 And precious stonys she geiys me, 5768  
 And ryche clothis ; and beddes to me be  
 Manly and of yefftes large.  
 Somers with golde she made charge  
 And to me sent hem to Fraunce. 5772  
 To my kyn and myne alyaunce  
 She bade I shulde departe ffrely.  
 And so I dyde, for truly I 5775  
 Yefe kyghtes, erlis, and eke barouns,  
 Knyghtes, squyeres Cetes and townes.  
 And moche pepith of every degre 5778  
 With here golde weH helde with me.  
 Thorwe here is pes come to londe. 5780  
 She hath made me take on honde  
 The batait þe þe which I haue þe pryce.

	Where-fore, syr, to myne a-vyce, She hape fuH gentylly quytte hur vn-to me, Saue in on) pyngre pat hur to se She me defendythe so heylly. For pps cause, syr, trewly I Putte me in yowre ordynawnce, What euer hadde me falle or chawnce."	5784
All the same he submits to the Bishop's will.	When þe bysshoppe herde hys entente : "Nowe, lorde," he sayde "omnipotente, I ylde þe gracys and þonkynges ! Partonope," he sayde, "a-boue aH þynge I counselle pat ye hur se, þowe hyt a-geyne hur wyH be."	5788
The Bishop advises him to see the lady.	Hys moder seyde on) þe oder parte : "I haue ordeyned þerfore an) arte Where-þorowe ye shulle hur naked see. Butte for no-þynge loke ye ne be A-herde of þat fowle þynge."	5796
The mother gives him an enchanted lantern.	To hym a lanterne she dyd bryngre A-none, and þer-In a candeH bryghthe, pat shonne as þe day lyghthe. For wynde ne weder hyt wolde not owte. And þer-wyth wyles, wyth-owten dowte, She maketh hym fully to agre Vn-to hys lady fals to be. þps lanterne wyth lyghthe she dope hym proferre.	5800
	He hyt reseyueth, and in a coferre Hytt putte, and hoydyth hyt preuely, Tylle on) þe tyme pat he be redy To go hys lady for to se.	5804
Partonope hides the lantern till he returns to Melior.	TyH pps be do, grette þozte hape he. Off pps porpose shorte tale to make, Towarde hys lady þe wey he hape take. To ryde faste spareth not he.	5808
		[leaf 73, back] 5812
He makes his way to the ship.		5816

## Rawl. MS.

Where-fore, maister, be myne avyse, She hathe fuH lentylylly quytte her to me, Save In o thyngre pat hir to see She me defendyde so highly. For þis cause truly I Put me In yowre ordenaunce,	What hape may faH ore chawnce, • • • Lorde," he seyde, "omnipotente, Yeve me grace with myne entente To yelde you due thankynges ! Partonope above," he seyde, "aH thyngre	5785	5792
		5788	

Tylle he come streghite to þe see.		
A-none he comethie a-pon þe strownde.		
Hys botte aH redy <i>per</i> he fownde,		
And redely <i>per</i> -In he leppe,	5820	
And rowed forþe vn-to þe shyppe.		
When he was <i>per</i> , In he yede,		
And forthie he saylettie a fuH grette spede.		
þe wynde was goode, þe tyde was feyre.	5824	
A-none was he atte Cheffe-De-Oyre,		When he arrives at Chef d'Oire it is night.
Wychie was þe hauen of þe Cyte,		
Where as wonte was Partonope		
To take þe londe <i>and per</i> a-ryue.	5828	
Hys lanterne he toke to hym as blyue.		He carries the lantern to the castle.
Hyt was nyghite <i>and</i> sum-dele derke.		
Fulle preuely he hyd þys fals werke,		
As a traytowre fals <i>and</i> felle.	5832	
He lefte þe shyppe <i>and</i> entered þe casteH,		In the palace the table is laid as usual,
Where he fownde aH suchie semblaunte		
As he was wonte, aH þe remenaunte		
Off wex, of napery fuH feyre a-raye,	5836	
VesseH of golde, ffyne <i>and</i> gay,		with sumptuous appoint- ments,
Plente of bredde <i>and</i> off goode wyne		
Off aH maner atte þe fuH ffyne,		
Parteryggys, bryddys, <i>and</i> venosone,	5840	
Off aH deynteis ryghite grette ffoysone.		
Vppon þe benchie downe he hym sette.		
He ne yete ne dranke, for in þe nette		but Par- tonope does not touch anything.
Off blynde ffoly he was I-take ;	5844	
For alle <u>resone</u> had hym for-sake.		
When the Soper wes aH I-done,		
Streighite in-to þe chamber he dyde gone	[leaf 74]	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

<sup>1</sup>To take the londe and there a-ryve. 5828  
 His lantern he toke to hym as bylyve ;  
 Hit was nyght and somele derk.  
 FuH previly he hidde this fals werke,  
 As a traytowre fals and felle. 5832  
 He left the Shipp and entered the CasteH,  
 Where he fonde alle such semblaunt  
 As he was wont and alle reuenaunt  
 Of wex and napery fuH fayre aray, 5836  
 Vessel of golde, fyne and gay, [leaf 41]

Plente of Bred and of goode wyne  
 Of alle manere and that fuH fyne,  
 Partrykes, bryddes, and venesoun 5840  
 Of alle deyntes ryght grete feysoun.  
 Opon the Bench downe he hym sett,  
 He ete ne drank, for in the nett  
 Of blynde foly he was take ; 5844  
 For alle reson had hym for-sake.  
 Whenne the Soper was alle done,  
 Streight in-to Chambre he dyd gone

- Wyth lyghite a-fore hym as he was wone. 5848  
 þen he be-poʒte what wes beste to done  
 Wyth the crafte of Nygromansy.  
 He hides the lantern in the bed, and undresses.  
 Wyth-In þe curteynes he ganð hym hey,  
 And toke þe clopes vp of þe bedde, 5852  
 And *per*-vnder þe launter[ne] hydde.  
 He off wyth hys clopes euerychone,  
 And naked to bedde wente a-none.  
 Owte of þe chamber voyded þe lyghite. 5856  
 And *per*-wyth come hys lady bryghite;  
 And naked to bedde faste she dyd hye,  
 And to hur loue she drowe ryghite nye.  
 When naked hur felte Partonope, 5860  
 The clopes fro þem vppe þroweth he.  
 Hys launterne he putte vp wyth hys lyghite.  
 Alle naked *per* had he þe syghite  
 Off þe ffeyreste shape creature 5864  
 That *euer* was formed þorowe nature.  
 She swoons.  
 When þys lady dyd þys a-spye,  
 On hym she caste a pytuos eye,  
 And sowned wyth a dedely chere. 5868  
 Tho Partonope ganð sore to fere;  
 He wyste weH he had done grette folye.  
 Alle hys crafte he canð defye,  
 And þrewe þe lanterne a-geyn þe walle, 5872  
 þat on a thowsande pecys smalle

5872. MS. lanterne with v crossed out.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

- Wyth lyght a-fore hym as he was wone. 5848  
 Than he be-thought hym what best to done  
 Was wyth his craft of nygromaney.  
 Wythin the Curteyns he ganð hym hye,  
 And toke the Clothis vp of the Bedde,  
 And there vnder the lantren hydde.  
 He of wyth his Clothis euerychone, 5854  
 And naked to bedde he went anone.  
 Oute of the Chambre voydyd the lyght;  
 And ther-wyth come his lady bryght.  
 Alle naked to bedde fast She dyd hye,  
 And to her loue She drawe ryght nye.  
 When naked hir felt Partanope, 5860  
 The Clothes from hym tho ferre Throw he.  
 His lantren he put vp wyth his lyght.  
 Alle naked there had he the syght  
 Of the fayrest shapen creature 5864  
 That *euer* was foordened thorow nature,  
 When his lady did this aspye,  
 On hym She cast a petenouse ye  
 And swonnid wyth a dedely chere. 5868  
 To Partanope ganð to sore fere;  
 He wist weH he had do grete folye.  
 Alle his craft he ganne dyfye,  
 And threw the lantren a-yenne the walle,  
 [leaf 41 back.] 5872  
 That on a thousand pecis smalle

Hȝt flye þat ffyrste shonne so bryghte,  
 And þer-wyth quenched þat fowle lyghte.  
 þys lady euer sowned faste, 5876  
 Fulle pyteously, and atte þe laste  
 She felle owte of hur sownyng  
 In-to a sorowfuȝ wepyng, Melior at  
 Tylle longe after hur hert dyd breke. 5880 last awakes  
 þan pytuosly she gan to speke, from her  
 As she þat was grettely dysmayed. swoon.  
 "Allas!" she sayde, "I am be-trayed [leaf 74, back] She wails  
 And shamed þorow my nowne dede. 5884 and laments.  
 Thus hathe loue quytte me my mede.  
 Loue to serue I was to hasty.  
 My ffayre, swete loue, what haue I  
 Done or sayde þat longeth to blame, 5888  
 That ye haue done me þys opyn shame?  
 Dyd I a-geyne yowe any pyng  
 That was so heylly yowre dysplesyng,  
 þorowe þe wyche ye were þus wrothie wyth me, 5892  
 That I shulde þus I-shamed be?  
 Yeffe I wyste whatte my gylte were,  
 Yette I myghte suffer þe better to bere

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Hit flye that first shone so bryght,  
 And therwyth quenched þat fals lyght. 5876  
 This lady euer sowned fast  
 Fulle peteously, and atte last  
 Sho felle oute of hir swownyng  
 In-to a sorowfuȝ wepyng,  
 Tylle long after her hert gan breke.  
 Than peteously She gan to speke,  
 As She that was gretly dysmayd. 5882  
 "Allas!" She sayde, "I am be-trayd  
 And Shamed thorow myn owne dede,  
 Thus hath loue quytte me my mede.  
 Loue to serve I was to hasty. 5886  
 My fayre swet love, what haue I  
 Done or sayde that longeth to blame,  
 That ye haue done me this opyn Shame?  
 Dyd I ayen yow euer any thing 5890  
 That was so highly yowre dysplesyng,  
 Thorow which ye were thus wrothe  
 wyth me, 5892  
 That I shulde thus shamed be?  
 Yeff I wist what my gylt were  
 Yet I myght suffere þe better to bere

1 Hit fley þat firste shone so bright.  
 Ther-with quenchide þe false light.  
 This lady euer swonyde faste 5876  
 Full petuously, and at laste [leaf 41]  
 She fitt out of hir swony[n]ge  
 In-to a sorowfuȝ wepyng,  
 That longe after hir her[t]e gan breke.  
 Then peteously she gan to speke, 5881  
 As she þat was gretly dyssmayde.  
 "Allas!" she seyde, "I am be-trayed  
 And shamed þorwe myn owne dede.  
 Thus hathe loue quyte me my mede,  
 Love to serue I was to hasty. 5886  
 My fayre, swete loue, what haue I  
 Done ore seyde þat longyth to blame,  
 And ye haue done me þis oppyn shame.  
 Dyde I ener onythyng 5890  
 That was highly yowre dyssplesyng,  
 Thorwe whiche ye were wrothe with  
 me, 5892  
 That I shulde þus shamed be?  
 Yef I wyste what my gilte were,  
 Yet I myght soffere þe beter to bere

- Alle þys shame *and* þys dysese. 5896  
 I telle yowe trewly þys ys no lese.  
 Lorde Gode! howe ofte dyd I yowe warne  
 Ye shulde desyre no crafte of charme  
 Me to se tyH tyme were. 5900  
 Whatte þe cause was ye shaH nowe here.  
 Ther was in yowe neyþer resone ne skylle  
 In þys wyse to se me a-geynes my wyлле.  
 I was dozter of an Emperowre, 5904  
 Wyche of Constantynoble\* helde þe ho[no]wre.  
 He was lound *and* drad porowe þe worlde.  
 Eche man was gladde wyth hym to a-corde,  
 Saue onely Sulcan, þe lorde of Perce, 5908  
 He wes euer to hym aduerse.  
 Whatte wyth hys ryches *and* hys grette Ire  
 He droffe hym owte of hys Empyre.  
 My ffader hadde no eyre but me. 5912  
 Off me þer-fore grette hede toke he,  
 And me to scole a-none dyd sette,  
 And grette clerkes a-none lette fette  
 To lerne me clergy *and* grette wysdome, 5916  
 5905. Constantynoble] MS. Constantyne hole.

How often  
did she warn  
him!

She is the  
daughter of  
the Emperor  
of Constanti-  
nople.

Having no  
other heir,  
her father  
put her to  
school.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Alle this shame and this disease. 5896  
 I telle yow trewly this ys no lees.  
 Lorde God! how oft dyd I yow warne  
 Ye shulde desyre craft ne charme  
 Me to see tylle tyme were. 5900  
 What my cause ys ye now shaH here.  
 There was in yow no reson ne skylle  
 In this wyse to see me a-yenst my wyлле.  
 I was daughter of the Emperoure  
 Which of Constantyne-noble helde  
 the honour 5905  
 He was lound and dradde thorow alle  
 the worlde. [leaf 12]  
 Eche man was gladde wyth him to  
 a-corde,  
 Save onely fulgan, the lorde of Perch.  
 He was euer to hym auerse, 5909  
 That wyth his rychesse and hys grete  
 Ire  
 He droff hym oute of his Empyre.  
 My fader had none heyre but me. 5912  
 Of me therfore grete hede he toke,  
 And me to scole anone dyd sett,  
 And grete Clerkes anone lette fett 5915  
 To lerne me clergye and gret wysdom

## Karl. MS.

AH þis shame *and* þis dysseyse. 5896  
 I tell you trewly þis is no lese.  
 Lorde, howe ofte dyde I you warne  
 Ye shulde desyre crafte ne charme  
 Me to se tiH tyme were. 5900  
 What my cause was ye shaH here.  
 Ther was In you no reson ne skiH  
 In þis wyse to se me ayuste my wiH.  
 I was doughter to þe emperoure 5904  
 Whiche of Costentyn helde þe honoure.  
 He was lounde *and* drede of aH þe worde.  
 Eche man was glade with hym to acorde,  
 Safe only saltan, þe lorde of Perce, 5908  
 He was euer to hym auerse.  
 With his Ryches *and* his grete Ire  
 [1 leaf 41 b]  
 He drafe hym out of his empyre.  
 My fader had none ayre but me. 5912  
 Of me þer-fore grete hede toke he,  
 And me to scole anone dyde sete,  
 And grete clerkes anone dyde fete  
 To lerne me clergye *and* wysdome. 5916

- And þat I myghte þe better gouerne þe kyn[g]dome.  
 A c. mastres I had *and* mo. [leaf 75]  
 And Gode gaffe me grace to lerne so,  
 þat þe vii. sciens I cowde parfyghtly. 5920 She learnt  
 And after þat þen lerned I the seven  
 To knowe þe Erbe *and* here vertu, arts, medi-  
 And eke þe rotes where euer they grewe, cine, and  
 Where þat in kynde were colde or hote, 5924 divinity  
 Aȝ maner of spyces I knewe by rote,  
 Howe in phisike\* þey haue here worchyng.  
 The seke in-to hele I can wēȝ brynge.  
 After þys I lerned Diuinite, 5928  
 To knowe þe personys of þe trinite.  
 By þen I was xv. yere of age,  
 My masters, þat were bope wyse *and* sage,  
 In alle the vij. artys I dyd hem passe. 5932  
 Then to Nygromancy sette I was,  
 Then I lerned Enchauntemente[s],  
 To knowe þe crafte of experimēte[s].  
 In my chamber ofte preuely 5936
- After 5917 catchword A C masters.*  
 5926. phisike] MS. sekenes.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- That I myght the better gouerne the  
 kingdom. 5917  
 An hundereth Maystres I had *and* moo.  
 And God yat me grace to lerne soo 5919  
 That the Sevyȝ Seyence I cowde  
 parfytely. 5920  
 And after that lerned I  
 To know of euery herbe the vertue,  
 And eke of Rothis, where euer they grew,  
 Whether they in kynde be colde or hote.  
 Alle maner of Spyces I know by rote,  
 How in phisike they haue her worching.  
 The syke in-to heele I canne wele bring.  
 After this I lernyd dyuynite, 5923  
 Thre persones to knowe of the trynyte.  
 By than I was xv yere of age,  
 My maystres, that were bothe wyse *and*  
 sage,  
 In alle the vij arse I dyd hem passe.  
 Thanne to nygromancy sett I was. 5933  
 Thanne I lernyd enchauntementes,  
 To know the craft of experymentes.  
 In my Chambre ofte tymes pryuyly
- An honderde maisters I hade *and* moo.  
 God yef me grace to lerne soo 5919  
 That þe vii seynce I couth parfytly.  
 And after þat þen lernyd I 5921  
 To knowe of euery erbe þe vertu,  
 And of rotes where euer þey grewe,  
 Wheþer þey in kynde be colde ore hote.  
 Aȝ maner of spyces I knowe be rote,  
 Howe in fysike þey haue þer werkynge.  
 The seke in-to hele I can wēȝ brynge.  
 After þis I lernede deuēnyte, 5923  
 Thre persones to knowe of þe trenyte.  
 Be þan I was xv yere of age,  
 My maistres þat were wyse *and* sage  
 In aȝ þe vij artes I dyde hem passe.  
 Then to negromonsy set I wasse. 5933  
 Then I lernede [e]nchauntementes,  
 To knowe be crafte of experymentes.  
 In my chambir ofte tymes preuely 5936

	I dyde craftes fuH meru[el]osly ;	
	For oponly I wolde no-pynge done,	
	My konynge shulde haue be kydde a-none.	
and often in secret showed the Emperor her craft.	But when hyt lyked þe Emperowre	5940
	To se my craftte, þen In a towre	
	Or In a chamber þus preuely	
	Hym to dysporte þen wolde I	
	And my mastres at hys commawndemente,	5944
	Pley craftes þorowe wych mony man was blynte.	
She worked charms of various kinds,	[The chambre wyth my fader that I was Inne,	
	By craft of nygromaunye and such gynne	
	Shulde seme hit grew, wythouten doute,	5948
	In largenesse a myle a-boute	
	To alle thoo that wythinne were.	
	Ther-to hit was so bright and clere,	
	And that a-boute high mydnyght.]	5952
	As þowe þe sonne had shonne in bryghte	
	As hyt dothe in þe somerys day	
such as	Ther shulde they haue seyne knyghtes gay,	
	5954. MS. adds lyghte after day.	

<i>Univ. Coll. MS.</i>	<i>Rawl. MS.</i>
I dyd crafte fuH mervelously ; 5937	I dyde crafte fuH mervelously ;
For openly I wolde no-thing done,	For oppynly I wolde nothyng done,
My Cunnyng shulde have bene kydde anone.	My konny[n]ge shulde be kyde anone.
But when hit lyked my ffader the Empe[er]oure 5940	When it lykyde my fader þe emperoure
To see my craft, then in a toure	To se my crafte, In a toure 5941
Or elles in a chambre thus pryvyly	Ore elles In a chambir prevely
Hym to dysporte than wolde I	Hem to dyssport þen prevely
And alle my maysters at his comande-ment, 5944	AlH my maistres at his comondement
Play craft thorow which many a man was blent. [leaf 42, back]	Pley crafte þorwe whiche many was blent. 5945
The chambre wyth my fader that I was Inne,	The chambir with my fader þat I was In,
By craft of nygromaunye and such gynne	Be crafte of negromonsy and soyche devyne
Shulde seme hit grew, wythouten doute, 5948	Shulde seme it grewe a myle a-boute
In largenesse a myle a-boute	In largenesse, with-out doute, 5949
To alle thoo that wythouten were.	To all þo þat with-In were.
Ther-to hit was so bright and clere,	Ther-to it was so bright and clere,
And that a-boute hight mydnyght, 5952	And þat about high mydnyght, 5952
As thogh the Sonne had shenyd ynne bright	As þough þe son had shene bright,
As hit dothe in the Someris day	As it doth In somers day. [leaf 42]
Ther shulde they haue seen knyghtes gay,	There shulde þey haue sen knyghtes gay,



- Armed on horsbacke, redy to flyghte.\* 5956 tourna-  
 þys was, I trowe, a mervelows syghte. ments,  
 þen shulde they turney meru[el]osly  
 As longe as me luste, þen wolde I  
 In las whyle þen in a þoghte 5960  
 Turne\* aȝ þys meruayle to noghte. [leaf 75, back]  
 After þat I wolde make come a lyon, and fights  
 The olyfaunte also, and eke þe Gryfone, between  
 And alle maner of bestys, whyle I wolde ; 5964 wild  
 Eche wyth other flyghte shulde. animals.  
 By þe wytte þat Gode haþe sente me,  
 In cast[eH] or towne\* þowe þer had be  
 Off pepeH dwellynge and C. M<sup>t</sup>, 5968  
 Thus durste I welle haue take on honde  
 þat none of þem shulde of oþer war be,  
 For none of þem shulde\* oþer se.  
 And by þys crafte for sothe haue I 5972  
 In my casteH kepte yowe fuH preuely,  
 Wyth-owte knowynge of any wyghte,

5956. MS. Armed on horsbacke in goode a-ray

Eche one wyth oþer redy to flyghte.

5961. MS. adds I wolde after Turne.

5967. ow crossed out after caste ; MS. adds or before þowe.

5971. MS. apparently shuldo.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Armed on horsbak redy to fyght 5956  
 Thus was, I trowe, a mervylous thing.  
 Then shulde thay turne mervausly  
 As long as me lust a[n]d thenne wold I  
 In lesse while thenne in a thought 5960  
 Turne alle this mervayle to nought.  
 After that I made come a lyoun),  
 The Olifaunte also, and eke the  
 Greffoun),  
 And alle maner of beestes, whiles I  
 wolde ; 5964  
 Eche one wyth other fyght shulde,  
 By the wytte that God hath sent me  
 In CasteH or town thought there had  
 be  
 Of people dewling an hundreth thou-  
 sand, 5968  
 This durst I welle take on hand  
 None of other shulde ware be,  
 For none of hem myght other see,  
 And by this crafte forsothe haue I 5972  
 In my CasteH kepte yow fuH truly,  
 Wythouten knowing of any wyght,

## Rawl. MS.

Armede on hors bright redy to fight.  
 This was, I trowe, a mervelus sight.  
 As longe as me lyste, and þen wolde I  
 In lesse while þen I a þought 5960  
 Turne aȝ þis mervet to nought.  
 After þat I made come a lyoun),  
 The olyfaunt and eke þe gryffon),  
 Aȝ maner of bestes which I wolde ; 5964  
 Eche on with oþer fight shulde.  
 Be the whiche God hathe sent me  
 In casteH ore towne þough þer haue be  
 Of pepiH dwellynge an c. þousonde, 5968  
 This durste I weH take on honde  
 Non of oþer shulde ware be,  
 For none of oþer myght oþer see.  
 And be þis crafte for sothe haue I 5972  
 In my chambir kepte prevely,  
 With-out knowynge of any wight,

Partonope  
has now  
bereft her of  
her magic  
power.

And do yowe plesaunce wyth aH my myghte.

AH þys connyng and aH þys crafte

5976

Ye haue clene-fro me be-rafte.

Thys ys þe cause and þe skylle,

For ye haue sene me a-yen my wyH.

For aH þe dayes while I lyffe,

5980

Thys crafte woH I neuer putte in preue.

To-morrow  
her shame  
will become  
apparent.

To-morowe a-none as hyt ys day,

Ye shuH weH knowe þys þat I say

To yowe, ys soþe and no-þynge les :

5984

Ye shuH to-morowe se grette pres

Off Erlys, knyghtes, Squyers, and barownne,

Off ladyes, gentyH-wemmen of grette renowne.

My shame þen shaH I se opynly,

5988

That haþe be hyd fuH preuely

þorowe my connyng and my seyence,

Wychie ys nowe loste þorowe yowre neglygence.

All her lords  
will reprove  
her.

Myne Erlys, my barownys, and eke my mayne,

5992

Thes kynges sonys þat wyth me be,

Shulle welle knowe knowe a-pertely

Univ. Coll. MS.

Rawl. MS.

And do yow plesaunce wyth alle my  
myght.

Alle this Cunny[n]g and this craft 5976

Ye haue clene from me be-raft.

This ys the Cause and the skylle,

For ye haue sen me a-yenst my wyll.

For alle the dayes that I lyve, 5980

This craft wyll I neuer putt in preue.

To-morow anone at hit ys day,

Ye shaft welle know this that I say

To yow, ys sothe and nothing lees. 5984

Ye shuH to-morow see grete prees

Of knyghtes, Squyers, and baroun,

Of ladyes, gentylwomen of grete Renoun.

My shame shulde see then opynly 5988

That hath byn hydde full prevely

Thurgh my Connyng and my seyence,

Which ys now lost thorow youre negli-  
gence [leaf 13]

Mynd Erles, my Barouns, and alle my  
meyne 5992

Thes kynges\* Sonne that wyth me be,

Shulde weH knowe and se apertly

And do you plesau[n]ce with aH my  
myght.

AH þis cony[n]ge and þis crafte 5976

Ye haue clene fro me refte.

This is þe cause and þe skiff,

For ye haue sen me ayuste my with,

For aH þe dayes while I leue 5980

This crafte with I put in preue.

To-morwe anone as it is day

Ye shaft weH knowe þat I say

To you is sothe and nothyng lesse. 5984

Ye shaft to-morwe se grete prese

Of knyght, squyere and barounne,

And ladyes of grete renoune.

My shame shaft so oppynly 5988

That hathe ben hade full prevely \*

Thorwe my conny[n]ge and my seyence

Which is loste þorwe your neegence.

My erlis, my barons, and my meyne,

This knyghtes sonys þat wyth me  
be [leaf 42, back] 5993

ShuH weH knowe and se\* apertly

93. In kynges there seems to be an indistinct t  
after g.

5989. Abbreviated as for prevely.

5994. MS. apparently so.

- Whatte lyfe we haue lyued boþe ye *and* I,  
 And aH *wyth* O voyse repreue me 5996  
 That euer I shulde your loue be.  
 Thus shaft openly be knowe my shame. [leaf 76]  
 And who ys causer of my blame?  
 My swete loue, no-body but ye." 6000  
 And *wyth þat* worde thys lady ffre  
 Fylle on sownynge as she were dedde.  
 Partonope was *wyth*-owten redde,  
 And hym-selfe so can dysmay, 6004  
 To hur he cowde þus no worde say,  
 Notte of hys forfette onys crye hur mercy.  
 Me pynkethe þys was not gouerned manly.  
 When thys lady fro sownynge came, 6008  
 Hur complaynte aH newe began),  
 And sayde: "Lorde Gode Omnipotente,  
 That erpe, water, and fyrmamente  
 Atte O worde madyste aH of noghte, 6012  
 Why ssufferyste þou euer wommanys þoghte  
*Wyth* mannys loue encombred to be,  
 6004. *g crossed out before can*. 6013. *or perhaps womannys*.

She falls in  
 a swoon  
 again.

Having re-  
 covered, she  
 complains  
 bitterly of  
 the incon-  
 stancy of  
 men.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

What lyff ye haue leuyd bothe ye and I,  
 And alle *wyth* oo voyce reprove me  
 That euer I shulde youre love be. 5997  
 Thus shaft opynly be knowe my shame.

And who ys cause of my blame?  
 My swet love, no-body but yee." 6000  
 And *wyth* that word this lady free  
 Fylle in a swonnyng as She were dede.  
 Tho was Partanope wythouten rede,  
 And hym-self so gan dysmay. 6004  
 To hir he gan no word say,  
 Not of his forfette onys crye her mercy.  
 Me thenketh this was not gouerned  
 manly.

W<sup>H</sup>anne this lady of swonnyng  
 sesed thanne, 6008  
 Her Complent alle newe be-ganne,  
 And sayd: "Lord God omnypotent,  
 That erthe, water and firmament  
 Wyth one worde madest alle of nought,  
 Why sufferst thou euer womannys  
 thought 6013  
 Wyth mannys love encombred be,

6014. *m in encombred with four strokes*.

## Rawl. MS.

What lyfe we haue leuyde, ye *and* I,  
 And aH *with* o voyse repreue me 5996  
 That euer I shulde youre loue be.  
 Thus shaft oppynly be knowe my  
 shame. [leaf 42, back]  
 And who is cause of my blame?  
 My swete loue, no-body but ye." 6000  
 And *with þat* worde þis lady fre  
 FiH In swony[n]ge as she were dede.  
 Tho was Partonope *with*-out rede,  
 And hym-selfe gan dyssmay. 6004  
 To here he couthe no worde sey,  
 Not of his forfet onys crye her mercy.

¶ When þis lady of swony[n]ge secede  
 þen, 6008  
 Her complaynt aH newe be-gan,  
 And seyde: "Lorde God of [m]ipotent,  
 That erthe, water *and* fyrmente  
*With* on worde madeste aH of nought,

*With* mans loue acomberde be, 6014

Or tryste here worde? for weH by me  
 Eche woman may ensampeH take. 6016  
 For fayre wordes men can make  
 I-nowe, tyH they haue here luste.  
 Here loue wolde they neuer after truste,  
 Butte besy hem tyH they haue a newe. 6020  
 And so haue ye\* done; for fuH vntrewe  
 Haue I fownde yowe to me,  
 Yowre newe shaH so serued be:  
 Ye loue so weH Nouelrye. 6024  
 Be war\* nowe ye haue do no ffoly.  
 For aH I haue gon to scole,  
 I haue preued my-selfe a ffole;  
 That shaH I wytte weH to-morowe. 6028  
 To me þen towarde ys shame *and* sorowe;  
 For eche man þen shaH wonder on me.  
 And my fayre loue, þen shaH ye be  
 Destroyed but\* yeff I hyt make, 6032  
 For ye shaH se, I vnder-take,  
 Knyghtes *and* Squyers mony won.  
 They roghte neuer whatte to don,

In spite of  
 her learning  
 she has  
 proved her-  
 self a fool.

To-morrow  
 the lords  
 will know  
 their secret  
 love.

6021. ye] MS. I.

6025. MS. adds ye after war.

6032. Destroyed but] MS. But destroyed.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Or trust his word? for welle by me  
 Eche woman may Ensampe take. 6016  
 For fayre wordys men Conne weH  
 make  
 Ynow, tyll they haue alle her lust.  
 Her love they conne neuer after trust,  
 But besy hem tyll they haue a new.  
 And so haue ye done; for fulle vntrew  
 Haue I founde yow now to me.  
 And youre new so shaH sernyd be:  
 Ye loue so weH novelry. 6024  
 Beware ye haue now do no foly.  
 For alle that I haue gone to scole,  
 Now haue I provid my-selfe a foole;  
 That shaH I wele wete to-morow. 6028  
 To me than ys toward shame *and*  
 sorow; [leaf 43, back]  
 For eche man shaH thanne wondyr on  
 me.  
 And my fayre loue, than shaH ye be  
 Destroyed but yf I hit make. 6032  
 For ye shaH see, I vnder-take,  
 Knyghtes *and* Squyers many one.  
 They rought neuer what to done

Ore truste his worde? for weH be me  
 Eche woman may ensampit take. 6016  
 For fayre wordes men can make  
 I-nowe tiH þey haue þer lyste.  
 Here loue þey neuer after truste,  
 But besye hem tiH þey gane newe. 6020  
 And so haue ye don; for fuH vntrewe  
 Haue I fonde you nowe to me.  
 And youre newe so shaH sernyde be:  
 Ye loue so weH nowe nedly. 6024  
 Be ware nowe ye haue don foly.  
 For aH þat I haue gon to scole,  
 Nowe haue I prouyde my-selfe a fole.  
 That I shaH wyte to-morwe. 6028  
 To me is comy[n]ge shame *and* sorwe;  
 For iche man þen wiH wonder on me.  
 And my fayre lorde, þen shaH ye be  
 Dysstroyde but yef I it vnder-take. 6032  
 Knyghtes *and* squyeres many on,  
 They routhie neuer what to done

On yow for to a-venget be.	[leaf 76, back]	6036	
For mony a day haue they serued me			
Fo[r] to se me oponly ;			
And nowe shuH they knowe a-pertely			
pat I haue kepte yowe for my lone.		6040	
Allas ! wyche shame <i>and</i> wyche reprove			
Ye shalle pen be to me,			
And yette I telle yowe trewly pat ye			
Haue do worse to me pen aH thys :		6044	Partonope has deprived her of all delights and virtues,
Ye haue rafte me my wordely blys,			
My maydenhode, my honowre, <i>and</i> my name,			
My Ioye, my boldenes, <i>and</i> aH my game,			
My bewte, my shappe, my goodely beholdynge,		6048	her beauty and her happiness,
My pley, my Iolyte, my myry lawghynge,			
My fredome, my curtesy, <i>and</i> my bounte.			
Alle pes vertues haue ye rafte me,			
And geffe me for aH pes myn endeles payne.		6052	and given her an end- less sorrow.
Ther-fore ye be nowe Sertayne			
My sorowe, my wrathe, my Rancowre,			
My sykyng, my wepyng, my Dyshonowre,			

## Univ. Coll. MS.

On yow for to avengid be. 6036  
 For many a day haue they seruyd me  
 For to see me openly ;  
 And now shaH they know apertly  
 That I haue kep yow for my loue. 6040  
 Allas ! which shame and which reprove  
 Ye shaH thanne be to me.  
 And yett I telle yow truly that ye  
 Haue do worse to me then alle this: 6044  
 Ye haue refte me of my wordely blysse,  
 My maydenhode, myn honore, and my  
 name,  
 My loye, my boldenesse, and alle my  
 game,  
 My beaute, my shapp, my goodely  
 beholding, 6048  
 My play, my Iolyte, my mery laughyng,  
 My fredom, my curtasye, and my  
 bounte.  
 Alle these vertues haue ye reft fro me,  
 And yeve me for alle these myn ende-  
 lesse payne. 6052  
 Ther-fore to me ye be now certayn  
 My sorow, my wrath, and my Ran-  
 coure,  
 My syghing, my weping, my dys-  
 honoure,

## Rawl. MS.

On you for to avengyde be. 6036  
 For many a day pey haue seruyde me  
 For to se me oppynly ; [leaf 43]  
 Nowe shaH pey knowe apertly  
 That I haue kepte you for my lone. 6040  
 Allas ! with shame *and* with reprove  
 Ye shaH be pen to me.  
 Yet I tell you pat truly ye  
 Haue don wors pen pis to me : 6044  
 My worldly blyse ye haue refte me,  
 My maydenhode, my honoure, *and* my  
 name,  
 My Ioye, my boldnes, *and* my game,  
 My beute, my shape, my goodly be-  
 holdynge, 6048  
 My pley, Iolyte, *and* mery laughynge,  
 My fredom, my cortesei *and* my  
 bounte,  
 AH pis vertues haue refte fro me,  
 And yeve me for pis my endles payne.  
 Ther-fore to me ye be serteyne 6053  
 My sorwe, my wrethe, *and* my ran-  
 coure  
 My sighynge, my wepyng, my dys-  
 ho[no]ure.

- He is her  
 shame  
 and her  
 reproach.
- My langorynge, my sekenes, euynd *and* morowe, 6056  
 My fowle shame, myne endeles sorowe,  
 My grette reprefe, my recheles ffoly,  
 My sorofuH payne, my dedely vylony.  
 The[re] ys no ende of my sorowe ; 6060  
 Shamed for euer I shaH be to-morowe.  
 Euer curse I may ther-ffore  
 That day infortunatte *pat* I was bore.  
 Losse of goode may esely be take ; 6064  
 But she *pat* lesyth the hur loue *and* hur make,  
 Hur hertte shaH neuer haue Ioye a day  
 After hym to lone, *þys* ys no nay."  
 Thys lady for sorow hir hondys doþe wrynge, 6068  
 Hur here sheteryth, *and* lyethe sore wepynge.  
 Hyr complaynte heryth Partonope.  
 After *hys* deth sore wyssyeth he ;  
 He sykethe, he wepythe pytnosly,\* [leaf 77.] 6072  
 Hys moder he cursethe dyspytnosly,\*  
 The Erchebysshoppe *and* eke *hys*\* sermone,  
 And prayeth Gode they both Mon  
 6072. MS. dyspytnosly. 6073. MS. sorofully.  
 6074. *hys*] MS. þe.
- Partonope  
 weeps and  
 moans,  
 and curses  
 his mother  
 and the  
 bishop.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- My longouryng sekenesse, even and  
 morow, 6056  
 My foule shame, my endelesse sorow,  
 My grete reprofe, my rechelesse folye,  
 My sorow-fuH payne, my dedely  
 vilanye.  
 Ther ys none ende of my sorowe ; 6060  
 Shamed for euer I shaH be to-Morowe.  
 Bener Curse may I ther-fore [leaf 11]  
 The day in-fortunate that I was bore.  
 Losse of goode may easily be take ; 6064  
 But She that lees hir love, hir make,  
 Her hert shaH neuer haue Ioye a day  
 After hym to lyve, this ys no nay."  
 This lady for sorow hir handes dothe  
 wryng, 6068  
 Hir heere to-theryth, and lyeth so  
 weping.  
 Hir complaynt hereth Partonope,  
 After his deth sore wysshed he ;  
 He syghed, he wepyd petevusly. 6072  
 His moder he cursed to spytefully,  
 The archebysshop and eke his ser-  
 moun), [leaf 43. back]  
 And praeth God the bothe moun)
- My langourrynge sekenes euer-more,  
 My fuH shame, my endles sorwe, 6057  
 My grete reprefe, my recheles foly,  
 My sorwfuH payne, my dedles velonye.  
 There is none ende of my sorwe ; 6060  
 Shamyde for euer I shaH be to-morwe.  
 Euer course I may þer-fore  
 The day ynfortunat *pat* I was bore.  
 Losse of good may evsely be take ; 6064  
 But she *pat* lesses hir lone *and* make,  
 Hir hert shaH neuer haue Ioye o day  
 After hym to lone, þis is no nay."  
 This lady dothe hir bondes wrynge,  
 Hir here to-tere, *and* lighe sore we-  
 pyng. 6069  
 • Hir complaynt heryth Partonope.  
 After his deth sore wysshede he ;  
 He sighede and wepte petuously. 6072  
 His moder he coursede spyttuously,  
 The erche-bysshope *and* his sermon),  
 And prayth God *pat* þey bothe mon)

Haue myschaunce or þen þat they deye,	6076	
And þen at erste be-gan faste crye,		
And axe hys lady of hur mercy.		He acknow-
He sayde : " My lady, truly I		ledges his
May excuse me by no resone	6080	guilt,
þat I ne haue a fuþ hey tresone		
Wroghte ; other be cause þer-of <i>and</i> not I.		
Butte yette I knowlage þer-of þe ffelony,		
þat I haue forfezte lymme <i>and</i> lyffe	6084	
To yowe, my souereyne lady <i>and</i> wyffe.		
Ther-fore to-morowe lette me [be] slayne		
Off yowre knyghtes, þat wolde so fayne		
Take on me veniawnce ; for truly I	6088	
Am not worthy to haue mercy.		and says he
I dar In no wyse axe pardon,		dare not
For I haue don so hye treson.		implore
I wolde leuer for-go my lyffe	6092	his Lady's
þen euer to lyffe in care <i>and</i> stryffe.		mercy.
My lyffe to me ys butte shame.		
Off trowþe for euer ys loste my name.		
Where-fore, my ffayre souereyne ladye,	6096	He wishes
I pray yowe hyly of yowre mercy,		to be slain

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Haue myschaunce or that they dye.  
 And than at erst he gan fast crye  
 And aske his lady of hir mercy,  
 He sayd : " My lady, trwly I  
 May excuse me by no reson 6080  
 That I haue do a fuþ high treason.  
 Other ar Cause therof and not I.  
 But yett I knowlech the felony,  
 That I haue forfezt lymme and  
 lyffe 6084  
 To yow, my sounerayn lady and wyfe.  
 The[r]fore to-morow lat me be slayn  
 Of youre knyghtes, þen wolde so fayne  
 Take on me vengauce ; for trwly I  
 Am not worthy to haue mercy. 6089  
 I dare in no wyse aske no pardon,  
 For I haue done to high a treason.  
 I wolde leuer for-go my lyffe 6092  
 Thanne euer to leue in care and stryff.  
 My lyff to me ys no-thing but shame.  
 Of trewth for euer ys lost my name.  
 Wher-for, my fayre souerayn lady, 6096  
 I pray yow highly of youre mercy

## Rawl. MS.

Haue myschance ore þat þey dye. 6076  
 Then at erste he gan faste crye,  
 And aske his lady of hir mercy.  
 He seyde : " My lady, truly I  
 May excuse me be no reson 6080  
 That I ne haue don high treson.  
 Oþer are cause þer-of *and* not I  
 But yet I knowelege me gylty,  
 That I haue forfezt lyme *and* lyfe 6084  
 To you my souerayne lady *and* wyfe.  
 Ther-for to-morwe let me be slayne  
 Of youre knyghtes, þen wolde I fayne  
 Take on me vengauce ; for truly I 6088  
 Am not worthy to haue mercy.  
 I dare in no wyse aske mercy ne  
 pardon,  
 For I haue don so high treson.  
 I wolde leuer for-go my lyfe 6092  
 Then euer to leue In care *and* stryfe.  
 My lyfe to me is but shame.  
 Of trouthe for euer is loste my name.  
 Where-fore, my souerayne lady, 6096  
 I praye you highly of mercy,

by her  
knights.

In *pys* wyse þat erly to-morowe  
I may be slayne, *and* owte of sorowe  
I may be broghte *and* owte of stryffe. 6100  
My dethe ys me leuer þen my lyffe."

At daybreak  
the ladies of  
the court  
rise to wait  
on their  
mistress.

And as they lay in here talkynge,  
þe lyghte of day in faste gan sprynge ;  
þen gan hur wymmen faste a-ryse. 6104

Hyre ffresshenes, here a-ryse for to devyse  
Hyt were nowe to grette a tarynge.  
Myne auctor *per*-of makethe no rehersynge,  
Saue onely of here grette kynredde. [leaf 77, back] 6108

Ther-of he spekethe, *wyth*-owten drede :  
Off kynges, of Erles they come echone.

Streight to here lady they can gone  
In-to þe chamber, ther as they laye. 6112

They are  
sorry to see  
how the  
Queen has  
behaved,

And by þat tyme hyt was brodde daye,  
Ther sawe they alle opynly  
Howe here lady had gouerned hur preuely.  
Grette sorowe ther a man myghte se 6116  
A-monge þe wymmen ; *and* þen Partonope

## Univ. Coll. MS.

In this wyse that erly to-morowe  
I mowe be slayn, that out of sorowe  
I mowe be brought and out of stryff.  
My deth ys me leuer then my lyffe."  
And as thay lay in this wyse talk-  
ing, [leaf 44, back] 6102

The lyght of day in faste gan sprynge.  
Thanne gan hir wymmen fast to  
ryse. 6104

Her beaute, her a-ray for to devyse  
Hit were now a grette taryng.  
Myn auctoure therof maketh no re-  
hersyng,

Saue onely of her grette kynrede. 6108  
Therof he spekes, wythouten drede :  
Of kynges, erles þey come echone.  
Streight to hir lady they gynne gone  
In-to the chambr, there as she lay. 6112  
And by that tyme hit was brode day,  
There sygh they alle opynly  
How her lady had gouerned hir  
pryvyly.

Grete sorow there a man myght see  
A-monge the women ; and then Par-  
tanope 6117

6104. MS. wymmen.

## Roch. MS.

In þis wyse þat erly to-morwe  
I may be slayne, þat out of sorwe  
I may be brought *and* out of stryfe. 6100  
My dethe is me leuer þen my lyffe."  
As þey lay in þis wyse talkynge,

The light of day faste gan in sprynge.  
Then gan hir women faste ryse. 6104

Her beute *and* hir array to devyse  
His were nowe a grette tarynge.  
Myn autor *per*-of maketh no reher-  
syng,

Saue only of hir grette kynrede. 6108  
Ther-of þey speke, *with*-out drede :  
Of kynges, erles þey come echone.  
Streight to her lady þey gan gon  
In-to þe chambr *per* as she lay. 6112  
And þe þat tyme it was brode day,  
Ther sigh þey all oppynly [leaf 44]  
Howe *per* lady hade gouv[er]de her  
prevely.

Grete [sorwe] *per* a man myght see  
A-monge þe women ; *and* þen Parto-  
nope 6117



- Wyste weH he had do grette ffolye.  
 The wymmen on hym faste gan pryē,  
 And seyde fuH euylle *and* as hem luste. 6120  
 þys ffayre lady had lyteH reste,  
 What for drede *and* what for shame.  
 Alle hur wymmen hur fowle gan blame,  
 And sayde : “ Grette Ioye ye may haue 6124  
 Off yowre-selfe, when suchē a knaue  
 To yowre loue ye haue þus take,  
 And so mony lordes for-sake,  
 Knyghtes *and* squyers eke *per-to*. 6128  
 Allas for shame ! What haue ye do ?  
 Whye ye lyffe ye may repente  
 þat yowre luste *and* yowre talente  
 Ye haue be-sette on a lewed knaue.” 6132  
 And seyde þat aH wemmen haue  
 A custome, *and* þey sette hem to loue,  
 Off shame they ne recche ne of reproue,  
 Be so þat they mowe haue here luste, 6136  
 For any þynge þat be hadle moste.

6133. þat crossed out before, and aH after seyde.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Wyst wele he had do so grete foly.  
 The wymmen on hym gan fast crye,  
 And sayde fuH hevyly, and as hym  
 lyst. 6120  
 This fayre lady had lyteH rest,  
 What for drede and for shame.  
 Alle hir wymmen foule g[a]une her  
 blame,  
 And sayde : “ Grete Ioye ye mow  
 haue 6124  
 Of youreself, when suche a knaue  
 To youre love ye haue thus take,  
 And so ma[n]ly lordes han for-sake,  
 Knyghtes and Squyers eke ther-to. 6128  
 Alas for shame ! what haue ye do ?  
 Wyles ye lyve ye mow repent  
 That youre lust and youre talent  
 Ye haue be-sett on a lewde knaue.”  
 And sayde that alle women haue 6133  
 A custome, and they sett hem to love,  
 Of shame they ne reche ne of reprove  
 Be so they mowe haue hir lust 6136  
 For any thing that be had must.

6119, 6123. MS. wymmen.

## Rawl. MS.

Wyste weH he hade do grete foly.  
 The women on hym faste gan crye,  
 And seyde iH as hem lyst. 6120  
 This fayre lady hade lytiH truste,  
 What for drede *and* for shame.  
 AH her women gan hir blame,  
 And seyde : “ Grete Ioye may ye  
 haue 6124  
 Of youre-selfe, when soyche a knave  
 To youre loue ye haue take,  
 And so many lordes haue for-sake,  
 Knyghtes *and* squyeres eke *per-to*. 6128  
 Allas for shame ! what hane ye do ?  
 While ye lene ye may repente  
 That youre luste *and* youre talente  
 Ye haue be-set on a lewede knave ? ”  
 And seyde aH þat women haue 6133  
 A costum, *and* þey set hem to loue,  
 Of shame þey ne reche ne reprove,  
 Be so þey may haue *per* luste, 6136  
 For any thyng þat be hade moste.

Approach-  
ing the bed  
they begin,  
however,  
to repent  
of their  
reproaches.

When þe day was wyH forþe spronge,  
And þes wemmen had weH I-ronge  
Here belle, wyche was heuy to here, 6140  
Thys lady had boþe shame *and* fere ;  
For she was in ryghte grette dowte :  
Here wommen stode aH rownde a-bowte  
Hur bedde, *and* pre-cedyn wonder nye 6144  
To haue þe syghte of here lady.  
On herre they loket wonder ffaste, [leaf 78]  
And nere they come at the laste  
Here lady better for to a-vyse. 6148  
And þen they poghte in aH wyse,  
And she had ben gladdē *and* no-þynge heuy,  
She had bewte and þat passyngely.  
Hur bewte made here malencoly to sece, 6152  
So þat þer wes non of þat prece,  
That þey ne were in here herte sory  
That they hadde repreuyd so here lady.

Her beauty  
ends their  
sadness,  
and they  
regret their  
reproof.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

W Hanne the day was wele sprong,  
And these women had wele  
y-ronge 6139

## Rawl. MS.

• When þe day was weH I-spronge,  
And þis women) weH I-ronge 6139  
Hir beH, which was heuy to bere, 6140  
This lady hade bothe shame *and* fere ;  
For she was In right grete doute :  
Hir women) stode rounde aboute  
Hir bede, *and* pres-de wonder nyghe  
To haue a sight of hir lady. 6145  
On hir þey loke wonder faste,  
And nere þey come at þe laste  
Hir lady better to devyse. [leaf 44, back]  
Then þey pought In aH wyse, 6149  
And she hade ben glade *and* not heuy,  
She hade bente not passyngly.  
Hir bente made hir maly[n]coly sese,  
<sup>1</sup> So þat þer was none of þat prese 6153  
That þey ne were In hert sorye  
That þey hade so repreuyde þer lady.

## Clifden MS.

. . . e was in ryght gret doute 6142  
. . . ammen stode aH rownde a-boute  
. . . d *and* preced wondyr nye 6144  
. . . e a syght off hur lady  
. . . they lokyn wondyr fast  
. . . re they come att þe last  
. . . dy better to A-vyse 6148

. . . an thay thowght in aH wyse  
. . . e had ben glad *and* not heuy  
. . . d beuate *and* not passyngly  
. . . uate made hur malyncoly sees  
. . . er were non of þat prees 6153  
. . . ay ne were on hert sory  
. . . h[ad so] repreuy[de] her lady

And aH stode styll by one a-corde,	6156	
þat none of hem durste sey more a worde.		
Wyth-In a whyle come In a-none		A beautiful lady makes her appearance.
A semely lady, <i>and</i> þat a ffayre one.		
In hur persone was fownde no lacke :	6160	
Hur here henge tressyde at hur bakke,		
Fulle bloye, wychie hynged downe to hyr fete.		
Eche of hyr bewtyes to oper was mete,		
And so answeyng in eche degre,	6164	
þat she was preysed passyngly of bewte.		
Hyr a-rye to reherse here,		
Hyt nedyth the not, but in þe beste manere		The Translator refrains from giving a needless account of her dress,
She wes a-ryed, þys ffayre maye.	6168	
Butte who so luste to here of hur a-rye,		
Lette hym go to the ffrensshe bocke,		which is to be seen in the French book ;
That IdeH mater I forsoke		
To telle hyt in prose or els in ryme.	6172	
For me poghte hyt taryed grette tyme,		
And ys a mater fuH nedeles,		
For eche man wotte weH wyth-owten les,		
A lady þat ys of hye Degre,	6176	

## Rawl. MS.

## Clifden MS.

And aH stode stiH In on a-corde,	6156	. . . . tyH [In on] a-corde	6156
That none of hem durste sey a worde.		. . . . em deir to say more a word	
* With-In a while come In anone		. . . . whyle come in a-non	
A symly lady, <i>and</i> a fayre one.		. . . . s[ymly] lady <i>and</i> a fayre on	
In hir persone was founde no lake :	6160	. . . . was found no lacke	6160
Her here henge tressede at hir bake,		. . . . hyng tressyd at hur bakke	
WeH hangyng downe at her feete.		. . . . y honged downe to her fete	
She of hir beute to oper was mete	6163	. . . . ff he[r] beuate to other was [mete]	
And so haunsweryng In iche degre,		. . . . seryng in eche degre	6164
That she was presede passyng of beute.		. . . . presed passyngly off beuate <sup>1</sup>	
Here array to reherse to reherse here,			
Hit nedyth not, for In beste manere			
She was arrayed In þe beste, þat freshe			
may.	6168		
Who so luste to here of hir arraye,		þen here who-so wyH loke <sup>2</sup>	6169
Let hym go to þe frenche boke,			
And who so witt it oner-loke,			
To tell it In prose ore In ryme,	6172	. . . . hyt in processe or yn ryme	6172
For me it were a longe tyme,		. . . . hyt wer a long tyme	
And it is a mater þer-to nedles,		. . . . t ys A mater þerto fuH nedeles	
For iche man wot weH, with-out les,		. . . . e man wote weH with[-out] les	
A lady þat is of high degre,	6176	. . . . þat ys off hey degre	6176

<sup>1</sup> [Bottom line]<sup>2</sup> [Top line of col.]

nor will he  
repeat the  
Author's de-  
scription of  
her beauty.

A-rayde in þe beste maner mote be.

Whatte nedes to speke of hur forehedde,

Off hur nose, hur mowþe, hyrre lyppes redde,

Off hur shappe, or of hur armes smalle ? 6180

Off þys *and* more a ryghte grette tale

Myne auctor makethe, wych shaʒt not for me

Be nowe rehersed, but thus that she

Was holden one off the ffayreste [leaf 78, back] 6184

That was on lyue, *and* þer-to þe goodelyste

Wyth to dele þat myghte be,

And Wrake for sothe hyte she.

Suster she was to ffeyre Melyowre. 6188

Forthe she come wyth herte sore

Streight to þe bed, þer as she lay.

þese oþer ladyes, when they hyr saye,

Hem wyth-drewen, *and* dyd hur reuerens; 6192

And glad they were aʒ of hur presens.

To Melyoure yede þe ffayre Wrake,

And þese wordes to hur she spake :

“LADy,” she sayde, “for Godes loue haue mercy 6196

Off yowre worshippe, *and* hoyde your foly.

Her name  
was Urake,  
and she was  
the sister of  
the queen.

She begs  
Melior to  
forgive her  
lover,

Rawl. MS.

Clifden MS.

Arrayde In þe beste maner moste nedes  
be.

What nedyth to speke of hir for-hede,

Of hir nose, mouth, ore lyppus rede,

Of hir shape, ore of hir armes smaʒt ?

Of þis *and* more right a grette taʒt 6181

Myne autor seyth, which shaʒt not fyne.

Hem to reherse I wiʒt resyne.

For she was holde on of þe feyreste

That was on lyue, *and* also þe godlyeste

With ij delle þat myght be, 6186

And Wrake for-sothe hight she.

Syster she was to ffeyre Melyore. 6188

For she come furthe with hert sore,

Streight to þe bede, þer as she lay.

This oþer lady, when she here sey,

Hade with-drawe *and* don here

reuerence. 6192

. . . in þe best mane[r m]ost be

. . . nedyth hyt to speke off here for-  
hede

. . . nose mouth *and* lyppys rede

. . . shap or off hur armys smalle 6180

. . . And more A ryght gret tale

. . . uctor hath whych shal not serue

. . . ow to reherse y wyth reserue

. . . was holdyn one off þe fayrest 6184

. . . as on lyue *and* one off the godlyest

. . . ele that myght be

. . . ake for-sothe hyte she

. . . she was to fayre Melyoure 6188

. . . me fo(?)rthe with hert sore

. . . ht to the bedd ther as she lay

. . . hyr lady whan she hur say 6191

. . . drawn *and* done here reuerenese<sup>1</sup>

. . . . . off hur presence<sup>2</sup>

. . . . . fayre Vrake 6194

. . . . . ur she spake

. . . . . r goddys lone haue mercy

. . . . . hynd *and* hyde yowre foly

[Four leaves are here wanting.]

<sup>1</sup> Bottom line.    <sup>2</sup> At back of l. 6236 ff.

Thys man) ye loue, we aH weH se,  
And for yowre beste h)yt may happe to be.  
Taketie aH pese wordes in vayne 6200

That my felowes haue\* to yowe sayne.  
Nowe þat they haue be-holde hym welle,  
Here hertes be chaunged euery dele.  
They þynke they haue a þynge mys-do. 6204  
And I shaH sey yowe eke also

Playnly *and* truly myne a-vyse :

Me þynketie he shulde be boþe manly *and* wyse.  
A ffeyrer, a semylyer shaH no man) fynde, 6208  
þowe a man) soghte to þe grette Ynde,  
Then) ye haue chose here to yowre loue.

who is the  
fairest be-  
tween here  
and Ind,

A grette dele þe lesse ys yowre reprove.  
I wotte weH he hath do ryghte grette foly, 6212  
And quytte hym to yowe vntrewly.  
Aþ-þowe a louer be fownde vustabeH,  
Yette ys þe forfette PardonabeH,"

"Fayre suster," sayde the Quene, 6216

"Ye wytte neuer trewly what ye mene

but her  
appeal is  
all in vain.

In thys mater ; for sykerly I  
Hym haue defended fuH hyllye  
He shulde not se me in þys wyse. 6220

Therfore I wolle me weH a-vyse,  
Or I for-geffe hym þys hy trespas. [leaf 79]

For whyle I lyffe, 'Allas, allas'  
May be my songe, I wotte ryghte weH. 6224

For and ye felde that I fele,  
H)yt shulde not be lyghtely for-yeue.  
But aH-way, suster, ye speke of loue,

6201. haue] MS. no.

*Clifden MS.*

. . . . . s weH we see	6198	. . . . . shaH no man fynd	6208
. . . . . t may hap to be		. . . . . hym thorow grece <i>and</i> ynde	
. . . . . ys in vayne	6200	. . . . . yin to youre loue	
. . . . . haue sayne *		. . . . . is youre reprove	
. . . . . behold hem weH		. . . . . do ful folyllye	6212
. . . . . euery dele		. . . . . w vntwlye	
. . . . . no thyng mysdo	6204	. . . . . found vnstabutt	
. . . . . Hso		. . . . . ay be pardonabutt	
. . . . . myn aduyce		. . . . . vnd . . . . .	6216
. . . . . both manly <i>and</i> wyse			

6201. Wulker prints haue (s ?) fayne.

[The last very incomplete lines of Wulker's transcript belong to ll. 7557 ff.]

	Off my wordes be not dyspleased,	6228
	Ye haue felte per-of yet no dysese."	
Urake still tries to console her sister.	TO hur answered þe fayre Wrake :	
	"Medame, grette cause ye haue to take	
	Sorowe for hys vnkyndenes.	6232
	But yette for thys, grette heuynes	
	In yowre hert takethe not ye.	
	Thynkethe of whatte estate ye be.	
	Ye shende your-selfe, <i>and</i> þer-fore grette ffoly	6236
What is is	Hyt ys, sythe a-mendyd hyt may not be.	
	Ther-fore my conselle ys that ye	
	Leue aH þys ; hyt ys to done.	
	Or else we shuH of yowe echone	6240
	Be so encombred þat no comforte	
	We shaH make yow no dysporte.	
Let her remember she is queen,	þynkethe ye ar quene <i>and</i> lady of þys londe.	
	No man may be any bonde	6244
	Yowe restrayne fro yowre desyre.	
	Ther-fore þys rancowre <i>and</i> þys grette yre	
	Off wrathie owte of yowre herte lette passe,	
	And take þys man a-geyne to grace.	6248
	Where-to elepe ye yowre-selfe caytyfe,	
	And wayle þe tyme ye be on lyue ?	
	Wher-to wepe ye þus pytuosly ?	
and banish these thoughts. Melior will not listen to her.	Exile þys poghite owte of yowre memorye."	6252
	"Syster," sayde thys lady ffre.	
	"Thys cunselle þat ye eunseH me	
	May neuer setyH in myne herte.	
	I fele <i>per</i> -of so dedely smerte,	6256
	That trewly <i>and</i> by Gode a-boue,	
	Me þynketh I canð hym neuer loue.	

6237. MS. possibly sythen.

*Clifton MS.*

ye shend yowre selfe A . . . . . <sup>1</sup>	6236	wherto wepe ye thys s ! . . . . <sup>2</sup>	6251
hyt ys sythen A-mendy . . . . .		[S]yster sayd thys . . . . .	6253
ther-for my counsayle . . . . .		thys counsel th . . . . .	
leue aH thys sorrow fo . . . . .		May neuer seteH in . . . . .	
or els we shaft off yow . . . . .	6240	y fele here-of so ded . . . . .	625
be so encombred that . . . . .		that truly <i>and</i> by god . . . . .	
we shuH knowe yow . . . . .	6242	My thynketh y conde . . . . .	

<sup>1</sup> At the back of leaf beginning l. 6193.

<sup>2</sup> l. 6251 is top line in MS.

Allas, my suster, am I to blame?

He hath do me so opyn shame, [leaf 79, back] 6260

And Gode wotte causelas as for me.

Yette a grette\* forfeite ones dyd he,

And þat I for-gaffe hym truly.

And nowe he hath quytte hym more vngoodely. 6264

Thes is. fawtes grete me so sore

That truly, suster, I may no more."

"MElame," þen sayde fayre Wrake,

"A cause ye haue a quarelle to make 6268

A-geyne yowre loue, syth þat he\*

Hath so hym gouerned þat yche man may se

Ye haue hym chose to yowre loue,

Wyche ye þynke ys grette reprove, 6272

Syth thy wyll was þat couertly

Hyt shulde be do, *and* nowe a-pertly

Hyt ys knowe þorowe hys foly.

Yette yn þys case ye may do remedy, 6276

And ye wolle do after my conselle,

And shalle fare welle *and* be ryghte welle.

Yowre lordes ar alle of on a-eorde,

Wyth wyllynge ye shulle take a lorde 6280

To be yowre husbonde *and* your gouernowre,

Off all your reme to safe the honowre.

Therfore lette wrytte yowre letteres faste,

Chargynge yowre lordes in grette haste 6284

A Certeyne day wyth yowe to be.

When they ben come, þe moste preve

Off hem all to yowe ye take,

And tellyth playnely a lorde *and* a make 6288

Ye haue I-chose yowre husbonde to be.

And lette hem þen the persone se.

A worthyer ne a semelyer knyghte

6262. MS. gretter.

6269. he] MS. ye.

She has  
already  
forgiven  
him once.

Urake then  
reminds her  
that the  
lords of the  
country  
wished her  
to take a  
husband.

She may  
now sum-  
mon them,  
and declare  
that she has  
chosen the  
man she  
likes best.

*Clifden MS.*

A-las suster y am not . . .

he hath done me so . . . 6260

And god wote counsay . . .

For onys A grete off . . .

þat y for-gaffe hym . . .

And now he hath quy . . . 6264

thes two defawtes gee . . .

that truly suster y m . . .

[M] Adam than . . .

A cause ye h . . . 6268

- Was neuer non showed in here syghte. 6292  
 Sythe ye haue take hym to yowre loue,  
 Thus shaft quenched be þe grette reproue  
 That ye wene he haþe yowe do.  
 What mowe yowre lordes sey *per-to* ? 6296  
 For to your luste they moste a-gre.  
 Ther-wyth a-none lette hem hym se.  
 Wyth hym they shulle be weH a-payde. [leaf 80]  
 Off yowre-selfe beþe not dysmayed. 6300  
 Thus may beste be hydde your shame,  
 For none of þem may yowe blame ;  
 They woH a-gre hem to yowre desyre.  
 Sythe þat ye luste fully your plesyre 6304  
 Hem þus to telle, þen moste they be  
 Off yowre counselle, and þen mowe ye  
 Rule hem alle ryghte as ye luste.  
 Medame, me þynketh thys ys your beste. 6308  
 For yeffe ye take a-noþer lorde,  
 þowe hyt be by alle here a-corde,  
 For þys ye shalle fuH ofte bere blame,  
 Hyt shalle fulle fowle a-peyre yowre name." 6312  
 Thys lady answeyrd : " Your fayre sermowne  
 Me þynketh ys grettely a-yen aH resone,  
 That I shulde euer hys loue be,  
 That hath þus falsely be-trayed me.\* 6316  
 For whome þat euer I take to lorde,  
 He and I shalle neuer a-corde.  
 Suster, fulle lytelle knowe ye of loue,

6293, 6304. MS. possibly sythen.

6316. me] MS. be.

## Clifden MS.

wyth hym they shaft be weH Apay . . .<sup>1</sup>  
 off yowre-selfe be not dysmayed 6300  
 thys may best be huddle youre shame  
 for none off them than may yow bla . . .  
 they wyth A-gre hem to youre desyr . . .  
 Syth that ye lyst fully youre pleas . . .  
 hem thus to tell than most thay be 6305  
 off youre counsayle and so may yee  
 Rule them aH ryght as ye lyst  
 Madam me thynketh thys ys þe best  
 for yff ye take a-nother lord 6309

though hyt be aH here a-cord  
 for thys ye shaft oft bere blame  
 hyt shaft fuH foule Apeyre youre . . .  
 [I] thys lady annsweryd youre<sup>2</sup> 6313  
 Me thynkyth þat ys gretly A  
 ga . . .  
 that y shuld euer hys loue be  
 that hath þys falsely betrayed me 6316  
 For yff that euer toke hym to lord  
 he and y shuld neuer A-cord  
 suster fully þat knowe ye off loue

<sup>1</sup> At back of page beginning with l. 6142.<sup>2</sup> 6313. Walker prints l.



- Ye byseed yowe neuer hyt to prove 6320  
 Ther-In no<sup>per</sup> Ioye ne dysse.  
 For trewly, suster, wyth-owten les,  
 An vngoodely worde dope more Envy  
 Off onys loue þen of an Enemy. 6324  
 Be a M<sup>t</sup> folde and moche more.  
 Suster, I warne yowe per-fore,  
 Alle thys mater ye lette nowe be,  
 And ther-of speketh no more to me." 6328  
 GRrette sorowe makyth þys fayre mayde,  
 And per wyth hyr suster ys euyH a-payde,  
 That hyr entente may not be  
 Parformed as she wolde in no degre. 6332  
 She syketh, sshe wepyth fuH tenderly.  
 These wordes she sayde fuH pytuosly :  
 "In loue thys ys a wonder þynge,  
 A lyteH wrathie hathe neuer endynge. 6336  
 A goode lorde þat sytteste a-boue !  
 Harde þynge ys on for to loue,  
 Sythe for a worde or lytelle debate (leaf 80, back)  
 Eche shaH oper for euer hate." 6340  
 ANde after þys the[y] speke no more ;  
 Butte Partonope wepyth wondyr sore.  
 He ys rysone, and stante vppon hys fete.  
 Wrake sette hur downe for to wepe. 6344  
 Alle the ladyes that ther In bene,  
 Arne wrothe and heuy wyth the quene.
6321. no<sup>per</sup>] o like e. 6339. MS. possibly sythen.  
 6343. rysone] scarcely rysene.

Urake is  
much  
grieved.

Meanwhile  
Partonope  
has risen,

greatly ad-  
mired by  
the ladies.

## Clifden MS.

- ye besyed yow (not ?, yet ?) neuer to  
 proue 6320  
 ther-yn neyther yoy ne . . .  
 for truly suster with  
 [The rest of the col. does not belong here.]  
 aH thys mater ye let now be<sup>1</sup> 6327  
 And ther-of spekyth no more to me  
 gret sorow makyth thys fayre may . . .  
 And with here suster ys eueH a-payde  
 that hur entent may not be 6331  
 parfomyd as she wyH yn no degre 6332  
 She syghed She weped ful tendryye  
 These wordys she sayd fuH pytuusly
- yn loue ys A wondyr thyng  
 A lyteH wreth hath neuer non en . . .  
 A god lord that syttyst A-boue 6337  
 hard thyng hyt ys one for to loue  
 syth for A word or lyteH de-bate  
 eche shaH oper for euer hate 6340  
 And after they spake no more  
 but partanope wepte wondyr sore  
 he ys reson And stond vppon hys fe . . .  
 Vrak sett hyr downe to wepe 6344  
 aH the ladyes that ther-yn bene  
 Ar wroth And heuy wyth the quene<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Bottom line.

<sup>1</sup> At back of page beginning with l. 6169.

	Alle-powe they fryste toke of hym lyte, Hem pozte of hym was a ryghte goode syghite.	6348
Urake fetches the clothes he wore at his arrival,	Tho Wrake rose wyth-owte lette. Alle hys clopes to hym she fette, Soche clopes as he thyder broghte, Were they owghte, were they noghte, The fryste tyme he thyder come. The huntynge clopes to hym he nome, And dyd hem onne wyth sory chere.	6352
and helps him to dress.	Wrake aH in þe beste manere In-to hys clopes holpe hym a-raye. They were not ouer-dele gaye ; Hys freshe a-raye was aH a-go. Hys hosyn, hys shoys on dyd he tho, The same he vsed longe a-forne. Wrake toke hym hys wolde horne, And a-bowte hys necke he hyt hynges. AH þe ladyes tho feH on wepynges ; They durste not speke ne hym be-mene, Leste they dysdayned grettely þe quene. Off hem he toke hys leue fuH pytuosly. Off hys departynge þey were fuH heuy. Ther they lefte hym euerychone. None wolde wyth hym further gone, Saue onely þys lady Wrake, þe fayre. She was curteyse and debonayre, She lefte hym not, wyth-owten les, Tylle she had broghte hym þorowte þe pres. When he in-to the halle come, Off knyghtes and Squyers mony onne Lokedde vpon hym fulle deynowsly, And manacyde hym fuH dyspytuosly. Ne hadde be þys mayde fayre Wrake, Grette vengawuse on hym they had take.	6356 6360 6364 6368 6372 6376
Partonope departs sadly.		
Urake accompanies him through the hall,		
where the knights threaten to take vengeance on him,		
		(leaf 81)
		6380

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Tylle She had hym Brought hym thorow the prees. [leaf 45]	6374	And manessed hym fuH ryght dyspote- ously.	6378
Whan he in-to halle come, Of knyghtes and Squyers he say many one,	6376	Had not this be fayre Vrak, Grete vengeans on hym they wolde haue take.	6380
That looked vpon hym fuH dey[n]owsly,			

Many wordes they sayde <i>pat</i> shamefuH be, They shulle not be rehersed for me. When they had sayde aH whatte they luste, Eche man yede where hym ys beste.	6384	
WRake ledde thys Partonope Thorowte the pres, but truly she Off hys lyffe had grette dowte, Tylle he was passed alle the rowte.	6388	
Forthe wyth hym yede thys lady ffre, Tylle he was come ryghte to þe see. There alle redy þe shyppe fownde he, Where-In he wes wonte to passe þe see.	6392	and leads him to the ship.
The Shypmen to hym gan shrewdely speke, Prayde Gode þe deuylle hys necke shulde breke, Or some fowle vengawnse on hym take, Tylle atte the last þys goode Wrake	6396	The sailors also threat- en him,
Bade hem leue here grette manassynge, And commawnded hem aH they shulde brynge Hym safe to Nawntys wyth-owte more stryffe, In payne of lesynge bope lymme and lyffe.	6400	but Urake commands them to bring Partonope safely to Nantes.
Forthe-wyth was broghte hym hys hakeneye, Neyther better ne worse, but in þe same a-Raye As he hym fryste brozte frome the foreste ; He semyd no-þynge a lusty beste.	6404	His weary hackney is brought on board, and
Partonope, wyth-owten more, Wepynge and sykyng wonder sore,		Partonope takes

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Many wordys they sayd that shamfuH be, They ShuH not he rehersed for me. 6382 Whan they had sayd alle her lyst, Eche man yode as hym lyked best. 6384 Vrak ladde this Partanope sekerly Thorow-oute the prees, fuH trewly, 6386 Of his lyfe had ryght grete dowte, Tylle he was past thorow alle the rowte. Forth wyth hym yode this lady free, Tylle he was come ryght to the see. 6390 Ther alle redy the Shyppe fonde he, Where-In he was wont to passe the Se. The Shypmen to hym gan shrewdely Speke, 6393 And prayde God the devyH his nek shulde breke,	Or som foule vengeans vpon hym take, Tylle at last thys goode Vracke 6396 Bad hem leve her grete manassing, And comaund hym aH shulde bring Hym Safe to Naantes wyth-out more stryfe, In payne of leesyng both lymme and lyfe. 6400 Forth-wyth was brought hym hys hakeney, Neyther better ne wrosse, but in the same aray As he hym fyrst brought from the forest ; He semed no-thing a lusty best. 6404 Partanope wyth-ouen more Wepeth and syghed wonder sore,
--	---



A thowsande parte I had leuer be  
 Dedde þen lyffe as I nowe do.  
 My Ioye ys go for euer-mo." 6436  
 So yre *and* sorowe to[ke] hym by þe hatrelle,  
 þat downe to grownde on sownynge he felle.  
 Hys spyrytte of lyffe fro hym ny paste.  
 So longe he lay, *and* atte the laste 6440  
 He rosse as a man alle dysmayed.  
 Hys spyritualle membrys were grettely affrayed.  
 After hys shyppe\* he gan to se,  
 Wyche some-tyme was wonte to be 6444  
 Attendant to hym, and nowe ys go.  
 Hys herte so sore gan quappe tho,  
 Remembrynge of the Ioye he had be-fore,  
 Wyche ys nowe go for euer-more. 6448  
 Ther-wyth sodenly come a grypynge  
 A-bowte hys herte, þat efte on sownynge  
 He felle, *and* þer-wyth the paynes stronge  
 So perelowse were, *and* lasted so longe, 6452  
 That of thys myschyffe ny deð he was. anillaments.  
 And when he a-woke, he sayde: "Allas,  
 Allas!" he sayde, *and* þer-wyth fulle sore [leaf 82]  
 He syked, *and* sayde: "þat I was bore, 6456  
 The tyme cursed motte hyt be!  
 Allas, Erle Mares, why ne had ye  
 Slayne me a-none wyth-owten more, He wishes  
 he were  
 dead.

6443. MS. spyype.

Univ. Coll. MS.

A thousand past I had lever be  
 Dede than lyfe now as I do.  
 My Ioy ys gone for euer-moo." 6436  
 So Ire and sorow toke hym be the  
 hatereth,  
 That downe to the grownd on whom  
 he felle. 6450  
 Hys spyrit of hym fult nygh was past.  
 So long he lay that atte last 6440  
 He a-rose as a man alle dysmayde.  
 Hys spirituet members were gretly  
 a-frayed.  
 After the Ship he ganne to see,  
 Which was som-tyme wont to be 6444  
 Attendant to hym, and now ys go.  
 His hert so sore ganne whappe tho,  
 Remenbring of the Ioy he had be-fore,  
 Which ys now go for euer-more. 6448  
 Therwyth sodenly a gryping  
 A-boute his hert, that Efte on swon-  
 nyng 6450  
 He felle, and ther-of the payne streng,  
 That of this myschyf nye dyd he was.  
 And allas he sayd, whan he a-woke was.  
 "Allas," he sayde, and there-wyth fult  
 sore [leaf 46]  
 He syghed, and sayd: "that I was  
 bore 6456  
 Tylle the tyme cursed mot hit be!  
 Allas, Erle Marres, why ne had ye

- When ye rescowed kyng Surnegowre ? 6460  
 Or ells I had ben In the foreste  
 Off Arderne I-slayne, and wyth some beste  
 Deuowred, or euer \* ffayre Melyowre,  
 My loue, my Ioye, myne hertes tresowre, 6464  
 Shulde euer thys fowle þorowe me  
 Be trayed ! for weH I wotte nowe þat she  
 For euer ys loste þorowe my folye,  
 Wherefore a traytowre nowe am I ; 6468  
 And am be-trayed eke ther-to.  
 Allas þe tyme hyt shulde be so !  
 Adame loste paradyse þorowe hys folye,  
 Butte yette a gretter losse haue I. 6472  
 For when þe angelle droffe hym owte,  
 Thys ys the sotlie wyth-owte dowte,  
 He toke wyth hym hys loue, hys wyffe ;  
 In Ioye they ledde forth the ther lyffe. 6476  
 Butte euen the contrary haue I do.  
 My Ioye ys loste for euer-moo.  
 Wylfully I haue loste myne honowre ;  
 þefore resone ys þat I in langowre 6480  
 Lyffe euer, and neuer Dye.  
 Fals traytowre wycked þat am I.  
 A man þat fals ys to hys loue,  
 By goode Iugemente þe lorde a-boue 6484  
 Shulde not suffer hym to dye atte onus,

6463. euer] MS. ells.

Univ. Coll. MS.

- Whan ye rescowed king Sornogoure,  
 Slayne me in that same houre,\* 6460  
 Or elles I had be in the forest  
 Of Arderne I-Slayne, and wyth som  
 best  
 Devoured, or euer fayre Melyoure  
 My love, my Ioy, my hertes tresoure,  
 Shulde euer thus foule thorgh me 6465  
 Be trayed / fult wele I wote now that  
 She  
 For euer ys lost thow my foly,  
 Wherefor I knowleech a traytoure am  
 I ; 6468  
 And am be-trayed eke ther-to ;  
 And my love for euer ys vndo.  
 Adam lost paradyse thorough his foly,  
 But yet a gretter losse haue I. 6472  
 For whan the angeH drofe hem oute,  
 This ys the Soth wyth-outen doute,  
 He toke wyth hym hys love, hys wyfe ;  
 In Ioy they ledde forth her lyfe. 6476  
 But even the contrary haue I do.  
 My Ioy ys lost for euer-moo.  
 Wylfully I haue lost myn honore ;  
 Therfore Reson ys that in langore 6480  
 I lyve euer and never day.  
 False traytor wykked that [am] I.  
 A man that false ys to hys love,  
 Be gode Iugement the lord above 6484  
 Shulde not suffre hym to dey at ones.

6460. MS. honore.

- Butte lette hym fele to dye onys,  
 And efte to lyffe *and* ofte to dye ageyne.  
 þus shulde suchē traytowres byne 6488  
 Serued *and* noghte do hym to dethe softe.  
 Suche a traytowre shulde dye ofte,  
 þat myghte ofte haue remembraunce  
 Off *hys* fals and vn-trewe gouernaunce." [leaf 82, back] 6492  
 And *per-wyth*: "Allas," seyde Partonope,  
 "þys Ivgemente be ryghte moste falle [on] me."  
 Grette sorowe to hym Partonope dothe take,  
 For he hathie loste for euer *hys* make. 6496  
 Hys songe was not but wellawaye.  
 In sorowyng he spendyth *þys* longe day  
 Vpon the banke of *pat* ryvere,  
 Tylle *pat* the laste *pat* darke euyn *per* 6500  
 Wolde hym lette no lenger ther a-byde.  
 Then toke *hys* hakeney, *and* forthe gan he ryde  
 Streight vn-to the castelle-gate  
 Off Bloyes, *and* redy he fownde ther-atte 6504  
 A yeman, wyche was chyffe portere.  
 On *hys* kne he kneled; *wyth* goode chere  
 Welcomyth he *hys* lorde Partonope.  
 No worde a-geyne þen answered he. 6508  
 He lyghte fro *hys* horse, *and* wente in-to [the] halle,  
 And *per* he fownde *hys* meyne alle.  
 Mony a knyghte *and* [mony] a Squyere,  
 6487. ofte] o like e.

Partonope  
stays there  
till night.

Then he  
rides to  
Blois.

Without  
speaking to  
the porter,  
he alights  
and enters  
the hall.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- But lat hym lye longe in grones,  
 And efte to lyve and dye ayen.  
 Thus shulde such traytor bene 6488  
 Served and not to haue his deth softe.  
 Such a traytor shuld dey ofte,  
 That he myght haue ofte remenbrans."  
 And ther-wyth "Allas," sayd Par-  
 tanope, 6493  
 "This Iugement be ryght most fast on  
 me.  
 Grete sorow Partanope to hym doth  
 take, [leaf 46, back]  
 For he hath for evyr lost his make. 6496  
 Hys songe was not but wele-awaye.  
 In sorowing he spendyth the longe  
 day  
 Vpon the banke of that Rever,  
 Tylle the day derked there, 6500  
 And myght ther no lenger a-byde.  
 Than he vpon *hys* hakeney forth gan  
 ryde  
 Streight vn-to the Castell-gate  
 Of Bloys, and redy he fonde ther-ate  
 A yoman, that was Chyfe porter. 6505  
 On *hys* kne he kneled, and wyth goode  
 chiere  
 Welcome his lord Partanope.  
 No word a-ye[n] than auswerd he. 6508  
 He lyght from *hys* hors, and in-to the  
 halle,  
 And there he found *hys* meyne alle.  
 Many a knygh[t] and many a Squyere,

He does not  
answer the  
greetings of  
his knights,  
but shuts  
himself  
up in a  
chamber.

When they hym sey, fuH IoyfuH were. 6512  
On kne they sette hem euerychone,  
And wyth goode herte welcomyd hym home.  
Butte he no worde answered a-yen,  
Where-fore alle hys meyne ben 6516

His mother  
hastens  
thither,

Heuy and sory, and Partonope  
In-to a chamber þe streyglite wey gope he,  
Alle a-lone wyth-owten any lette,  
And after hym the dore he shette. 6520

but in  
harsh words  
Partonope  
refuses to  
see her.

When hys moder herde thys tydyng,  
þat hur sone come yn sore wepyng,  
Off thes tydynges she was a-gaste,  
And to hys chamber heyed hyr faste. 6524  
She wende haue entered wyth-owte lette,  
And þen fownde she þe dore faste shette.  
“Fayre sone,” sayde she, “lette me come In.”—  
“In feyth,” sayde he, “þat shalle not byn. 6528  
Ye haue me betrayed, and þer-to  
Ye haue made me betraye my loue also.  
Youre crafte for euer hath me vndo, [leaf 83]

6531. Here begins the third hand.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Rawl. MS.

Whan they hym syght fuH IoyfuH  
were. 6512  
On kne they sett hem euerychone,  
And wyth goode hert welcome hym be  
home.  
But he no worde answeryd ayen,  
Where-fore alle meyne bene 6516  
FuH evy and sory, and Partanope  
In-to the chambre streyght goth he,  
Alle a-lone wyth-owten lett, 6519  
And after hym the dore he shett.  
Whan hys modyr herd this tyding,  
That her sone came In Sore weping,  
Of this thyng She was a-gast, 6523  
And to the chambre highed her fast.  
She went to haue entred wythoute  
lett,  
And the dore was fast I-shett. 6526  
“Fayre sone,” Sayd she, “that shaft  
not I come In?”—  
“In fayth,” Sayde he, “that shaft not  
bene. 6528  
Ye haue made me be-trayed my love  
also.  
Youre craft for euer hath me vndo,

<sup>1</sup> FuH heuy and sory is Partonope 6517  
[leaf 45]  
Aþ alone with-out lete, 6519  
And after hym the dore he shete. 6520  
Whan his moder herde þis thyng,  
That here sone come In sore wepyng,  
Of þis thyng she was a-gaste,  
And to his chambir hyede faste. 6524  
She wende to haue entyrde with-out  
lete,  
And þe dore was faste shete.  
“Fayre sone,” seyde she, “let me come  
In.”—  
“In feyth,” seyde he, “þat shaft not  
ben).  
Ye haue made me be-traye my loue  
also. 6529  
Youre crafte for euer hathe me vndoo



- And shewed wele þat no devyH is she. 6532  
 May I oones departe wele from the.  
 Loke neuer to haue Ioy of me! He will never trust her.  
 Seke the a sone where þat þe luste,  
 For on your modyrshipp shaH I neuer trust." 6536  
 When his modre þus herd hym sey,  
 And þat hir modershipp he can reney,  
 And so vnkynedly to hir gan speke,  
 For sorow she thought hir hert wolde breke. 6540 The mother thinks her heart is breaking.  
 "Fayre sone," seid she, "I cry you mercy.  
 In swych entent yete neuer was I  
 In no wise you to be-tray."  
 And with that worde she gan array 6544  
 Hir-self, þat pite a man myght haue.  
 She tare hir heere, and gan to Rave.  
 "Lete me come In, good sone," seide she.  
 "I pray you, lady, þus lete me be 6548 She has deprived him of his love and his joy.  
 Alone; for your faire parlement  
 Hathe made that I am for euer shent.  
 My love, my hertely Ioy haue ye

*Univ. Coll. MS.**Rawl. MS.*

- And shewed weH that no devyH ys she, 6532  
 Which for euer ys gone from me.  
 May I ones departed weH from the.  
 Loke neuer to haue Ioye of me! (leaf 47)  
 Seke the a sone where that þou lust,  
 For on your modershipp shaH I neuer trust." 6536  
 W<sup>H</sup>an the moder herd hym thus say,  
 And that her modershipp he gan) reney,  
 And so vnkendely to her gan) speke,  
 For sorow She thought her hert wold breke. 6540  
 "Fayre sone," sayde She, "I cry yow mercy.  
 In [s]which entent yett neuer was I  
 In no wyse yow to be-traye." 6543  
 And wyth that word She gan) aray  
 Her-self, that pyte a man) myght haue.  
 She tare her here, and gan) to Rave.  
 "Lett me come In, gode sone," sayde she.—  
 "I pray yow, lady, late me thus be  
 A love; for youre fayre parlament 6549  
 Hath made that I am for euer I-shentt.  
 My love, my hertely Ioye haue ye
- And shewyde weH þat no deviH is she.  
 May I onys departe weH fro the. 6533  
 Loke neuer to haue Ioye of me.  
 Seke þe a sone where þou lyst  
 For on your moderehiþe shaH I neuer truste," 6536  
 • When þe moder herde hym þus sey,  
 And þat hir moderehiþe he gan reney,  
 And so vnkynedly to hym gan speke,  
 For sorwe she þought her hert dyde breke. 6540  
 "Fayre sone," she seyde, "I crye you mercy."  
 And with þat worde she gan array  
 Hir-selfe, þat pete a man) myght haue.  
 She tare her here, and gan to raue. 6546  
 "Let me come In, good son," seyde she.—  
 "I pray you, lady, let me þus be 6548  
 Allone, for youre parlemente  
 Hathe made for euer þat I am shente.  
 My loue, my hertly Ioye haue ye

The mother  
has meant  
all for the  
best.

- Withouten ende fornome me."— 6552  
 "Trewly, my fayre sone, neuer my wetyng,"  
 Seide pis lady, fuH sore wepyng.  
 "I wende haue done aH for þe best,  
 And to haue brought your hert in Reste. 6556  
 Here amonge your Chyvally  
 Ye haue made a sory company."  
 Syth pis lady sawe no comforte,  
 Seide: "Of you they haue no comforte, 6560  
 And sithe in faute they may not be,  
 AH þe disese I take on me.  
 And this I take on me allone.  
 Sone, why make ye suche moone 6564  
 AH for love of this Meliore?  
 Ye mowe yite purchace as good tresoure,  
 And pat as plesaunt to you shaH be,  
 I dare wele sey, as euer was she. 6568  
 Me thinketh it were a Right fayre chaunge  
 To leve Meliore pat is bore straunge, [leaf 83, back]  
 And take a woman of your contre,  
 That is brought forþe in hyghe degre 6572  
 And nece to þe kyng of Fraunce.

Why can he  
not take  
the niece of  
the King?

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth-uten end<sup>d</sup> for-nome me."—  
 "Trewly my fayre sone, nevyr my  
 wytting," 6553  
 Seyd this lady, fuH sory weping.\*  
 "I wend haue done aH for the best,  
 And to a brought your hert in rest.  
 Here a-monge youre Chevalry 6557  
 Ye haue made a sory company."  
 Syght this lady saw no comfort  
 Seyd: "Of yow haue they no dysporte.  
 And syth in fawte they not be, 6561  
 Alle the dysseise I take on me.  
 And I take on me allone.  
 Sone, why make thus moche mone 6564  
 Alle for love of this Melioure?  
 Ye mow yit purchas as goode tresoure,  
 And that as plesaunt to yow shaH be,  
 I dar weH say, as euer was she. 6568  
 Me thenketh hit were a ryght fayre  
 Chang [1 leaf 47, back]  
 To leve Melioure, that ys bore straung,  
 And take a woman of youre Contre,  
 That ys brought forth in hygh degre  
<sup>1</sup> And nece to [the] kyng of Fraunce. 6573

ll. 6554-5 inserted in MS.

*Rawl. MS.*

Wythe-out ende be-nome me."— 6552  
 "Truly, my fayre sone, my wepyuge,"  
 Seyde pis lady, fuH sore wepynge,  
 "I wende a don<sup>d</sup> aH for the beste,  
 And to a don your hert In reste. 6556  
 Here amonge youre chevalrye  
 Ye haue made a sory company.  
 Sethe pis lady sawe no comforte, 6559  
<sup>1</sup> Sethe of you haue þey no dysporte,  
 And sethe In faute þey not be,  
 AH þe dysseyse I take on me,  
 And þis I take on me alone. [leaf 45, back]  
 Sone, whi make þou þus meche mone  
 AH for lone of þis Melyore? 6565  
 Ye may yet porchase as good tresoure,  
 And as plesant to you shaH be,  
 I dare weH sey, as euer was she. 6568  
 Me thynketh it were a fayre chaunce  
 To leve Melyore I-bore In Fraunce,  
 And take a woman of your contre,  
 That is brought furthe of high degre  
 And nyce to þe kyng of Fraunce. 6573

Me thinketh pis were a fayre lyaunce.

And he wiȝt gyve at oone Reise

As grete lordshipp as the honour of Bloys. 6576

In pis lande they haue grete affyaunce,

They love you as wele as þe kyng of Fraunce.

This londe had be loste, had ye not be.

Therfore, fayre sone, as ye love me, 6580

Lete be your crying 'alas, alas,'

And aȝt pis hevynesse lete it passe."

Partonope\* to hir yave noone answer.

More sorowe myght no man bere. 6584

He couthe no chere, he couþe no countenaunce,

Meliore myght not of his Remembraunce.

Yite of his modire he hadde grete pite,

And in his herte ofte thought he :

"My meany feyne wolde I chere.

Therof," thought he, "I am to lere,

Sith in my herte no loy I fynde,

For Melyore may not from my mynde." 6592

Thus aȝt they withouten doute,

6583. MS. patronope.

Partonope  
does not  
answer her  
a word,

though  
pitying his  
mother.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Me thenketh this were a fayre lyaunce,

And he wol gyf at one Ryese

As grete lordship as the honore of  
Bloys. 6576

In this lond hath grete affyauns.

They love yow as wel as the king of  
Fraunce.

Thys londe hade be lost, had ye not  
be.

Therfore, fayre sone, as ye love me,

Lete your crying be alas, alas, 6581

And alle this hevynes lete hyt passe."

Partanope to her yafe none answer,  
Ne more sorow myght no man  
bere. 6584

He cowde no chere ne no contynaunce,  
Melioure myght not of hys remem-  
brance.

Yet of hys modyr he had grete pyte,

And in hys hert ofte thorough he : 6588

"My meynes fayne wold I chere.

"Ther-of," thought he, "I am to lere,

Syth [in] my hert no loy I fynde,

For Melioure May not fro my mynde."

Thus alle they, wythouten douute,

*Rawl. MS.*

Me thynkyth þis were a fyere alyaunce.

And he wiȝt gyfe at on reyse

As grete a loidchiþe as þe honour of  
Bloyes 6576

In þis londe hathe grete affyaunce,

The loue you as weȝt as þe kyng of  
Fraunce.

This londe hade he loste, hade ye not  
be.

Ther-for, fayre son, as ye loue me, 6580

Let be your crying 'allas, alas,'

And aȝt þis hevynes let it pas."

Partonope to hir gaf non answer.

More sorwe myght no man bere. 6584

He couthe no chere ne countenaunce,

Melyore myght not of his remem-  
brance.

Yet of his moder he hade grete pete,

And in his hert ofte þought he : 6588

"My men fayne wolde I chere.

Ther-of," þought he, "I am to lere,

Sethe in my hert no loye I fynde,

For Melyore may not of my mynde."

Thus aȝt day, with-out doute, 6593

The King of  
France  
sends for  
the bishops,  
and begs  
them to  
comfort  
Partonope.

His moder and meany stode *with-out*e,  
Of his disese *eu*er complaynyng,  
TiH on þe morowe the sonne gan spryng, 6596  
That of hym they had no comforte,  
Ne noone of them couþe *oper* sporte.  
Anoone prugh Fraunce it Ronne þe tithynge  
That Partonope \* lieþ in [poynt of] deyng 6600  
For hevynesse of sory myschaunce.  
And anoone *perwith* þe kyng of Fraunce  
After Erchbisshopp̃s and bisshopp̃s sent in haste,  
And bade that they shuld hye hem faste 6604  
To Bleys to comforte her good ffrende.  
They toke her hors and pider they wende.  
When they were þere they wolde be,  
To þe Chambre þey come where Partonope\* 6608  
Hym-self had prisoned wondirfully. [leaf 84]  
The bysshopp̃s gan speke to hym fult goodly,  
And with hym tretid in þe best manere,  
6600, 6608. MS. patronope.

## Unic. Coll. MS.

Hys moder and meyne stode wyth-  
oute  
Of his desese *eu*er complayming  
TyH on the morow the sonne gan  
spring, 6596  
That of hym they had no Comfort,  
Ne none of them, Cownde other sprot.  
Anone thorough Fraunce ys ronne the  
tyding  
That Partanope lyeth in poynt of  
dying 6600  
For hevynes of sory myschauns.  
And a-none ther-wyth the king of  
Framis  
After Erchebyshops and byshops sent  
in hast,  
And bad that they shulde hye hem  
fast 6604  
To Bloys to comfort her grete ffrende.  
They toke her hors and theder they  
wende.  
Whan they were there they wolde be,  
To the Chambre they come where Par-  
tanope 6608  
Hym-self had prisoned wondyr-fully.  
The bysshope to hym ganne speke fult  
goodely,  
And wyth hym treted in the best  
manere,

## Rawl. MS.

His moder *and* his men stode *with-*  
*oute*, 6594  
Of his dysseyse *eu*er complayny[n]ge,  
TiH on morwe þe son gan spryng,  
That of hym þey hade no comforte,  
Ne none of theyme couthe *oper* sporte.  
Anone in Fraunce rone the tydyng  
That Partonope lyth in ponte of  
dying 6600  
For hevynes of sory my[s]chaunce.  
Anone þere-*with* þe kyng of Fraunce  
For erche-bysshopus *and* bysshopus  
sent in haste, [leaf 46] 6603  
And bade þat þey shulde hye hem faste  
To Bloyes to comfort *per* grete ffrende.  
They take *per* hors *and* deþer þey  
wende. 6606  
When þey were come to Partonope 6608  
Hym-selfe hade *prisonde* wonderfully.  
The byshopus to hym speke fult  
goodly  
And with hym tretide in þe beste  
manere

Hym counseylyng to be of good chere, And tolde hym ensaumples of holy write, And how þat men had loste her witte Throw takyng of such hevynesse. Thus eiche bisshopp made his processe To þe dore of his chambre be sermone. But for aȝ þat they ne mowne Make hym to speke to hem a worde. When they þus sey, be oone acorde Fro hym they turne full sore wepyng, And home they priked with-oute lettynge. They lefte Partonope * sorowyng aloone. The kyng of Fraunce þen what to doone Wote neuer, and þus full hevely Departed aȝ þis company. Grete sorowe made aȝ his meany And euery day full oft they be Atte dore of her lordes prisone, Lystenynge alwey if any sowne Or worde of hym they myght here.	6612    6616    6620   6624   6628	He will not talk to them,    and they are obliged to leave.   His retinue go weeping home.
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6623. MS. patronope.

<i>Univ. Coll. MS.</i>	<i>Rawl. MS.</i>
Hym Counsayling to be a goode Cheyre, [leaf 48] 6612 And told hym Ensamples of holy wyrtt, And how that men had lost her wytt Thorow taking of such hevynes. Thus Eche Bysshope made hys pro- cesse 6616 To the dore of hys chambre be sermon, But for alle that they ne mowne Make hym to speke to hym a word. Whan they this sey, be one acorde Fro hym they turne full sor * weping, And home they pryked wyth-out lett- ing. 6622 They left Partanope Sorowyng alone. The king of Fraunce than what to done 6624 Wote nevir, and thus full hevely Departed alle thys company. Grete sorow make alle hys meynay. And enor[y] day full ofte they be 6628 At the dore of her lordes prysoun, Lestenynge alway yf any soune Or word of hym ther myght here.	Hym counsellynge in þe beste maner, And tolde hym somplis of holy wryte,  And howe þat men had loste þer wyte Thorwe takynge of soyche heuynes. Thus iche bysshope made his prossesse  To þe dore of his chambir be sermon. But aȝ þat þey ne mow 6618 Make hym to speke a worde. When þey se be on acorde 6620 Fro hym þey turne sore wepyng. And home þey prekede with-out lettynge. They lefte Partonope sorwyng alone. The kyng of France þen what to done  Wot neuer, and þus full heuyle 6625 Departyde fro þis companye. Grete sorwe make his meyne, And euery day full ofte þey be 6628 At þe dore of þer lordes prison, Lystenynge aȝ alwey of any soune Ore worde of hym þey myght here.

6621. MS. for.

But all for nought ; of hym no chere 6632  
 They couþe haue, þis is no nay.  
 This lyfe they ladde vj. wekes day,  
 And they þan toke hem euerychone  
 What counseylle was beste to doone, 6636  
 And seyne : " In grete wanhope  
 Oure lorde is loste, Partonope." \*  
 Therfore eiche man trusse hem hoome,  
 " This is þe beste þat we may doone." 6640  
 Thus they go *wythoute* leue takyng,  
 Eiche man to his house sore wepyng.  
 Partonope leads a miserable life.  
 Now witt I tell you of Partonope \* :  
 Lytiff he etith and lasse drynkeþ he. 6644  
 Thries in þe weke he doþe ete ;  
 His fode is not deynthe mete :  
 Brede made of barly or elles of oote,  
 This is his mete, and watir sode {leaf 84, back} 6648  
 His his drynke two dayes or þre,  
 That in þe weke now taketh he.  
 That is his sustenauunce and levyng ;  
 In oper rule may no man hym bryng. 6652  
 6638, 6643. MS. patronope.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

But alle for noght, of hym no chere  
 They Cowde, this ys no nay. 6633  
 This lyfe they ledde vj wokes day,  
 And they than toke hem to-gedyr  
 echone  
 What Counsayth was best to done,  
 And seyn : " In grete wanhope 6637  
 Oure lord ys lost now, Partanope."  
 Ther-to eche man trusse hym home.  
 " This ys the best that we may done."  
 Thus they go wyth oute leue taking,  
 Eche man to hys hous sore wepyng. 6642  
 Now wol I tell yow of Partanope :  
 Lytyll he etith, and lasse drinketh  
 he. [leaf 48, back] 6644  
 Thries in the woke he doth eate ;  
 Hys foote ys now deynthe mete :  
 Brede make of berley or Elles of ote,  
 Thys ys his mete, and water sode 6648  
 Ys his drynke two days or thre,  
 That In the woke now taketh he.  
 Thys ys hys Sustenauunce and leving :  
 In other rule may no man hym bring.

6646. ys] y corrected from h (?).

6648. Thys] the y seems to be added after an i.

## Rawl. MS.

But all for nought, for hym no chere  
 They couthe haue, þis is no nay. 6633  
 This lyfe þey lede viij wekes day.  
 They toke hen to-geder ichone  
 What counseil was beste to done 6636  
 And [seyn] in grete wanhope  
 Oure lorde is loste nowe, Partonope.  
 Ther-fore iche man trusse hym home  
 This is þe beste þat we may done. 6640  
 Thus þey gon *wyth-out* leue takyng.  
 Eche man to his howse sore wepyng.

His hede, his fete wole he not wasshe,  
 His Coloure is lyke þe pale asshe,  
 His nayles growen and aft forfare,  
 He martreth his body *with* sorowe and care, 6656  
 He is for-grown *with* his heere.  
 This peyn suffreþ he aft þe yere.  
 When þat yere comeþ to ende  
 He was so megere and so vnthende 6660  
 And so pale and *ouer*-growe,  
 That þere is noone on lyve, I trowe,  
 Shuld hym haue take for Partonope \* ;  
 So hugely wasted a-wey is he. 6664  
 This was his worde : " Meliore, my Ioy,  
 Allas, shaft I neuer se þe with Ee ?"  
 Thus wolde he sey sore wepyng.  
 In þis wise he lieth mourenyng, 6668  
 That aft his myght is so clene gone  
 He may not rise from his bed alone  
 With-uten helpe, ne go *III.* pase.  
 His songe had ben to ofte allas. 6672  
 Vpon a day þis wofull Partonope \*  
 Sate on his bedde, and þen seide he :  
 6663, 6673. patronope.

At the end  
of the year  
he is no  
more recog-  
nizable.

He cannot  
rise from the  
bed alone.

Brooding  
over his  
misfortune,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

His heede, his feete wol he not wayssse,  
 His coloure ys lyke the pale Aysshe,  
 His nayles growen and alle for-fare,  
 He martereth hys body wyth sorow and  
 care, 6656

He ys for-grown wyth his here.  
 This payne suffereth alle the yere.  
 Whan that yere was come to ende,  
 He was so megere and so vn-thende.  
 And so pale and over-growe. 6661  
 That ther ys none on lyfe, I trow,  
 Shulde hym haue take for Partanope ;  
 Sho hugely wasteyd away ys he. 6664  
 This was hys worde : " Melyoure, my Ioy,  
 Allas, shaft I neuer see the wyth Ie ?"  
 Thus wolde he sey Sore wepyng.  
 In this wyse he lyeth mor[n]ing, 6668  
 That alle hys myght ys so clene gone  
 He may not ryse from hys bed alone  
 Wytho[ut]ten helpe, ne go thre pase.  
 His songe had bene to ofte allas. 6672

Vpon a day this wofull Partanope  
 Sate on hys bedde, and than sayd he :

PARTONOPE.

¶ Vpon a day þis wofull Partonope  
 Sat on his bedde, and þen seyde he :

He implores  
God to  
have mercy  
on him.

“O fadir of hevyn omnipotent,  
That erthe, watir, and firmament 6676  
Madest of nought at oo worde,  
And after into þis wreched worlde  
Sendist þi sone mankynde to take,  
And suffredist hym dey for oure sake, 6680  
Sende me comforte for þi mekenesse,  
And let me not perysshe in þis distresse.  
Comforte me by thy holy goste.  
What is me beste, lorde, þou wele woste. 6684  
Thou blessed modir and mayden Marie  
That conceyvedist within thi body  
Thy fladir, thy sone, thi creature, [leaf 85]  
And as softly as a lylle floure 6688  
Oute of the erthe peynles doþe spryng,  
Right so easily, lady, in thy chilydyng  
Thou were delyuered of thy Savyoure,  
And broughtest forþe þat blessed floure 6692  
Ayenst þe course of comyn kynde—  
In holy wryte þus clerkes fynde—  
And, lady, as wissely as I beleve

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

“O fader of heven omnipotent,  
That erthe, water, and firmament 6676  
Madest of nought [at] oo worde,  
And after in-to this wreched worlde  
Syathyst they sone maketh to take,  
And suffredyst hym dey for oure sake,  
Send me comfort for they mekenes, 6681  
And lete me not perysch in this destres.  
Comfort me be the holy gost.  
What ys me best, lorde, thou wel wost.  
Thou blyssed modyr and mayden  
Marye, 6685  
That Conseyvedyst wyth-in they body  
Thy fadyr, they sone, they creature,  
And as softly as a lylly floure 6688  
Oute of the erthe paynles doth spring,  
<sup>1</sup> Ryght so easely lady in Chilydyng  
Thou were delyuered of they savioure,  
And broghtest forth that blyssed  
floure [leaf 49] 6692  
A-yenst the counse of Comyn kynde—  
In holy wryt thus Clerke fynde—  
And, lady, as wysely as I beleve

<sup>1</sup> O fader of hevyn, *omnipotent*  
[leaf 46, back]  
That erthe, water, and fyrmente 6676  
Modeste of nought at one worde,  
And after In-to þis wrechyde worde  
Sentyste þy son mankynde to take,  
And sofferes hym dede for oure sake,  
Sende me comiforte for þy mekenes,  
And let me not perishe in dysstres.  
Comforte me by þy holy grace. 6683  
What is me beste, lorde, þou well woste.  
Thou blyssede moder, mayde Marye  
That conseynedeste in þy body  
Thy fader, þy son, þy creature  
And as softly as lylly floure 6688  
Ayenste þe course of comyn kynde—  
In holy wryte þis clerkes fynde— 6694  
And, lady, as wysly as I beleve



In chilydng peynfull pou feldest no greve,	6696	
With all my hert I beseeche pe		
In my disease haue mercy on me !		
Of my life, lady, I am full wery,		He is weary
For all to longe lyved haue I.	6700	of his life,
To longe liveth he that doþe felony ;		
Therefore my Ioy were forto dey.		
I wolde fayne dey, and I wist how.		and wishes
But pe wey toward as now.	6704	to die.
I can not fynde, so God me save ;		
For I ne haue with me yeman ne knave		
That in my possession wole leve a knyve,		
Wher-with I myght vndo my lyfe.	6708	
Allas deþe, what ayleth the ?		
Why delyuerest þou not pe worlde of me ?		
The false folke þou haste Ioy to save,		God always
AH the good þou wilt haue.	6712	allows the
Robbers, traytours þou leuist on lyve,		wicked to
And such as caste hem neuer to pryve,		live,
Swyche þou suffrest to haue longe life		
That sette her neighbors euer in strife,	6716	

*Var. Coll. MS.**Rawl. MS.*

In Chyldyng paynfull thou feltest no greve,	6696	In chilydng peynfull þou felt no greue,	
Wyth alle hert I be-seche the		With all my hert I be-seche the	6697
In my desesse haue mercy on me !		In my dysseyse haue mercy on me !	
Of my lyfe, lady, I am full wery,		Of my lyffe, lady, I am wery,	
For alle to longe lyved haue I.	6700	For all to longe leuyde haue I.	6700
To long lyveth he that doth felony ;		To longe leuyth he þat dothe felony ;	
There-for my Ioye were for to dey.		There-for my Ioye were to dye.	
I wolde fayne dye and I wist how.		I wolde fayne dye and I wiste howe.	
But the way to-warde as now	6704	But pe wey towarde as now	6704
I can not fynde, So God me save ;		I can not fynde, so God me saue.	
For I ne haue wyth yoman ne knave		For I ne haue with me yeman ne knave	
That in my possession wold leve a knyfe,		That in my possession with leue a knyfe,	
Wher-wyth I myght vn-do my lyfe.		Ther-with I myght vndo my lyfe.	
Alas deþh, what ayleth the ?	6709	Alas dethe, what cyleth the ?	6709
Why delyuerest thou not the worlde of me ?		Why delyuereste þou not pe worde of me ?	
The false folke thou hast Ioy to save,		The false folke þou doste saue	
Alle the god thou wilt haue.	6712	AH pe good þou wilt haue	6712
Robbers, traytor thou leuyst on lyve,		Robberes, traytores þou leuyste on lyue,	
And such as cast hem nevyr to thryve,		And soych e as caste him neuer to thryue,	
Swyche thou sufferyst to haue long lyfe		Soych e þou sufereste to haue longe lyfe	
That sette here neighbours evyr in stryfe,		That set þer nyghborees euer in stryfe,	

but lets the  
good die.

He is severe  
with fair  
and virtu-  
ous ladies,  
and favours  
those who  
are vicious.

In his woe,  
Partonope  
resolves to  
die.

And lede her lyfe euer in Cursednesse,  
They be suffred to haue þe swetnesse  
Of þis worlde; þe toper þat good be,  
Fro þi swerde they shuH not fle. 6720  
The good þou shuldest suffre on lyve,  
The false þou shuldest sle as blyve.  
Ladies þat fayre ben and vertuose,  
To hem þou fiers arte and dispituose, 6724  
And ouer hem redy to take vengeance.  
The foule, þe vicious þou doste enhance; [leaf 85, back]  
In wordly Ioy þou makest hem hye.  
Alas, faire Wrake, sipe þat I þe seye, 6728  
And þat ye besied you me to cloþe,  
My life hape sith me be fuH lope.  
The cloþes me liste neuer to chaunge,  
This life to me hath be fuH straunge, 6732  
For aH to-Rent and Roten they be."  
And with that worde Partonope \*  
FetH in swonyng for hevynesse.  
He lay þerin longe or it wolde cese. 6736  
Withoute comforte alone was he.

6734. patronope.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

And lede her lyfe euer in Cursednes,  
They besuttled to haue the Swetnes 6718  
Of this world / the tother that gode be,  
Fro thy Sward that shulde not fle. 6720  
The goode thou shuldest sutlre on lyve.

The false thou shuldest Sle as blyve.  
Ladies that fayre bene and vertuos,  
To hem thou fere seart and spituose, 6724  
And ouer hym redy to take vengeance.

The foule, vicious thou dost enhance;  
In wordly Ioy thou makest hym hye.  
Alas fayre Vrak, Syth that I the sye, 6728  
And that ye besyed yow me to clothe,  
My lyfe hath syght me be so lothe.  
Tho clothes me lyste neuer to chonge,  
This lyfe to me hath bene fuH straunge,  
For alle to-rent and roten they be." 6733  
And wyth that worde Partonope  
Fylle on sowmyng for hevynesse.  
He lay ther-In long or hyt wyll cese.  
Wythouten confort allone was he.

1 leaf 49, back.

*Rawl. MS.*

And lede hir lyfe euer in coursedenes  
They be sufferde to haue þe swetnes  
Of þis worde; þe oþer þat goode be,  
Fro þy swerde þey shuH not fle. 6720  
The good shuldyste þou suffer on  
lyue, [leaf 47]  
The false þou shulde sle belyue.  
Ladies þat fayre ben and vertuose,  
To hem euer þou art dysspytuose,  
And euer on hem redy to take  
vengeance. 6725  
The foule, vicious þou doste enhance;  
In wordly Ioye þou makeste hem hye.  
Alas, fore Wrake sethe I þe seye, 6728  
And þat you besyede you me to clothe,  
My lone hathe be me fuH lothe.  
Tho clothis me lyste neuer to change  
This lyfe to me hathe be fuH stronge,  
For aH to-rente and rotyng to be." 6733  
And with þat worde Partonope  
Fitt on swonyng for hevynes.  
He lay þer-in longe ore it wolde sese.  
With-out comfort allone was he. 6737

And þis wofuH man Partonope \*  
 Atte laste fro swonyng did a-wake.  
 He was fuH seke, I dare vndirtake. 6740  
 What for sorowe and for wepyng  
 StiH he sate, fuH longe thinkyng  
 How best hym-self he myght sle.  
 But God wold not it shuld so be. 6744  
 His frendes had hym so in watte,  
 Fro wepyns kept hym so stratte  
 That his purpose myght not be  
 Atte Bleys *par*fourmed; and þen þought he: 6748  
 "To Arderne I wolde go, þe wilde foreste,  
 There may happe some wilde beste  
 May me deuoure, and þat anoone."  
 Thus purposeth he pider\* to gone, 6752  
 And þen he seide: "He þat is false  
 To his love, right by þe halse  
 He shuld be hanged, and a foule deþ haue."  
 Thus in wodenesse he begynneth to Raue; 6756  
 And in þis purpose fully stonte he

He will go  
 to the  
 Ardennes.  
 Perhaps  
 some wild  
 animal will  
 devour him.

6738. MS. patronope.

6752. pider] MS. þas.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And this wofuH man Partanope 6738  
 Atte last fro Sounyng dyd awake.  
 He was fuH Seeke, I dare vndyr-take.  
 What for Sorow and for wepyng 6741  
 Style he sett, fuH long thenking  
 How best hym-self he myght Slee.  
 But Godde wolde hit shulde so be. 6744  
 His frendys had hym so in wayte,  
 Fro wepens kept hym So straye  
 That hys purpose myght not be  
 Atte Bloys *par*formed, and than  
 thought he: 6748  
 "To Arderne I wolde go, the wyld  
 forest,  
 There may happe Som) wylde best  
 May me deuoure, and that anon."  
 Thus purposeth he thedyr to gone, 6752  
 And that he sayde: "He that ys false  
 To hys love, ryght he the halse  
 He shulde be honged, and a foule deth  
 haue."  
 Thus in wodenese he be-gynneth to  
 rave; 6756  
 And in this purpose fully stont he

*Rawl. MS.*

And þis wofuH man) Partonope  
 At þe laste of swony[n]ge dyde a-wake.  
 What for sorwe *and* for wepyng 6741  
 StiH he sat, longe thynkyng  
 Howe beste he myght hym-selfe sle.  
 But God wolde it shulde not be. 6744  
 His frendes hade hym so in wayte,  
 Fro wepyns kepte hym so streyte  
 That his *por*pose myght not be  
 At Bloyes *par*formede; þen þought he:  
 "To Arderne I wiH goo, þat foreste,  
 Ther may hape som wilde beste 6750  
 May me deuoure, *and* þat anone."  
 Thus *por*poseth he dethir to gone.  
 Then he seyde: He þat is false 6753  
 To his loue, right be þe halse  
 He shulde be hongyde *and* foule deth  
 haue.  
 Thus In wodnes he gynyth to raue.  
 And in þis *por*pose fully stont he 6757

The French  
author here  
reproves the  
clerks that  
write ill of  
women's  
love.

To Ardern to go hym-self to sle.  
Myn auctour in ffrensshe gynnep now reprove  
Thes olde clerkes pat treten of love, 6760  
That put in scripture to haue in remembraunce  
Of olde tyme fuH hye myssgouernance,  
Of women of whome they ofte write  
FuH febly and foule of hem endite, 6764  
Ayein whome euer I wole sey nay :  
That Clerke is not on lyve pis day [leaf 86]  
That wole despute in pis matere,  
I shaH hym prove a lewde frere. 6768  
Thes Ioly singers comynly ben lecherouse,  
They mowe not lyve with-oute paramourse.  
And when his queen is to hym vntrewe,  
And from hym chaungeth vnto a newe, 6772  
As swich strumpettes aH day do,  
Than þes prestes be so wo,  
Theire lemans dedes they put in wryting,  
To bryng after in mannes remembryng 6776  
To suppose aH ben as they were,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

To Arderen to goo hym-self to sle.  
Myn) autoure in fren[j]ssh gynnyth now  
reprove  
These olde chokes that treten of love,  
That putt in scryture to haue re-  
membrans 6761  
Of old tyme fuH hye mysgouernauns,  
Of women of whom) they ofte wrytte

FuH febly, and foule of hem endyte,  
A-yein whom) euer I wolle say nay : 6765  
That Clerk ys not on lyve thys day  
That wolde this spyte in this matere,  
I shaH hym prove a lewde fre[r]e. [leaf 50]  
This Ioly syngers comynly be lecherous,  
They mow not lyve wyth-oute para-  
mors. 6770

And whan hys quene hys to hym  
vntrew,  
And fro hym chaungeth to a newe. 6772  
As Swyche strumpettes al day do,  
Than these prestes be So wo,  
Her lemmas dedys they put in wryting  
To bryng after in mannes remembryng  
To suppose alle [þen] as they were,

*Royal. MS.*

To Arderne to go hym-selfe to sle.  
Myne autor in frenche gynnyth to  
reprove  
This olde clerkes pat trete of loue,  
And put in scrypture to haue, re-  
membraunce 6761  
Of olde tyme hye mysgouernance  
1 Of whome women) þey of wryte  
[leaf 47, back]

FuH febilly, and foule þey of hem dyte  
Aven whome euer I wiH sey nay :  
That clerke is not on lyne pis day  
That wiH dysspute of þis mat-er,  
I shaH hyn) prone a lewyde frere. 6768  
This Ioly syngeres comynly be lecherus,  
They may not leue with-out paramores.

When his quene is to hym vntrewe,  
And fro hym changyth to a newe,  
As soyeche strumpet-s alday do 6773  
Then þese prestes be so wo,  
Hir lemans dedes þey put in wrytynge,  
To brynge after in his remembrynge  
To suppose aH ben as þey were, 6777

6763. MS. women or women.

And so to put men in feere  
 To mystrust women aH,  
 Suche nyse clerkes foule hem be-faH, 6780  
 And for her lemans myssberyng  
 AH *oper* women they haue mystrustyng.  
 But pese clerkes pat wele ruled be,  
 Of hem shaH [ye] neuer know ne se 6784  
 In speche, in dede, ne be wrytyng,  
 Any ping pat myght be reprovyng  
 To women pat wele ruled be.  
 For truly I sey as for me 6788  
 In women is founden a gentilnesse,  
 Trewe love, and *perto* kyndnesse,  
 Bountee, beaute, and eke plesaunce.  
 Therfore I pray God pat mysschaunce 6792  
 On hem come pat lust to sey  
 Of women eviH; for leuer to dey  
 I had þen to be founde in *pat* case,  
 Praying God to kepe me fro pat trespase. 6796  
 But aH þis matere I lete now be,  
 And speke I wil of Partonope.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

And so put men in free 6778  
 To mystrust women alle.  
 Shuch nyse Clerkes foule hem be-falle,  
 And for her lemmans mysberyng 6781  
 Alle other women they haue myst-  
 trusting.  
 But these Clerkes that wele ruled be,  
 Of hem shaH nevr know ne see 6784  
 In spech, in dede, ne be wrytting,  
 Any thing that might be reproving  
 To women that wele rewled be.  
 For trewly I Sey as for me 6788  
 In women ys founden aH gentylnes,  
 Trew love, and ther-to knydenes  
 Bountee, beaute, and eke plesanns.  
 Therfor I pray God that myschauns  
 On hym come that lust to sey 6793  
 Of women evyH; for lever to dey  
 I had / than to be founde in that case,  
 Praying God to kepe me fro that trespas.  
 But alle this matere I late now be, 6797  
 And speke I wol of Partanope.

*Rawl. MS.*

And so to put men in fere  
 To mystruste wemen aH  
 Soyche nyse clerkes foule hem faH  
 And for þer lemans mysberyng 6781  
 But pese clerkes pat weH rulede be,  
 Of hem shaH ye neuer knowe ne se  
 In speche, in dede, ne be wrytyng  
 And thyng pat myght be reprouy[n]ge  
 To women pat weH rewlyde be.  
 For truly I sey as for me 6788  
 In women is fonde aH lentiHnes,  
 True loue *and* also kendes,  
 Bounte, beute *and* eke plesaunce.  
 Therfore I pray God pat myschaunce  
 On hym come pat lyste to sey 6793  
 Of wemen eviH; for leuer to dye  
 I \*hade þen be founde in *pat* case,  
 Prayinge to Gode to kepe me fro  
 trespas. 6796  
 For aH þis mater I let now be  
 And speke I wiH of Partonope.

6791. MS. *rather* Baunte.6795. MS. I hode (old *indistinct*) hade.

- This careful lover with pite  
 Pensyfe, thoughtfuH all day sitteþ he. 6800
- Towards evening there comes a boy to Partonope.  
 And when it drew wele toward Eve,  
 A childe *per* come, pat in his sleve  
 A lofe brought of barlyche made,  
 And in his hande a picher he hadde 6804  
 FuH of water of þe welle clere. [leaf 86, back]  
 This he brought to Parton[o]pe sopere.  
 Partonope\* was wonte to hym speke ;  
 It did hym sorowe, his hert did breke. 6808  
 "My frende," he seide, "I shaH þe sey,  
 I may not fayle hastely to dey  
 If I abide now longe here ;  
 Fayne wolde I be elles-where. 6812  
 Thou maiste me helpe if þou wille.  
 I pray þe help I be not spilt."  
 The boy is ready.  
 That yonge man wept for verray loy :  
 "Sir, your sorowe doþe me grete noy. 6816  
 Fro you I wil not departed be,  
 If comforte or eace may come by me,

6807. MS. patronope.

## Unic. Coll. MS.

Thiſ CarfuH lover wyth petee  
 Pensyfe, thought-fuH alle day  
 sytteth he. 6800

And whan hyt drew wele toward eve,  
 A chyld ther come, that in hys sleve  
 A lofe brought of barleche made.  
 And in hys hond a pycher he had 6804  
 FuH of water of the weH clere.  
 This he brough[t] to Partanope sopere.  
 Partanope was wont to him speke :  
 Hyt dyd hym sorow, hys hert dyd  
 breke. [leaf 86, back] 6808  
 "My frende," he sayde, "I shall the  
 say,  
 I may not fayle hastely to dey  
 Yf I a-lyde now longe here ;  
 Fayne wolde I be elles-where 6812  
 Thow muste me helpe yf thow wylt.  
 I pray the he helpe that I be not  
 spilt."  
 Thys yong manne wept for very loy :  
 "Syr, your sorow dothe me grete nye.  
 Fro yow I wol not departed be, 6817  
 Yf comfort or ease may come be me,

## Rawl. MS.

\* Thiſ carfuH lover with petee  
 Pensefe, þoughtfuH syttyth he. 6800

When it drewe towarde eve  
 A childe *per* come, pat in his sleve  
 A lofe brought of barly made.  
 And in his honde a pichere he hadde  
 FuH of water of the weH clere. [leaf 48]  
 This he brought to Partonopes sopere.  
 Partonope was wont to hym speke :  
 Hit dyde hym sorwe, his hert wolde  
 breke. 6808  
 "My f[r]ende," he seyde, "I shaH þe  
 sey,  
 I may not faH hastely to dye  
 Yef I abyde longe here  
 Fayne wolde I be elles-where. 6812  
 Thou mayste me helpe yef þou wilt.  
 I praye þe helpe I be not spilt."  
 This yonge man wepte for very loye.  
 "Sir, your sorwe dothe me grete[n] loye.  
 Fro you I wil not departye be, 6817  
 Yef comfort ore eyse may come be me,

And I may do you any plesaunce.  
 Though it be to me grete grevaunce, 6820  
 I shaH it do, and it be your eace,  
 Though I wist perfore to lese  
 My life; and that I ensure you.  
 And perfore teH pleylnly now 6824  
 What is your wiH þat I do.”  
 Partonope\* seide: “I will that þou go  
 When Evyn cometh, and make noone aray,  
 And prively gete me an hakeney 6828  
 That is swyft and right wele aumblyng.  
 And when men ben aH faste slepyng,  
 Then wil I ride into þe felde.  
 I wolde þat no man me be-helde. 6832  
 This were to me a fuH hy comfote  
 Alone to haue þere my desporte.  
 And while þe moone shyneth bright,  
 There may I play me aH the nyght. 6836  
 Thou shalt go with me and no mo.  
 Now loke þat þis be wisely do.

Partonope  
orders him  
to fetch  
a hackney  
secretly.

Only the boy  
is to accom-  
pany him.

6826. MS. patronope.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

And I may do yow an[y]\* plesauns.  
 Though hyt be to grete grevauns 6820  
 I shaH hyt do, and [it] be your ease,  
 Thoght I wyst therefore to lese  
 My lyfe / and I ensure yow.  
 And therfor teH pleynelly now 6824  
 What ys youre wyH that I do.”  
 Partanope sayde: “I wolde that thou  
 When even cometh, and make none  
 aray,  
 And prively gete me a hakeney 6828  
 That ys Swyft and ryght weH am-  
 belyng.  
 And whan men bene all fast Slepyng,  
 Than wolde I ryde in-to the felde.  
 I wolde that no man me be-heelde. 6832  
 This were to me a fuH hye comfort  
 A-lone to haue there my dysport.  
 And whyle the mone shyneth bright,  
 There may I play me alle the nyght.  
 Thou shalt goo wyth me and no moo.  
 Now loke that this be wysely doo.

*Rawl. MS.*

And I may do you ony eyse.  
 Though it be to me grete dysseyse 6820  
 I shaH it do, and it be your eyse,  
 Though I wyste per-for to lese  
 My lyfe, and þat I ensure you.  
 And per-fore I teH you trewly nowe 6824  
 What is youre wiH þat I shaH do.”  
 Partonope seyde: “I wiH þat þou goo  
 When evyn comyth, and make none  
 aray,  
 And prevely get me an hakeney 6828  
 That is swyite and weH amblynge.  
 And when my men be faste slepyng,  
 Then wiH I ryde to þe felde.  
 I wiH þat no man me be-heelde. 6832  
 This were to me an hye comfote  
 Allone to haue my dyssporte.  
 And while þe mone shyneth bright  
 Ther may I pley me tiH þe nyght. 6836  
 Thou shalt go with me and no mo.  
 Nowe loke þat þis be wysly do.

6819. MS. yowan, the last letters indistinct.

The boy  
brings the  
horse,

Ayenst day, with-outen drede,  
Homward ayein we will vs spede." 6840

This childe of pis is IoyfuH and glad,  
And forto þat his mayster hym bad

He is rissen, and forþe is go.

He wolde for no good it happenyd so \* [leaf 57] 6844

Ere he were redy the houre were passed,

Which his lorde hym sette, and þerfore in haste

He made redy a fayre ambeloure.

In the Evyn, atte same houre, 6848

A fayre palfray with hym he ledde,

And brought it to his lordes bedde,

Good and wele aumblyng with-outen nay ;

This palfray was pomeH gray. 6852

and sets his  
master into  
the saddle.

In his armes his maister he vp toke

Fro bedde, as seith þe ffrensshe boke,

And in the sadyH softly he hym sette.

And right anoone a sporre he fette, 6856

He sette it on his lordes hele,

And thought that aH þing was wele.

*After 6844 MS. adds the line: Ere he were redy it happenyd so.*

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A-yenst day, wyth-outen drede, 6839  
Homward ayein we wolH vs spede."

This Chylde of thys ys IoyfuH and  
gladde, 6841

And for to that hys mayster hym bad

He ys rysen in hast, and forth ys go.

He wolde for ne goode hyt happyd  
hym so 6844

Ere he were redy the oure were past,

Whiche hys lord hym sett, and the[r]-  
fore in hast [leaf 51]

He made redy a fayre ambuloure.

In the even, at the same oure, 6848

A fayre palfrey wyth hym he ledde,

And brought hyt to hys bedde,

Goode and weH ambelyng wyth-outen  
nay :

This palfrey was pomeH gray. 6852

In hys armes hys mayster he vp toke

Fro bedde, as seyth the frenche booke,

And in the sadyH Softely he hym sett.

And ryght anone a spore he fett, 6856

And thought that alle thinge was wele.

*Rawl. MS.*

Ayenste day with-out drede  
Homwarde ayein we wiH vs spede." 6840

• This childe of pis is IoyfuH and glade

And for to do þat his maister hym bade

He is resyn) and furthe I-goe.

He wolde forno good it happede soo 6844

<sup>1</sup> Ere he were redy, þe oure were paste

Whiche his lorde set ; þer-fore in haste

[1 leaf 45, back]

He made redy a fayre ambler.

In þe evyn, at þe same oure, 6848

A fayre palfrey with hym he lede,

And brought it to his lordes bede

Right weH amblyng, with-out nay.

The palfrey was pomeH gray. 6852

In his armes his maister vp he toke

Fro his bede, as seyth þe frenche boke

And in the sadyH he hem softly set.

And right anone asspore he fet, 6856

He set it on his lordes hele,

And þought aH thyng was weH.



In herte he was IoyfuH and gladde,  
 And forþe his lordes horse he ladde,  
 Wenying that aH þing shuld be right wele.  
 He maketh grete Ioy and levyth aH dole.

But aH day at Eye men mow se  
 They Ioyen of þing þat wil not be.

6860

Partonope is now forþe go

6864

Partonope  
 leaves Blois.

From Bloys, and þer-to come no moo  
 He thinketh neuer in aH his life.

His childe cometh to hym as blyve :

6868

“Sir,” seide he, “wheþer wiH ye ride?

Here is a place faste here beside,

Where as ye mow wele you desporte.

That to you shaH be grete comforte

6872

Vpon þe banke you to pley

Of Leyre the Ryuer till ayein the day.

Then shaH no man vs aspye ;

And thider I can you right wele gye.

6876

The boy was  
 called  
 Gilamour.

This childes name is Gile-amoure,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In hert he was IoyfuH and gladde he  
 was,

And forth hys lordes hors he lade, 6860

Wenying that alle thing shulde be  
 ryght wele.

He maketh grete Ioy and leveth alle  
 doole.

But aH day at ey men mow see

They Ioynd of thinge that wold not  
 be. 6864

Partanope ys now forth goo

Fro Bloys, and ther-to come no  
 moo

He thinketh nevir in alle hys lyfe.

Hys Chylde to hym cometh as bylfe.

“Syr,” sayde he, “wedyr wot ye  
 ryde? 6869

Here ys a place fast yow be-syde,

Where as ye mow wet yow dysport.

That to yow shaH be grete comfort

Vpon the Banke yow to pley 6873

Of Leyre the rever tyH ayein the day.

There shaH no man vs aspye ;

A[nd] thiedyr I can yow ryght wel  
 gye. 6876

This Childes name ys Gyle-amoure,

*Rawl. MS.*

In hert he was IoyfuH and glade,

And furthe his lordes hors he lede, 6860

Wenynge þat aH thyng shulde be  
 weH

He maketh Ioye and leynth dole.

But aH day at eye men may se

They Ioye of thyng þat wiH not be. 6864

Partonope is now furthe goo

Fro Bloyes and þer-to come no mo

He thynketh neuer in aH his lyue.

His childe to hym comyth blyue. 6868

“Sir,” seyde he, “wheþer wiH ye ryde?

He-re is a place faste you be-syde,

Where ye may weH dyssporte.

That to you shaH be grete comforte 6872

Vpon þe banke you to play

Of Loyre the reuer in the day

This childes is name is Gillamore

6873. MS. perhaps play, eow a being written  
 on some other letter.

Which for grete love kyng Sornegoure  
 Lente hym to Partonope,  
 To þis entent þat he shuld se 6880  
 The maner of þe Reaume of Fraunce.  
 For to Sornegoure\* he was nye allyaunce,  
 No firþer but of his suster bore ; [leaf 87, back]  
 And his ffader heght kyng Fabore. 6884  
 Right curteyse he was and Right bonayre,  
 Semely of persone, of visage fayre.  
 His name was Fursynne in his contree ;  
 But his mayster and lorde Partonope\* 6888  
 Into Gileamoure did it chaunge,  
 For Fursyn was his name right straunge,  
 And Gilamour was a grete dele light.  
 For Partonope did all his myght 6892  
 To maken hym leve his hethen lay.  
 His answer þerto was euer nay.

He was the  
 nephew of  
 King Sorne-  
 gour, and  
 his real  
 name was  
 Fursin.

Partonope  
 had in vain  
 tried to con-  
 vert him to  
 Christianity.

6882. MS. Sornogoure. 6888. MS. partronope.  
 ll. 6891-6899 have wrongly been copied by the second hand on leaf  
 84, back, and then crossed out, see the printed text, p. 86. The  
 passage runs thus—

And Gylmowre was a grete dele more ly3tlyte	Partonope hym trystytlye aboute alle thyng
For partonope dide alle hys myghtlyte	For euer he was glad to do his plesynge
To make hym leue hys Ethen laye	And he sayde gode syr wolle yee
Hys answer was ther to euer naye	Haue goode dysporte now folewyth me Go we to the water of leyre.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Which for grete love kyng Sornogoure  
 Lente hym late to Partanope,  
 To this entent that he shulde see 6880  
 The manere of the reaume \* of Fraunce.  
 For to Sornogoure he was ny Alyaunse,  
 No forþer but of hys Suster bore ;  
 And hys fadyrlyght kyng Fabore, 6884  
 Ryght Curteyse he was and ryght  
 bonayre.  
<sup>1</sup> Semely of persone, of vysage fayre.  
 His name was Fursynne in hys contree ;  
 But hys mayster and lord Partanope  
 In-to Gylmour dyd hys change. 6889  
 For Fursynne was hys name ryght  
 straunge. [leaf 51, back]  
 And Gylmour was a grete dele lyght.  
 For Partanope dyd alle hys myght 6892  
 To maken hym leve hys hethen lay.  
 Hys answer ther to wase euer nay.

6881. MS. Reaume.

*Rawl. MS.*

Whiche for grete loue kynge Sornogoure  
 Lente hym to Partonope,  
 To þis entent þat he shulde se 6880  
 The maner of the reime of Fraunce.  
 For to Sornogoure he was alyaunce,  
 No forþer but of his systre bore ;  
 And his fader hight kynge Fabore.  
 Courteyse he was and debonere.

Partonope hym trusteth a-bove all þing,		
For ever he was glad to do his plesyng.	6896	
And þen he seide : " Good sir, wil ye		Gilamour
Haue good desporte, now folow me.		proposes to
Go we to þe watir of Leyre.		go to the
There shal ye fynde an holsome heire ;	6900	bank of the
There now ye play and haue desporte.		Loire.
To you it shal be an hye comferte.		
Partonope fast gan hym be-holde		Partonope
As he þat was of cares colde :	6904	discloses his
" My frende," he seide, " me liste not pley.		intention of
I purpose me fully forto dey.		seeking
For into Arden wole I go,		death in the
Ther shal be ffenysshid all my wo."	6908	Ardenes.
Gilamour þen wept tendirly,		
And seide : " þan, sir, wole I		He will not
Into Ardenne, with you wole I go,		allow Gil-
And take my dethe with you also."	6912	amour to
" Nay," then seide Partonope,		accompany
" Thou shal go home into þi contre		him.
And tel þin vnele, kyng Sornegoure,*		
How I am loste for ever-more.	6916	
For I shal dey, and þou shalt lyve.		
My false treasone is put in preve		
In so highe place, it moste nedes be,		
And þou stondest not in þat degre.	6920	

6915. MS. Sornegoure.

6915. *MS. Sernegoure.*

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Partanope hym trusteth above alle  
thing.  
For ever he was gladd to do his  
plesyng. 6896  
And than he sayde: "Goode Syr, wot  
ye  
Haue goode dysport. now \* folow me.  
Go we to the water of Lyere.  
There shalt ye fynde an holsum eyre;  
There now ye play and haue dysport.  
To yow hyt shalt be an hye comfort.  
Part nophe fast gan) hym be-holde 6903  
As he that was full of cares cold: 6904  
"My frend," he sayd, "me lust not  
pley.  
I purpose me fully for to dey.

6898, MS. Mow.

Thou shalt go home and lyve in eace ;  
 This may thou me highly plecth." [leaf 88]

To gain  
 Partonope's  
 confidence,  
 Gilamour  
 asks to be  
 christened.

"Sir," seide Gilamour, "þis may not be ;  
 For truly I wole go with the. 6924

Wheþer life or dethe me \* be-tyde,  
 I wiþ now renne be þi side.  
 Truly to serve þe I was swore,  
 I make no forse of sir Sornegoure \*. 6928

But for þou shuldest þe more haue me  
 In trust and eke in cherte  
 I am redy, with-outen nay,  
 Cristen to be þis same day." 6932

Partonope stode in grete disease ;  
 And his hert somewhat gan apeace,  
 When Gilamour seide he wolde be  
 Cristenyd ; in þis wise þinkeþ he : 6936

Partonope,  
 thinking to  
 steal away  
 later on,  
 consents.

"I shaþ hym suffre with me wende  
 Tiþ his cristnyng be brought to ende.  
 And after I wole fuþ prively,  
 While he slepeth, stele sodenly 6940

Away from hym, he shaþ not wete  
 What contrey to drawe with me to mete."  
 Then to þe child seide Partonope :  
 "If þou wilt convert and cristenyd be, 6944

I wole þe trust a-bove aþ þing  
 And be right glad of þi dwellyng,

6925. me] MS. the (th being written like ly).  
 6928. MS. Sornegoure.

Unic. Coll. MS.

Thow shalt go home and leve in ease ;  
 Thus mayst thou me highly please."

"Syr," sayde Gylamour, "this  
 may not be :

For trewly I wot go wyth the. 6924

Wheder lyfe or deth me be-tyde, [leaf 52]

I wyll renne now by thy syde.

Trewly to serve the I was swore.

I make no forse of sir Sornogour. 6928

But for Thow shuldest the more haue me

In trust and eke in cheryte

I am redy, wythouten leve,

Cristen to be this same day." 6932

Partonope stont in grete dyssese :

And his hert somwat ganne  
 apece,

Whan Gylamour sayd he wold be  
 Crystenid / in this wyse thenketh he :

"I shaþ hym suffre wyth one wende  
 Tyþ his Crystenynge be brought to  
 ende. 6938

And after I wot fuþ prevyly,

While he slepeth, stele a-way sodenly.

Than to the Chylde sayd Partonope :

"Yf thou wilt conuerte and Crystenid  
 be. 6944

I wot the trust a-bone aþ thing,

And be ryght galde of they dewlling,

For departe wole we neuer.  
 This covenante I make with þe for euer. 6948  
 And hye þe home to Bleys now faste,  
 And bryng with þe thyn horse in haste;  
 For in þis place þe wole I a-byde.  
 And þis may we in þe nyght-tide 6952  
 Ride a good dele in oure wey,  
 TiH it drawe nere vpon þe day,  
 Then in some wode we wole vs reste  
 AH þe day, þis is þe best, 6956  
 TiH pat derke nyght come ayein.  
 And þen faste wole we fleen,  
 TiH we ben aH my contre paste.  
 Then shaH we of no-þing be agaste, 6960  
 But ride forþe opynly aH þe day." [leaf 88, back]  
 This Gileamour seide not oones nay,  
 But for his hors þen ranne he faste,  
 And prykyng ayein he come in haste. 6964  
 When he was come, grete payne had he  
 With his maister Partonope:  
 He myght not sitte on hors to ryde.

and sends  
Gileamour  
back to  
Blois to  
fetch his  
horse.

Aided by  
Gileamour,  
Partonope  
rides forth.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

For departe woH we never.  
 This Covenount I make wyth the for  
 euer. 6948  
 And hye the home to Bloys now fast,  
 And bring wyth the thyn horse in  
 hast;  
 For in this place the woH I a-byde.  
 And thus now we in the nyght-  
 tyde 6952  
 Ryde and goode dele on oure way,  
 TyH hyt draw nere vpon day.  
 Thanne in sond wode we woH vs rest  
 Alle the day, this ys the best, 6956  
 Tylle that dreke nyght come ayein.  
 And than fast woH we fleen,  
 TyH we be at my Contre past.  
 Than shaH we of no-thing be a-gast,  
 But ryde forth opynly aH the day."  
 This Gylamoure sayd not onys Nay,  
 But forth hys hors Than ranne he fast,  
 And priking ayein he come in hast.  
 Whan he was come, grete peyne had  
 he [leaf 52, back] 6965  
<sup>1</sup>Wyth hys mayster Partanope:  
 He myght not sytt on hors to Ride.

<sup>1</sup>And pre-kyng ayein he come in haste.  
 When he was come, grete payne hade  
 he [leaf 49] 6965  
 With his maister Partonope:  
 He myght not syt on hors to ryde.

But as Gilamour yede be his side, 6968  
 And held hym vp with aH his myght,  
 Thus they Iourney aH be nyght,  
 TiH they were paste pe Reaume of Fraunce.  
 Then gane they a new purvyaunce 6972  
 To ride forpe opynly aH pe day,  
 For per was no man pat wolde sey nay  
 To no-þing pat hem lust to do.  
 And forpe they ride bope twoo 6976  
 In grete sighyng and hevynesse.  
 And so it happenyd pat to a messe  
 At chirche they herde ryng.  
 Partonope perwith maketh no lettyng, 6980  
 But pider rideth, as I devyce,  
 Ther to here devyne servyce.  
 Myn auctour telleth pis chireh hight  
 The chirche of Albegis, per it light. 6984  
 This wofuH man Partonope  
 Gilamour anoone to hym calleþ he,  
 And axed hym : "Wilt þou cristenyd be?"

Hearing  
 mass rung  
 in the  
 church of  
 Albegis, they  
 proceed  
 thither.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

But as Gylamore yede be his syde, 6968  
 And heeld hym vp wyth aH hys myght,  
 Thus they Iorney forth alle-wey by  
 nyght,  
 TyH they were past the reaume\* of  
 Fraunce.  
 Than gon) they a new purvyaunce 6972  
 To ryde forth opynly aH the day,  
 For ther was no man that wolde sey  
 nay  
 To the thing that hem lust to do.  
 For forth they ryde both two 6976  
 In grete syghing and hevynesse.  
 And so hyt happened to a mese  
 At Chirch they hard Ryng.  
 Partonope ther-wyth maketh no  
 lettyng, 6980  
 But theder Redeth, as I devyse,  
 Ther to here devyne servyse.  
 Myn) autor telleth this chireh hyght  
 The Chereh of Albigys, ther hit  
 lygh[t]. 6984  
 This wofuH man Partonope  
 Gylamour anon) to hym Callehþ  
 he,  
 And axed hym : "Wylt Thou Cris-  
 tened be?"

6971. MS. reaume.

## Roul. MS.

But as Gyllamore yede be his syde, 6968  
 And helde hym vpe with aH his myght,  
 Thus þey Iorneyde furthe aH nyght,  
 TiH þey were paste pe reme of Fraunce.  
 Then gan) þey a newe purvyaunce 6972  
 To ryde furthe oppynly aH the day,  
 There was no man) wolde sey nay  
 To nothyng hym lyste to do.  
 And furthe þey ryde bothe two 6976  
 In grete sighyng and hevynesse.  
 And so it hapyde pat to a messe  
 At the churehe þey herde ryng  
 Partonope per-with maketh nolettyng,  
 But de-per rydeth be myne avyse 6981  
 Myne autor tellyth pis churehe hight  
 The churehe of Abbigis, per it light. 6984  
 This wofuH man) Partonope  
 Gyllamore anone callyth he,  
 And axede hym : "Wilt þou crystende  
 be?"

He hym answerd and seide yee.	6988	
Then to þe provoste seid Partonope * :		The prior baptizes
"Seest þou þis man þat stonde by me ?		Gylamour,
Cristene hym anoone, I the requyre."		
The provoste was curteyse and debonayre,	6992	
And goodly hym baptized, and þat anoone.		and at the font
The Erle hym lyfte from þe fontestone.		Partonope
And pere aforne, as seith myn auctour,		names him
His name was called Gylamour,	6996	Anselot.
Anselote named hym Partonope.		
And in þis wise cristenyd was he,		
As siker as dethe, with-outen nay.		
At Albigris they Rest hem aH day.	[leaf 89] 7000	In the night
When Evyn come, they went to Reste ;		Partonope
Anselote þought it was þe beste.		steals away,
When Partonope * hym wist aslepe,		
aH softly hym-self vp lepe,	7004	
And to his hakeney streight he went.		
His sadyH, his brydeH in honde he hent ;		
His hakeney he made redy in haste,		

6989, 7003. MS. patronope.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

He hym) answeyryth and seyde yee. 6988  
 Thanne to the prouost sayd Partanope :  
 "Seest thou this man) that stont be me ?

Crysten hym a-none, I the require."  
 The prouost was Curteys and debon-  
 aire,

And goodely hym Baptized, and thatt  
 anon). 6993

The Erle hym lyft fro the fonte stone.  
 And there a-fornd. as seyth myn) auctor.  
 His name was called Gylamour, 6996  
 Anselott named hym Partanope.

And in this wyse Crystened was he,  
 As syker as deth wyth-outen nay.

At Albigris they rest hem aH day. 7000  
 Whenne even come, they went to rest;  
 Anselott though[t] hyt was the best.

Whan) Partanope hym a-slepe wyst,  
 Alle softly hym-self vp ryst, 7004

And to his hakeney streyght he went.  
 Hys sadyH, hys brydeH in hond he  
 hent. [1 leaf 53]

His hakeney he made redy in hast,

PARTONOPE.

He hym answerde and seyde ye. 6988  
 Then to þe provoste seyde Partonope :  
 "Seyste þou þis man) þat stondyth be me ?

Crystyn) hym anone, I þe requere."  
 The provoste was debonere, 6992

And goodly hym baptysede and þat  
 anone.

The erle hym selfe fro þe fonte stone  
 Ther aforne seyth myne auctor  
 His name was callede Gylamour, 6996  
 Anselot naymyde hym Partonope.

In þis wyse crystende was he,  
 As sekere as dethe, with-out nay.

At Abbygrs þey reste hym aH day 7000  
 When evyn) come þey went to reste ;  
 Anselot þought it was the beste.

When Partonope hym aslepe wyste,  
 aH softly hym-selfe vp ryste, 7004

And to his hakeney streight he wente.  
 His sadyH, his brydiH in honde he  
 hente. [1 leaf 49, back]

His hakeney he mad redy in haste

T

leaving  
Anselot  
asleep.

With moche wo, and atte laste 7008  
Vpon his hakeney porely he lepe,  
And lefte Anselote, his man, a-slepe.  
In haste forþe rideþ þis Partonope,  
And in his hert þis þought he : 7012  
“ I haue leuer hym þus be scape,  
Then oper lyon, here, or ape  
In the forest shuld him deuoure.  
To purchase my deþe I shaþ labour.” 7016  
In-to þe forest he takeþe þe wey.  
But Anselote anoone as it was day,  
Gan buske faste oute of his bedde,  
And toward his maister he hym spedde. 7020  
But when he founde his maister go :  
“ Allas,” he seide, “ what shall I do ?  
My maister now hath be-trayed me.  
[What is þi cause, Partonope ?] 7024  
What is þi cause of my deserte ?  
But now I wote wele þe peynes smert  
Of deþe in shorte tyme I mote fele.  
But forsoþe, now wote I wele 7028  
Ye brought me hidder for þis fyne

On awaking  
Anselot  
finds his  
master is  
gone.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

Wyth moche wo, and at the last 7008  
Vpon his hakeney poorly he leepe,  
And left Anselotte, his mane, a-slepe.  
In hast rydeth forth this Partanope,  
And in his hert thus thoght he : 7012  
“ I had lever hym thus be scape,  
Than other lyon, here, or ape,  
In the forest shuld hym deuoure.  
To purchase my deth I wolþ labour.”  
In-to the forest he taketh his way. 7017  
But Anselot anon as hit was day,  
Ganne buske fast oute of his bedde,  
And toward his mayster he hym spedde.  
But whan he fonde his mayster go : 7021  
“ Allas,” he sayd, “ What shaþ I do ?  
My Mayster now hath be-trayd me.  
What ys thi cause Partanope ? 7024  
What ys thy cause of my deserte ?  
But now I wote wele the paynes smert  
Of deth in short tyme I mote feele.  
But for soth, now wote I wele 7028  
Ye brought me hedyr for this fyne

7016. *Lal-o-r] holt in cellum for on.*  
7023. *Holt in cellum for me.*

*Rawl. MS.*

With moche wo, and at the laste 7008  
Vpon his hakeney preuely he lepe  
And lefte Anselot feste on slepe.  
In haste rydyth furthe Partonope  
And in his hert þis þought he : 7012  
“ I haue leuer þis to skape,  
Thene oper lyon, here, ore ape,  
In þe foreste shulde hym deuoure.  
To porchase my deth I wiþ labour.”  
Into þe foreste he toke þe wey. 7017  
But Anselot anone as it was day,  
Gan buske faste out of his bede,  
And towarde his maister he hym spedde.  
Whan he fonde his maister goo : 7021  
“ Allas,” he seyde, “ what shaþ I do ?  
My maister nowe hathe be-trayede me.  
What is þy cause, Partonope ? 7024  
What is þe cause of my deserte ?  
But nowe I wot weþ þe paynes smerte  
Of dethe in short tyme I moste fele.  
But for sothe, nowe wot I weþ 7028  
Ye brought me heþer for this fyne



My god to forsake, Apollyne.		He laments the deser- tion of his god,
O þis is a coynte pilgremage,		
For I haue forsake in þis vyage	7032	
My god for þi love, Partonope,*		
And yelde me a eristen man to be,		
And greed me fully to þin acorde.		
But now haue I noþer frende ne lorde ;	7036	
For to my frendes wole I neuer drawe,		and will, in his despair, also seek death.
I haue forsaken now myn owne lawe.		
But I ne reche ; for I wole go		
There as I shaft dey also.	[leaf 89, back]	7040
But yete I wote, Partonope, *		
The cause why þat pou lettest me		
In þis wise oute of youre company,		
For I shuld now with you dey,	7044	
Ne þat I shuld not into þe forest		
Yow folowe lest some wilde best		
In your seruice shuld me sle.		
For wele I wote that truly ye	7048	
For me now wepe fuH tendirly.		
And in þe same wise mote I		

7033, 7041. MS. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

My god to forsake, Apollyne.  
 O this ys a queynt pylgrymage,  
 For I haue for-sake in this vyage 7032  
 My god for thy loue, Partanope,  
 And yelde me of treson) a Crysten) man)  
 to be. 7034  
 A[nd] greed me fully to thyne a-corde  
 But now haue I nether frend ne lord,  
 For to my frendys woH I nevir draw,  
 I haue for-sake now myn) owne lord  
 and law.  
 But I ne recche ; for I woH go  
 Ther as I shaft dey also. 7040  
 But yet I wote, Partanope,  
 The cause why that [thou] leftest me  
 In this wyse oute of youre Company,  
 For I shuld now wyth yow dye 7044  
 Ned that I shuld noo in-to the  
 forest [leaf 53, back]  
 Yow folow lest Som) wyld best  
 In youre Service shuld me sle.  
 For wele I wote truly that ye 7048  
 For me now wepe fuH tendyrly,  
 And in the same wyse mote I

7044. MS. adds wych before wyth.

*Rawl. MS.*

My god to forsake, Apollyne.  
 O þis is a quent pilgremage,  
 For I haue for-sake in þis vyage 7032  
 My god for þy loue, Partonope  
 And yelde me a crystyn man to be,  
 And gyrde me fully to þyne acorde.  
 Nowe haue I noþer frende ne lorde.  
 To my frendes wiH I neuer drawe, 7037  
 I haue for-sake myne owne lawe.  
 But I ne ryche, for I wiH goo  
 Ther as I shaft dye also. 7040  
 But yet I wot, Partonope,  
 The cause why þou lettyste me  
 In þis wyse out of þy company.  
 [Catch-word : for I shulde nowe.]

- Wepe and sorowe for you, my lorde,  
And hastely dey be oone acorde." 7052
- He follows  
all day the  
track of  
Partonope's  
horse,  
He follows  
all day the  
track of  
Partonope's  
horse,  
And with this pinkyng on hors he lepe.  
He thought he wolde take good kepe  
Off þe stappes of his maister[s] palfray,  
To holde after hym þe streight wey 7056  
In hope he shuld hym ouertake.  
What shuld I here sermone make ?  
Forþe he priketh vpon his hakeney  
As longe as euer lasted þe day, 7060  
Titt vpon hym felt þe derke nyght.  
And þen anoone he loste þe sight  
Of his maysters horse steppying,  
And þen anoone he felt on wepyng, 7064  
For he myght not overtake  
His maister ; and firþermore to make  
Of his sorowe and of his wo,  
Att þat mater now let I go. 7068  
Fer here-after I shaft you lere  
Of his aventures and ye lust heere.  
For now fully I purpose me  
To tell you forþe of Partonope.\* 7072  
Forthe now rideþ þis Partonope\*  
Into þe forest þat neuer he  
Spareth to ryde, day ne nyght,  
Titt he passe knowleche and sight 7076  
Of att his frendes, more and lasse.

7072, 7073. MS. patronope.

Univ. Coll. MS.

- Wepe and sorow for yow my lord,  
And hastely dye be one accord." 7052
- And wyth þis tenking on hors he  
lepe.  
He thought he had take good kepe  
Of the stappes of his maysters palfrey,  
To hold after hym the streight way  
In hope he shuld hym ouer-take. 7057  
What shuld I here longe sermon make ?  
Forth he pryketh vpon his hakeney  
As long ouer lasted the day, 7060  
Tytt vp-on hym self derke nyght,  
And than a-non he lost the syght  
Of his maystres hors stepping,  
And than a-non he fyll on weping, 7064  
For he myght noght over-take  
Hys mayster ; and furthermore to make  
Alle that mayster now late I go, 7068  
For her-after I shaft yow leere  
Of hys aventures and ye lust here.  
For now folly I purpose me  
To tell yow forth of Partanope. 7072  
Forth now rydeth this Partanope  
Sparyth to ryde, day ne nyght,  
Tytt he past knowlech and syght 7076  
Of alle hys frendys, more and lasse.

Now is he allone in þe wildernesse		till he is alone in the wilderness.
Amonge wynerse and serpentis. [leaf 90]		
With-oute craft * of experymentes	7080	
He passed hem aft with-uten disease.		The animals do him no harm.
Lo ! so gan fortune with-uten leace		
Gyde a man right as hir luste,		
For his comyng into þe forest	7084	
Was amonge the serpentis to dey ;		
Yite was þere noone ones caste hir Eye		
On hym in malyce harme to bede.		
Thus þis lorde þrough hem yede ;	7088	
Yite þere to dey he hadde made covenannt.		
And forþe he rideth even to þe haunte		
Where lyons and beres hadde her dwellyng.		
There he thought was good a-bydyng	7092	
Tiff fortune wolde shape hym to dey.		
He loked a-syde, and did espie		
Where stode an holowe for-grownen tree ;		
And of his hors right þere alyght he.	7096	He seeks a shelter for the night in the hollow of a tree,
He lete his hors go where hym luste.		
That nyght he þought þere to Reste.		
As a thing þat were for-lete		
The hors yode forþe ; for vnder his fete	7100	letting his horse go free.
Henge his brydeþ ygilte full bright.		
The day gan passe, it drowe to nyght.		
Thus nyght gan come, and day goon passe.		

7080. craft] MS. crist.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Now ys he allone in the wyldernesse	There he thought was goode a-bydyng
Amonge wynerse and serpentis.	Tyff fortune wold schape hym to dey.
Wyth-oute Craft of experymentes 7080	He loked a-syde, and dyd aspye 7094
He passed hem aft wyth-oute dyssece.	Where stode an holow for-grownen
Lo ! So gan fortune wyth-uten le- e	tre ;
Gyde a man ryght as her lust, [leaf 54]	And of hys hors ryght there alyght
For he Comyng in-to the forest 7084	he. 7096
Was a-monge the Serpentes to dye ;	He left his hors to where hym lust,
Yet was there none ons cast her ey	That nyght he though[t] there to rest.
On hym in Malece harme to bede.	As a thing that where for-lete 7099
Thus this lorde throug hem yode ; 7088	The hors yond forth ; for vndyr feete
Yt there to dye he had made covenannt.	Hing hys brydeþ I-gylt full bryght.
And forth he rydeth euen to the haunt	The day gan passe, hit drow to nyght,
Where lyouns and beres had her dewlling,	Thus nyght dyd come, and gan passe.

- A hungry  
lion rushes  
at the  
house,
- Overe a launde pat highe with grasse 7104  
Was growe, he sighe a lyon came lepyng.  
He was lene and large and fierse in lokyng,  
Of flesshe he semed pore and megre.  
To take his pray he was full Egre. 7108  
He had espied Partonope's \* palfray ;  
He þought no firþer to seke his pray.  
Toward the palfray he hyed faste  
The hors espied hym and was agaste, 7112  
And faste for feere a-wey gan fle.  
This lyon fiersly after hym did hye,  
And ouere-toke hym, and þat anoone,  
That flesshe and skyn of his hokebone 7116  
With his pawe he did arace.  
The hors *perwith*, as God yave grace, [leaf 90, back]  
With his hynder-fete at hym lete flyen,  
And clevyd his for-hede be-twene þe Eyen. 7120  
He smote þe lyon with all his myght.  
The lyon *perwith* loste his sight  
Of þe horse, with-uten nay.
- and wounds  
it,
- but is  
kicked to  
death.

7109. MS. patronopes.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Rawl. MS.

Ouer a launde that hyght wyth garsse  
Was grow, he syght a lyon come  
lepyng. 7105  
He was lene and large and feerse in  
lokyng,  
Of flesch he seemed poore and megre.  
To take his pray he was full egre. 7108  
He had espied Partonpes palfray ;  
He thought no ferther to seke hys pray.  
Toward the Palfrey he hyed fast,  
The hors aspyed hym and was a-gast,  
And fast for fere a-wey gan fle. 7113  
This lyon feersly after hym did hye,  
And ouer-toke hym and that a-non,  
That flesch and skyn of hys hokebon  
Wyth his pawe dyd arace. 7117  
The hors there-wyth, as God yaf grace,  
Wyth hys hynder-fete at hym lete  
flyen,  
And cleuyd hys forhed to-tw[e]ne þe  
yen. [leaf 54, back] 7120  
He smote the lyon wyth all his myght.  
The lyon ther-wyth lost his syght  
Of the hors, wythouten naye.

<sup>1</sup> He smote þe lyon *with* all his myght.  
The lyon *per-with* loste his sight 7122  
Of the hors, *with*-out nay. [leaf 50]

And he with this grete affray	7124	The horse flees neigh- ing to the sea-shore,
Ganne faste to ney and eke to renne,		
As thoughe his tayle had bene to brenne.		
Through thicke and thyn he hyed hym faste,		
Tift aH þe fforest he was paste,	7128	
And come vnto the see- * stronde.		
He myght no firþer for lak of lande.		
Vpon þe seeside was aH nyght trottyng		and trots about there all the night through.
This ilke hors, and aH-wey neehing.	7132	
The moone on hevyn sate fuH hye.		
Then was no Cloude vpon þe skye		
Encombred of wynde ne of derkenesse,		
That lettet any poynte of his brightnesse.	7136	
So gay he sate on his speere		
That aH þe welkyn of hym was clere ;		
And aH þe contree, with-uten nay,		
Was as light as it had ben day.	7140	
Soft and easy was eke þe see.		
A man myght right wele here and se		
Ferre on þe see and eke on londe.		

7129. see] MS. seide.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- And he wyth this grete affray	7124	And he with þis grete affray	7124
Ganne fast to neye <i>and</i> eke to renne,		Gan faste to nye <i>and</i> eke to ryne	
As thogh his tayle had bene to brenne.		As þough his taiH hade be to bryne.	
Throgh thykke and thyn he hyed hym		Thorwe thyke <i>and</i> thyn he hyede faste,	
fast,			
TyH aH the forest he was past,	7128	Tift aH þe foreste he was paste,	7128
And come vn-to the sey-strond.		And come vnto þe se-stronde.	
He myght no leng go further for lak of		He myght no forþer for lake of londe.	
lond.			
Vpon this see-syde aH nyght was		On þe se-syde aH is he trottynge	
trottyng			
This ilke hors, and alway neyng.	7132	This ilke hors, <i>and</i> allwey nyeynge.	
The mone on heven sate fuH hye.		The mone in hevyn sat fuH hye.	7133
Ther was no Cloude vpon the Skye		Ther was no clouth vpon þe skye	
Encombred of wynde ne of derkenes,		Encomberde with wynde ne derkenes,	
That lettet any poynt of hys bryght-		That lettide any poynt of his lightnes.	
nes.	7136		
So gay he sate on his speere		Sa gay he sat in his spere	7137
That aH the walkyn of hym was		That þe wilkyn of hym was elere ;	
clere ;			
And aH the Contre, wythouten nay,		And aH the contre, with-out nay,	
Was as lyght as hit had be day.	7140	Was as light as it hade be day.	7140
Softe and easy was eke the see.		Softe <i>and</i> eyse was þe see.	
A man myght ryght wele here <i>and</i> see.			
Fere on the see and eke on lond.		For on þe se <i>and</i> on þe londe	

	Partonopes * hakeney vpon þe stronde	7144
	Eyr was neyng to and to.	
A ship happens to be anchored thereby.	And vpon þe see it happened so	
	A shippe þer was be ankyl ryding.	
	After wynde and tide was his abyding.	7148
	So calme at pat tyme was þe see	
	No firþer sayle þen myght he.*	
It belongs to a fair maiden.	In this shipp a mayde þer was,	
	A fayrere, a semelier no-where nas,	7152
	The worlde to seke rounde a-boute.	
	Therto she was, with-oute doute,	
	Right curteise and þerto fre ;	
	And of þis shippe chief lady was she.	7156
	Of hir was mervaylle be God a-bove ;	[leaf 91]
	She coupe neuer haue Ioy in love.	
	For of hir love was neuer man sure ;	
	Ne paramours loved hir no creature.	7160
	This horse I spake of, euer was neyng ;	
She hears a horse neighing.	And þerto so gretely reboundyng	
	It made vpon the see so clere.	

7144. MS. patronopes.

7150. he] MS. theye.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

And vpon) the strond Partanopes	Partonope hakeny on þe stronde	7144
hakeney stond,		7144
Euer was neyghyng to and to.	Euer was nyeynge to and to.	
And vpon) the see hyt happyd so	And vpon þe se it happyde soo	
A Shyp there was be anker rydyng.	A shipe þer was vpon) þe se by anker rydyng.	7147
After wynde and tyde was hys abydyng.	After wynde and tyde was his abydyng.	
		7148
So calme at that tyme was the see,	So calme it was vpon þe see	
No farther sayle than myght he.	No forþer sailt myght he.	
In this Ship a mayde ther was,	In þis ship a mayde þer was	7151
A fayrer, a semeliere no-where nas,	A fayrere, a symliere no-where nas,	
The world to seeke rounde a-boute.	The worlde to seke rounde aboute.	
Ther-to she was, wythouten) doute,	There-to she was with-out doute,	
Ryght Curteys and ther-to fre ;	Ryght courteyse and þer-to fre ;	
And of this Shipp chyf lady was She.	Of þis shipe chyf lady was she.	7156
Of her was mervayle be God a-boue :	Of hir was merveyl be God above :	
She cowde neuer haue Ioy in love.	She couthe neuer haue Ioye of loue.	
For of her love was neuer man sure,	Of hir loue was neuer man) sure	
Ne paramors loved her no creature.	Ne paramour lonyde here neuer creature.	7160
<sup>1</sup> This horse I spake of, was euer neyng,	This hors I spake of, was euer nyeynge	
And ther-to so gretly reboundyng	And þer-to gretly reboundyng	[leaf 50, back]
Hit made vpon) this see So clere [leaf 55]	Hit made on þe se so clere.	

"Peace," seide þis lady, "me þinketh I here 7164  
 An horse ney now ; how sey ye ?"  
 And with þat worde aH hir meany  
 StiH they stode aH wisely to here,  
 And first of aH answerd a marynere. 7168  
 Maroke was his name, I hote.  
 Of blew of Ypres was his cote.  
 White-beered he was and wele in \* age,  
 In his crafte wise, and of dyuers langage. 7172  
 He coupe Enoughe, it nedid not hym to here.  
 And þen he seide : "Me thinketh þat I here  
 An horse ney, and þat ferre henne.  
 Me thinketh it shuld be in Arderne, 7176  
 The grete deserte þat on þis see-  
 Coste is ; for it myght wele be  
 Some man for grete hevynesse  
 Is drawe to þat wildernesse, 7180  
 Or elles some shiþ on þe see  
 With Tempest perissched ; so myght it be  
 Some þer-of now had his lyfe,

A sailor,  
 named  
 Marok,  
 suggests  
 that the  
 horse and  
 its owner  
 have been  
 lost in the  
 Ardennes,

7171. wele in] MS. in wele.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Pease," sayd this lady, "me thenketh  
 I here 7164  
 An horse ney now ; how sey ye ?"  
 And wyth that word aH her meyne  
 StyH they stode aH wysely to here,  
 And fyrst of aH answerd a marynere  
**M**Arrok was his name, I hote, 7169  
 Of blew of Ipres was hys cote.  
 White-hered he was and in wele in age,  
 In his Craft wyse, and of dyn<sup>er</sup>se  
 langage 7172  
 He coude Inogh, hyt nedyd hym not  
 to here.  
 And than he sayd : "Me thenketh  
 that I here  
 An hors ney, and that ferre henne.  
 Me Thynketh hyt shuld be in Ardern),  
 The grete deserte that on the see- 7177  
 Cost ys ; ffor hit nyght weH be  
 Som) man) for grete hevynesse,  
  
 Or elles som) Shypp on) the see  
 Wyth tempest peryschid, So myght  
 hit be  
 Som) ther-of had now hys lyfe,

*Rawl. MS.*

"Pese," seyde þis lady, "me thynke I  
 here 7164  
 An hors ney nowe : howe sey ye ?"  
 With þat worde aH her mayne  
 StiH stode wysly to here,  
 Fyrste of aH answerde a marynere.  
 Marroke was his name I hote. 7169  
 Of blewe of Iprys was his cote.  
 Whyte herede he was *and* weH in age,  
 In his crafte wyse, *and* of dyuerse  
 langage 7172  
 He couthe I-nough it nedyth not hym  
 to here.  
 Then he seyde : "Me thynketh þat  
 I here  
 Ane hors nye, *and* þat ferre henne  
 Me thynke it shulde be in Arderne,  
 The grete dysserte þat on þe see- 7177  
 Coste is ; for it myght weH be  
 Som man) for grete hevynesse  
 Ys drawe to þat wildernesse, 7180  
 Ore elles shiþus on the see  
 With tempeste perisschede, myght be  
  
 Som þer-of hade nowe his lyfe,

- Be grace þe wawes myght hym dryve 7184  
 And eke his horse vpon þe stronde,  
 And bryng boþe safe to lande.  
 If my felawes þat here in be  
 What þing it is lust \* forto se, 7188  
 Into þe bote streight wole we gone.  
 The troupe we wiþ know right anoone."  
 "Lorde mercy" seide þis lady bright,  
 "Perilous it were þis in þe nyght 7192  
 7188. MS. adds is after lust.

and pro-  
 poses to go  
 ashore.

The lady  
 first thinks  
 it is too  
 dangerous,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- Be grace the wawes myght hym dryve,  
 And eke hys hors, vpon the strond, 7186  
 And bryng both safe to lond.  
 Yf my felaws that here in be,  
 What thynk hit ys lust for to see, 7188  
 In-to the bothe streyth wot we gone.  
 The trouth we wyþ know ryght anone,  
 For hit to know ys not impossible."  
 "Lorde mercy" sayde this lady  
 bright,  
 "Perlous hit were thedyr in the  
 nyght
- Be grace þe wayys myght hym dryve,  
 And eke his hors, on þe stronde, 7185  
 And brynge bothe safe to londe.  
 Yef my felowys þat here in be,  
 What thyng it is lyste for to see, 7188  
 Into þe bote streight wiþ we gon.  
 The trouth we wiþ knowe anone."  
 "Lorde mercy," seyde þis lady  
 bright.  
 "Perlous it were in the nyght 7192

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- To go I-wysse, ye shuld never escape  
 Fro berys, lyons and fro malicious ape,  
 So wode, so feerse on yow shuld be,  
 On lyve from hym neuer passe shuld ye."— 7196  
 "Madame," sayde this goode marinere,  
 "And yow lyst to se dragon or bere,  
 The lyon, tygre, or the wyld ape,  
 I dare welle say ye shaft weþ escape [leaf 55, back] 7200  
 From hem wyth-oute bodely harme.  
 For truly, madame, I can a charme,  
 That none of hem shaft no power have  
 Ones to move or sterve, So God me save. 7204

7193-7243. *lacuna in Brit. Mus. MS.*

## Rawl. MS.

- To go deþer, ye shulde neuer skape;  
 For beris, lyons, and malycionse ape  
 So wode, so fers on you shuld be, 7195  
 On lyue fro hem neuer passe shaft ye."  
 "Madam," seyde þis good marinere,  
 "And ye lyste to se dragon ore bere,  
 The lyon, teger, ore þe wilde ape,  
 I dare weþ sey ye shaft weþ eskape  
 Fro hem wyth-out bodely harme. 7201  
 For truly, madam, I can a charme  
 That none of hem shaft no poure have  
 You to greue, so God me saue. 7204

but hearing  
 that Marik  
 has the  
 power of  
 enchanting  
 the wild  
 animals,



For thogh we dwelled \* there a yere,  
 Ther shuld neyther lyon, ape ne bere  
 So hardy ones [be] vs to assayn."  
 Than sayd this lady : " Wythouten fayle 7208 she is  
 Wyth yow I wol go now therfor, pleased to  
 And namely whan they shaH be so tame, follow.  
 Hem to behold hit were a good game."  
 Marok sayd : " I shaH you shew 7212  
 Merva[y]les many, and not few,  
 Of lyons, apes, and eke berys,  
 Dragons, olifauntez, and gwy[v]ers, 7216  
 Beres, \* wolfes, and eke Serpentes, Marok will  
 And shaH I wyth myn experymentz make the  
 Make hem be-fore \* yow for fere quake wild beasts  
 And whan me lust I [shall] hem make quake  
 Ryse and walke where-euer hem lust, before her. 7220  
 Thorw the forest were hem lyketh best."  
 Than sayd the lady, " Wythouten lye,  
 This ys a passyng fayre maystre.  
 Haue," she sayd, " the bote a-non 7224 They row to  
 Oute of the Shippe, for I wyH gone the strand,  
 Streight in-to this wylld forest  
 To se aH mervelous bestes."  
 Oute of the Shipec goth the bothe a-non 7228  
 The lady and her meynee in gone,  
 As many as She myght weH trust  
 Of hem that cowde row best.

7205. MS. dewlled.  
 7218. fore] MS. from.

7216. MS. Bores.

*Rawl. MS.*

For pough we dwellyde here a yere  
 Ther shaft noþer lyon, ape ne bere  
 So hardy be vs to assayn." [leaf 51]  
 Then seyde þis lady : " With-out fayH,  
 With you I wiH go þerfore, 7209  
 Namly when þey be so tame.  
 Hem to be-holde it were good game."  
 Marroke seyde : " I shaft you shewe  
 Mervelus many, and not a few, 7213  
 Of lyons, apes, and eke beris,  
 Dragounes, olyfauntes, eke gwuers,  
 Beris, wolfes, and eke serpentes, 7216  
 And I shaft with myne experimentes  
 Make hem be-fore you to quake.

And when me lyste I shaft make  
 Ryse and walke where hem lyste 7220  
 In þe foreste, where hem lyke beste."  
 Then seyde þe lady : " With-out lye,  
 This is a passynge fayre maystrye.  
 Haue," she seyde, " þe bote anone 7224  
 Of þe shipe, for I wiH gon  
 Streight in-to þe foreste  
 To se aH mervelus beste."  
 Out gothe the bote anone. 7228  
 The lady and hir meyne In gon,  
 As many as she myght weH truste  
 Of hem þat couthe rowe beste.

	Now fast Rowe they <i>ouer</i> the strond,	7232
	They sesyd <i>neuer</i> tyH they come to lond.	
	Whan they on the lond a-ryved were,	
but do not see anybody there.	They Cowde not fynde certayn ne heere	
	Neyther horse ne man ne other Creature,	7236
	Of here desyre were they not sure.	
	The lady sayd : "What may this be ?	
	No-thing that lyfe bereth can we not se." [leaf 56]	
The lady's mule is fetched, and they enter the forest.	Ther-wyth she comaundeth ryght a-non)	7240
	Certeyn of her meyne for to gone	
	Ayen to Ship her mule to fette,	
	And this was do wyth-uten lette.	

## Rowl. MS.

Nowe faste rowe <i>ouer</i> þe stronde, 7232	This lady seyde : "What may þis be ?
They secede <i>neuer</i> tift þey come to	Nopynge <i>pat</i> lyfe beryth can I not
londe.	see."
When þey on londe aryuede were,	There- <i>with</i> she comondyth anone 7240
They couthe not fynde <i>serten</i> ne	Serten) of her men to gon)
where	Ayen to ship hir myle to fette,
Noper hors ne man ne <i>oper</i> creture 7236	And þis was don <i>without</i> lette.

## British Museum MS.

	Maruk did his enchauntementes.*	7244
	Anoone the dragons and þe serpentes	
	And aH <i>opere</i> bestes, <i>with-uten</i> nay,	
	With his Charme did so affray, [leaf 91, back]	
	They myght not stirre, they coupe no good.	7248
	Maruk anoone did entere þe wode.	
Maruk charms the animals, so that they have no power to stir.	The mayde hym sewed, and pat anoone,	
	And aH hir meany now <i>euerichone</i> .	
	Maruk shewed hir grete lyons,	7252
	7244. MS. enchantements.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

<b>M</b> Aruk dyd hys inchaung- ime[n]tes. 7245	
A-none the dragons and serpentis	
And aH other bestes, wyth-uten) nay,	
Which his charme dyd so affray,	
They myght not sterc, they Cowde no	7248
good.	
Maruk a-non) dyd entre the wode.	
The mayde hym Shewed and that	
a-non),	
And alle her meyne now euerichone.	
Maruk shewed here grete lyons, 7252	

## Rowl. MS.

Marroke dyde enchantementis 7244	
A-monge þe dragonis and þe serpentis,	
<sup>1</sup> And aH <i>oper</i> bestes <i>without</i> nay,	
With his charme dyde so affray	
They myght not sterc, þey couth no	7248
goode. [leaf 51, back]	
Maroke anon) dyde entre þe wode.	
The mayde hym sewyde and pat anone,	
And aH hir meyne euerichone.	
Marroke shewyde hir many lyons, 7252	

Beres, apes, and also gryffouns,  
 Dragons, Wyuers, and eke serpentes,  
 That be crafte of his experimentes  
 Oute of hir place durst not stirre. 7256  
 This yonge lady did neigh hem nere  
 Of hem to be-holde þe manere.  
 Hir herte of hem gan no-þing fere.  
 These bestes they be-helde by and by, 7260  
 And atte laste they did espy  
 Where a lyon lay newe dede.  
 With blode enbrowded was his hede,  
 And fresshe I-slayne per he lay. 7264  
 And not ferre fro hym the se þe palfray,  
 Sadeled redy, wherof þe arson  
 Aȝ blody was and eke his cropone.  
 Then seide Maruk : " I am certeyn  
 þis blode is of hym þat hath slayne  
 This lyon truly with-outen any more ;  
 And eke þe man is hurt full sore.  
 And after hym I wole folowe þe trace. 7272  
 And, medame, ye shuȝ in þis place  
 Abyde, and we shuȝ sew forþ þis blode."

The wild  
 beasts are  
 subdued.

At last they  
 discover the  
 dead lion  
 and the  
 wounded  
 horse.

To find the  
 man whom  
 they  
 suppose  
 wounded,  
 Maruk  
 follows up  
 the traces  
 of blood,  
 while the  
 lady remains  
 behind.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Berys, apes, and also gryffouns,  
 Dragons, wyuers, and eke serpens,  
 That be craft of hys expyrymentz  
 Oute of her place durst not steere, 7256  
 This yong lady dyd neyght hem nere  
 Of hem to behold the manere.  
 Her hert of hem gan no-thing feere.  
 These bestes they beheeld by and by,  
 And at the last they dyd asspye 7261  
 Where a lyon lay new dede.  
 Wyth blode enbrowded his hede,  
 And fresh I-slayn there he lay. 7264  
 And not ferre fro hem the seygh the  
 palfray,  
 Sadeled redy, where-of the arson  
 Aȝ blody was and eke hys Crowpon,  
 Than seyde Maruk : " I am certayn  
 This blode ys of hym that hath slayn  
 This lyoun truly wythouten more ;  
 And eke the man ys hurt full sore.  
 And after hym I wolt folow the trace.  
 And, madame, ye shuȝ in this place  
 A-byde, and we shuȝ sew forth this  
 blode." 7274

## Rawl. MS.

Beres, apes, and also gryffons,  
 Dragons, wyuers and also serpentes,  
 That be crafte of his experimentes  
 Out of hir plase durste not stere. 7256  
 This yonge lady dyde nygh hem nere  
 Of hem to be-holde þe manere  
 Here hert of hem eouthe nothyng fere.  
 This bestes þey be-helde by and by, 7260  
 And at þe laste þey dyde asspye  
 Where a lyon lay nye dede.  
 With blode enbrowderde was his hede,  
 Fresshe slayne per he lay, 7264  
 Not ferre fro hym þey sigh þe palfreys,  
 Sadillede redy, where-of þe arson,  
 Aȝ blody was and eke þe cropon. 7267  
 Then seyde Marroke : " I am serten  
 This blode is of hym þat hathe slayne  
 This lyon truly with-out more  
 And eke þe man is hurt full sore.  
 After hym I with folowe þe trase. 7272  
 And, madam, ye shaft in þis place  
 Abyde, and we shaft sewe þis blode."

Partonope sees the lady, and sighs heavily.	Partonope pen in þe holow tre stode	
	Hem be-holdyng þere faste by.	7276
	This lady he be-held witterly ;	
	And when he hadde hir longe be-holde,	
The lady approaches him,	His herte gan within hym colde,	
	And þerwith he siked full piteously.	7280
	This lady þat stode hym faste by,	
	In hir herte pought she than	
though frightened at his appearance.	The sighe trully was of a man.	
	And softly she hym come nere.	7284
	And what for hastynesse and for feere	
	His hede downe on his breste he caste.	[leaf 92]
	Of hym somewhat she was agaste.	
	With hir his visage was ouergrowe,	7288
	And he was full pale of hewe.	
	This Coloure were þey * þat love trewe,	
	Yite was he of bones large and longe,	
	Feble, megre, and noþing stronge.	7292
	Atte laste of hym she had a sight,	
	And þen she thought : " Be God almyght,	
	This man thinketh hym-self for-do,	
7290. [þey] MS. þere.		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Partonope in the holow tre stode	Partonope in þe holowe tre stode
Hem be-holdyng there fast by. 7276	Hem be-holdyng þer faste by. 7276
This lady he be-held wyterly.	This lady he be-helde wyterly,
<sup>1</sup> And whan he had her long be- holde. [leaf 56, back]	When he hade hir longe be-holde,
Hys hert wyth-in hym gan to colde,	His hert with-in hym gan to colde.
And ther-wiþ he sykede petously.	There-with he sighede petuously.
This lady that stode hym fast by, 7281	This lady þat stode hym faste by. 7281
In [hir] hert thoght She thanne	In hir hert þought she þen
The syght truly was of a man).	The sighe truly was of a man),
And softly She hym come nere. 7284	And softly she come hym nere. 7284
And what for hastynes and for fere	What for hastynes for fere
His heede doune on hys brest he cast.	His hede downe on his breste he caste
Of hym somewhat She was a-gast.	Of hym somewhat she was agaste. [leaf 52]
Wyth her his vysage was ouer-grow,	With hir his vesage was ouer-growe,
And he was full pale of hew. 7289	And he was full pale of hewe. 7289
This coloure were they that love trew,	This . . . loure where þat þey loue trewe.
Yet was he of bones large and longe,	Yet was he of bonys longe. 7291
Feble, megre, and no-thing strong. 7292	Feble, megre and nothyng stronge.
At the last of hym She had a syght,	At þe laste of hym she hade a sight
And than She thought : " Be God almyght,	Then she þought : " Be God almyght,
This man thenketh hym-self for-doo,	This man thenkyth hym for-do,

- Some Caytif loste for care and wo. 7296  
 My ffrende," she seide, "God þe se."  
 To hir no worde speke wolde he.  
 A lyteH hyer þen spake she :  
 "Aȝ-myghty God now save the." 7300  
 And þerwith he helde his hede an hye.  
 "And you also," he seide, "fayre lady."—  
 "Sir," she seide, "for þe lordes love,  
 That aȝ þing maketh and sitteth a-bove, 7304  
 TeH me what is thy besynesse,  
 And what is cause of þi destresse,  
 And why þou arte so megre and pale,  
 And of þi woo vnboole þi male, 7308  
 And teH me aȝ the very troupe.  
 Me thinketh of þe is grete roupe."  
 "Lady," seide þis Partonope,\*  
 "I cry you mercy, let me be, 7312  
 And lette be aȝ your conſuryng  
 For here euer shaH be myn abyding.  
 Gothe hens, and lete me stiH be,  
 TiH some beste haue deuoured me." 7316

She speaks  
to him,

and asks  
him the  
reason why  
he looks so  
miserable.

Partonope  
desires her  
to leave  
him; for he  
wishes that  
some wild  
beast may  
devour him.

7311. MS. patronoþe.

Univ. Coll. MS.

Som) caytyfe lost for care and woo. 7296  
 My frend," She sayde, "God the see."  
 To her no word speke wold he.  
 A lytyH heygher than) spake She :  
 "Aȝ-myghty God now save thee." 7300  
 And there-wyth he held he hed on) hye.  
 "And yow aȝso," he sayd, "fayre  
 lady." — [leaf 57]  
 "Syr," she sayd, "for the lordes love,  
 That aȝ thyng maketh and sytteth a-  
 bove, 7304  
 Tylle me what his thyne hevyne,  
 And what ys cause of they destresse,  
 And why thou art So megre and pale,  
 And of they wo vnboele thy male, 7308  
 And teH me aȝ the very trougt]h.  
 Me thenketh of thee ys grete routhle."  
 "L Ady," sayd thys Partanope,  
 And late be aȝ your conuryng, 7313  
 For here euer ShaH be myn abydyng.  
 Goth hens and late me styH be,  
 Tyl som) Best haue deuoured be me."

7308. MS. apparently vnboole.

Rawl. MS.

Som eaytyfe loste for care and woo. 7296  
 My ffrende," she seyde, "God þe see."  
 To hir no worde speke wolde he.  
 A lytill heighere þen spake she :  
 "Almyghty God nowe saue þe." 7300  
 Ther-with he helde his hede on hye.  
 "And you also," he seyde, "fayre  
 lady." —  
 "Sir," she seyde, "for þe lordes loue  
 That aȝ thyng made and sytteth  
 above, 7304  
 TeH me þyne heuynes,  
 And what is cause of þy dysstres  
 And why þou are so megre and pale,  
 And of þy wo vnboole þy male, 7308  
 And teH me aȝ the trouthe.  
 Me thyne of þe is grete routhle."  
 "Lady," seyde þis Partonope,  
 "I crye you mercy, let me be, 7312  
 And let be youre coniorunge,  
 For here shaH be myn abydyng.  
 Gothe hens, and let me stiH be,  
 TiH som beste haue deuourede me.

The lady in  
great pity  
alights,

Grete pite hadde þis lady bright.  
Downe of hir Mule she alight,  
On fote *perwith* to hym she came,  
And of his chere grete hede \* she name. 7320

and im-  
plores him  
to disclose  
his woe.

And when she hadde of hym take kepe,  
For verey pite she gan to wepe,  
And þen she seide : " For Goddis love, haue mercy  
On pi-self, and now tell me why 7324  
Thou arte here, and what disese [leaf 92, back]

Partonope  
wants no  
consolation.

Is to þe falle ; for yite some eace  
Such cause myght be I may þe do."—

" Wolde God," seide he, " ye wolde now go 7328  
Forþe your wey, and let me be.

In shorte tyme God wole send me  
More disace þen I haue yite.  
For I haue wele deserved \* it. 7332

He has  
deserved  
death.

Of foule and EuyH deþe to dey  
I haue deserved, and þerfore I  
Desyre in no wise to haue comfote,  
Ne to myn eace neuer make resorte. 7336  
Dethe I seke myght I hym fynde.

7320. MS. hete.

7332. MS. derserved.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Grete petee had this lady bryght. 7317  
Downe of her mule anon She lyght,  
On fote ther-wyth to hym She come,  
And of hys cheere grete kepe She nome.  
And whan She had of hym take kepe,  
For verray pyte She gan to wepe, 7322  
And than She sayd : " For Goddes love,  
haue mercy  
On they-self, and now tell me why  
Thow art here, and what dysseise 7325  
Ys to the fall ; for yet som eace  
Such cause myght be I may the do."—  
" Wold God," sayd he, " ye wold now  
go  
Forth your way, and lat me be. 7329  
In Short tyme God wold send me  
More dysseise than I haue yet.  
For I haue welle deserved yt. 7332  
Of foule and euil deth to dye  
I haue deserved, and ther-for I  
Desyre in no wyse to haue comfort,  
Ne to myne ease neuer make resort.  
Deth I seeke, myght I hym fynde.

*Rawl. MS.*

Grete pete hade þis lady bright 7317  
Downe of here mule anone she light,  
On fote *per-with* to hym she come,  
And of his chere grete kepe nome. 7320  
When she hade of hym take kepe,  
For verrey pete she gan to wepe.  
Then she seyde : " For Goddes loue,  
mercy  
On þy-sylle *and* tell me why 7324  
Thou art here, *and* what dysseyse  
Ys to þe fall ; for yet som eyse  
Soyche eace myght be I may þe do."—  
" Wolde God," seyde he, " ye wolde  
goo [leaf 52, back]  
Furthe your wey, *and* let me be. 7329  
In shorte tyme God sende wiþ me  
More dysseyse þen I haue yet.  
For I haue well deseryde it, 7332  
A foule *and* euil deth to dye ;  
I haue deseryde it, *and* þer-for I  
Desyre in no wyse to haue comfote,  
Ne to myne eyse neuer make resorte.  
Deth I seke, myght hym fynde. 7337

He wole not se me ; I trowe he is blynde.

And þerfore, lady, now lete me be.

Go forþe your wey, and sew your many."— 7340

"Nay," seide þe lady, "þat wole I not do.

I wole neuer departe þe fro,

Tiþ þi name þou haste tolde me.

Then wole I go and let þe be, 7344

And right Even as thou lyst.

And soone I am syker some wilde beste

Shaþ come and devoure the.

Fro hem I wote þou mayst not fle." 7348

"LAdy," he seide, "right fayre ye be.

But wote I neuer where þat ye

Be wife or mayden, with-outen doute,

But be þe many þat is you a-boute, 7352

Me thinketh of grete and highe degre

Be resone borne shuld ye be.

And ye a wonder occupac[i]on haue

So longe to stonde here be a knave, 7356

A bropeþ, an out-caste fro aþ ping,

To holde with such felony.

But the lady  
will not  
leave him  
till he has  
revealed his  
name.

Partonope  
wonders  
that such a  
high-born  
lady will  
talk to an  
outcast.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He wold not se me ; I trow he ys blynde.

And ther-for, lady, now late me be.

Goth forth your wey, and shew your  
meyer."— 7340

"Nay," sa[y]d the lady, "that wot I  
not do.

I wolle never departe the fro,

Tyþ they name thow hast told me.

Than wot I go and late the be, 7344

And ryght even as thow lyst.

And sone I am seker Som wylde best

Shaþ come and devoure the.

Fro hem I wote thow mayste not fle."

"LAdy," he sayd, "ryght fayre ye  
be. 7349

But wot I never where that ye

Be wyfe or maynden), wyth-outen  
doute,

But be the meyne that ys yow a-boute,

Me thenketh of grete and hygh degre

Be reson borne shuld ye be. [leaf 57, back]

And ye a wondyr occupacion haue

So long to stond here be a knave, 7356

A brotheþ, an out-cast fro aþ thyng,  
To hold wyth suche felonye.

*Rawl. MS.*

He wiþ not se me ; I trowe he be  
blynde.

There-fore, lady, nowe let me be

Goth youre wey and sewe youre  
meyne." 7340

"Nay," seyde þe lady, "þat wiþ I not  
do.

I wyþ neuer departe the fro,

Tiþ þy name þou haste tolde me.

Then wiþ I goo and let the be, 7344

And right evyn as þe lyste.

And sone I am seker som wilde beste

Shaþ come and devoure the.

Fro hem I wot þou maiste not fle." 7348

"LAdy," he seyde, "right fayre ye be.

But wot I neuer where þat ye

Be wyfe ore mayde, with doute,

But be þe meyne you aboute, 7352

Me thyne of grete and highe degre

Be reson borne shuld ye be.

And ye a wonder occupacion haue

So longe to stonde be a knave 7356

A brodiþ, an out-caste fro aþ thyng,

To holde with soyeche a felonye.

	I were right worthy forto dey On a rope on a galowe tre.	7360
	What shuld a lady of your degre With suchone holde any talking?	
	It were more fayre to holde your walkyng.	
His name is traitor.	But sith ye list to knowe my name, Ah-though to me it be a shame, I shaH now tell you as it is :	[leaf 93] 7364
	A false <i>traytour</i> is my name ywisse. That I be called So is grete skille.	7368
	Ye mow go walke when ye wiH, And I neuer þe wiser of your name."	
The lady says that her sister is an empress,	Then answerd þe lady : " Be Seynt Iame, My name I wole þou know wele, And of my kynrede if þou wilt fele :	7372
	My ffader was an Emperour, Which in his tyme bare þe flour Of knyghthode ; also he was right wise.	7376
	My Suster also is an Emperese, And I a queen, and haue in honde Ah a kyngdome ; and pough I stonde	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

I were ryght worthy for to dye  
On) a rope vndyr a galow tre. 7360  
What shuld a lady of your degre  
Wyth such on hold ony talkyng?  
Hyt were more fayre to hold your  
walkyng.  
But syth ye lust to know my name,  
Ah-thow to me hyt be a shame, 7365  
I shaH yow telle now as hyt ys :  
A false traytor ys my name I-wysse.  
That I be called So ys grete Skýlle.  
Ye mow go walke whan ye wylle, 7369  
And I never the wyser of your name."  
Than) answerd the lady : " Be Seynt  
Iame,  
My name I woH thow know wele, 7372  
And of my kynred yf thow wylt feele.  
My fadyr was on) Emperoure,  
Which in hys tyme bare the flour  
Of kny[gh]thode / also he was ryght  
wyse. 7376  
My suster also ys an empresse,  
And I quene, and haue in hond  
Ah a kyngelome / and thow I stond

## Rawl. MS.

Ye were right worthy for to dye  
On a rope vnder a galowe tre. 7360  
What shulde a lady of youre degre  
With soych on holde talkynge?  
Hit were more feyre to holde your  
talkynge  
But sethe ye lyst to knowe my name  
Ah-pough to me it be shame, 7365  
I shaH nowe teH you as it is : [leaf 53]  
A false *traytur* is my name I-wis.  
That I be callede so is grete skiH. 7368  
Ye may go walke when ye wiH.  
And I neuer þe wyser of youre name."  
Then answerde þe lady : " Be sent  
Iame,  
My name þou mayste knowe weH, 7372  
And of my kenrede yef þou wilt fele :  
My fader was an emperoure,  
Whiche in his tyme bare þe flour  
Of knyghthode ; also he was wyse. 7376  
My syster also is an emperes,  
And I a quene, and haue in honde  
Alle a kyngdom ; þough I stonde



Here þis porely and speke with þe, Yite wepe fuþ sore þou hast made me. But tresone I hate and it forsake. My Right name forsothe is Wrake."	7380	and that her own name is Urake.
When he herde so hir name, He knew hir wele, and þen for shame His colour chaunged and aþ his hew. His grete sorowe gan to renewe ; And <i>per</i> with-aþ he wex so mate	7384	Partonope recognizes her,
That to þe grounde he feþ flatte On swone anoone, <i>with</i> -outen more. Wrake þen be-helde hym sore. Within shorte tyme wele knew she That it was <u>Partonope</u> .*	7388	and falls in a swoon.
In armes she hent hym anoone right, And comforted hym with hir myght. " A lorde," she seide, " Omnipotent, This man hym-self hath foule shent. Loke vp, loke vp, Partonope ! *	7392	Urake now knows him,
Where is your ffresshe colour ? " <i>quod</i> she, " Be-come, þat some-tyme was rose Rede,	7396	and bids him be cheerful.
	7400	

7393, 7398, MS. patronope.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Here thus poorly and speke wyth thee,  
Yet wepe fuþ sore thou hast made me.  
But treson I hate and yt for-sake,  
My ryght name for sothe ys Wrake."  
Whenne he herd so her name, 7384  
He knew her wele, and than for shame  
His colour changed and aþ hys hew.  
His grete Sorow gan to renew ;  
And ther-wyth-aþ he wex so mate 7388  
That the ground he flyþ flatt  
On swonne a-non, wythouten more.  
Wrak than be-heeld hym sore.  
Wyth-In Short tyme wele k[n]ew She  
That hyt was Partanope. [leaf 58] 7393  
In armes She hent hym anon ryght,  
And comforted hym wyth her myght.  
" A lord," She sayde, " omnypotent",

This man hym-self hath foule Shent.  
Loke vp, looke vp, Partanope ! 7398  
Where ys yourz fresch colour ? " *quod*  
She,  
" Be-come that was som-tyme rose rede,

## Rawl. MS.

Here þus pourely and speke with the  
Yet wepe fuþ sore þou haste made me  
But treson I hate and it for-sake. 7382  
My right name for sothe hight Wrake.  
When he herde so here name, 7384  
He knewe here weþ, and þen for shame  
His colour changyde and his hewe.  
His grete sorwe gan to renewe.  
Ther-with-aþ he wex so mate 7388  
That to þe gronde he fiþ flate  
On swone anone, *with*-out more.  
Wrake þen be-helde hym sore.  
With-in short tyme weþ knewe she  
That it was Partonope. 7393  
In armes she hent hym right,  
And comfort hym with hir myght.  
" A lorde," she seyde, " omnip[o]-  
tente,  
This man hym-Selfe hathe foule shent.  
Loke vp, loke vp, Partonope ! 7398  
Where is youre freshe colour ? " seyde  
she,  
" Be-come, þat was rose rede, 7400

And now is pale as asshen dede ?  
 Why be your clopes þus to-tore ?  
 I haue se you in tyme here be-fore [leaf 93, back]  
 FuH fresshe arrayed, with-uten drede." 7404  
 Of aH hir wordes toke he none hede.  
 Then of his dethe she gan to fere.  
 And þen she cried lowde in his Ere  
 A tale þat shuld be to hym pleasyng. 7408  
 Anoone she forged a fayre lesyng,  
 And þen she seid : " Fayre Partonope,\*  
 My lady, my Suster, hape sent me  
 You to seke fuH many a myle. 7412  
 But blessed be pilk while  
 That at pis tyme I haue you founde.  
 A-boute Fraunce I haue sought you rounde.  
 She hath wele assayed your trouthe, 7416  
 And of your sorowe now hath she routhe.  
 There feH forsothe a foule mysschaunce.  
 But now she knoweth your repentaunce  
 And þe sorowe þat ye haue take 7420

Fearing he  
is going to  
die,

she feigns to  
be sent —  
to find Par-  
tonope by  
her sister,

who has  
pity on his  
sorrow

7410. MS. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And now ys pale as asshen dede ? 7401  
 Why be youre clothes thus to-tore ?  
 I haue sey yow here be-fore  
 FuH fressh a-rayed, wythouten drede."  
 Of aH her wordes toke he non heede.  
 Than of hys deth She gan to fere. 7406  
 And than She cryed lowd in hys ere  
 A tale that shuld be to hym plesyng.  
 A-none She forged a fayre lesyng. 7409  
 And than she Sayd : " Fayre Par-  
 tonope,  
 My lady, my Suster, hath sent me  
 Yow to seke many a myle. 7412  
 But Blyssyd be pylke whyle  
 That at thys tyme I haue yow founde.  
 A-boute Fraunce I haue sought yow  
 rounde. 7415  
 She hath weH assayed your trouthe,  
 And of your sorow now hath She routhe.  
 There fylle forsoth a foule myschaunce  
 But now she knoweth your repent-  
 aunce  
 And the sorow that ye haue take. 7420

*Rawl. MS.*

And nowe is pale as asshes dede  
 Why bethe youre clothys þus I-tore ?  
 I haue sen you in tyme here to-fore  
 FuH freshe arayde, with-out drede."  
<sup>1</sup> Of aH hir wordes toke he none hede.  
 Then of his dethe was she in fere. 7406  
 Then she cryede lowde in his ere  
 A tale þat shulde be to hym plesyng.  
 A-none she forgyde a fayre lesyng. 7409  
 Then she seyde : " Feyre Partonope,  
 [1 leaf 53, back]  
 My lady, my syster, hath sent me  
 You to seke many a myle. 7412  
 But blyssede be þat ilke while  
 That at pis tyme I haue you founde.  
 Aboute France I sought you rounde  
 She hathe weH asspyede youre trouthe,  
 And of your sorwe hathe grete routhe.  
 There-fore for sothe a foule mys-  
 chaunce, 7418  
 But nowe she knoweth your repen-  
 taunce  
 And þe sorwe þat ye haue take. 7420

She hath chosen you to be hir make,  
 Hir love, hir lorde, hir souerayngne.  
 I haue tolde you þe troupe pleyne.

and has  
 chosen him  
 to be her  
 lord.

Lette be your wepyng, it is but nyssete. 7424

To laughe right grete cause haue ye.

Rise vp faste, and come with me.

A place I haue, where þat ye

Shall be kept full pryvely. 7428

She invites  
 him to stay  
 at a castle  
 close by,  
 till he has  
 recovered  
 his strength.

My susters Castel \* is faste by.

A-wey þes heeres shall be shave.

Good mete and drynke ye shall haue,

And good bapes of herbes swete. 7432

He shall be  
 tended with  
 all care.

Then with my suster shull ye mete.

Gope no firþer youre helthe to seche,

For my-self shall be your leche.

And I wole in no wise þat ye 7436

Be sene of no creature but me,

Of man, ne woman, grome, ne page,

Till þe blode in your visage,

And fresshe coloure be come ayein, 7440

7429. MS. castels.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

She hath Chosyn yow to her make,  
 Hyr loue, hyr lorde, hyr soverayne.  
 I haue told yow the trouthe pleyne,  
 Lete be youre wepyng, hyt ys but  
 nysete. 7424

To laugh right grete cause haue ye.

Ryse vp fast, and come wyth me,

A place I haue, where that yee

Shuld be kept full pryvely. 7428

My susters casteþ ys fast by,

A-way thys these herys shall be shave.

Goode mete and drynk ye shall haue,

<sup>1</sup> And good bathes of erbes Sweete. 7432

[<sup>1</sup> leaf 58, back]

Than wyth my suster Shul ye mete.

Goth no further youre helth to sech,

For my-self shall be your leche.

And I wott in no wyse that yee 7436

Be seyn of none creature but me,

Of man, ne woman, grome, ne page,

Till the blode in-to your vysage,

And fressh coloure be come a-yein, 7440

7427. MS. adds I place after place.

## Rarol. MS.

She hathe chose you to be youre make,  
 Hir loue, here lorde, hir souerayne.  
 I haue you tolde þe trouthe playne.  
 Let be your wepyng, it is but nysete

To laugh right grete cause hathe ye.

Ryse vp faste, and come with me. 7426

A place I haue, where þat ye

Shulde be kepte full prevely. 7428

My syster casteþ is faste by.

A-wey þis heres shall be shaue

Good mete and drynke ye shall haue,

And good bathis of erbis swete, 7432

Then with my syster shull ye mete.

Go no forþer youre hele to seche,

For my-selfe shall be your leche.

I witt in no wyse þat ye 7436

Be sen) of no creture but me,

Of man, ne woman, grome ne page,

Till þe blode in-to your vesage

Of freshe coloure be come ayein, 7440

7430. MS. wey or way; shaue written like  
 shame.

Partonope  
cannot  
believe that  
his Lady has  
forgiven  
him, but  
Urake  
assures him  
that she has  
spoken the  
truth.

Then wole I aH folke you sene."

And with that worde Partonope\*

[leaf 94]

A dedely Eye on hir caste he,  
And sodenly from hir his Eye did falle, 7444  
And pitously he seide with-aH,  
With symple voyce and herte colde,  
To Wrak he seide: "þat ye haue tolde,  
Ware I leue with fuH entent, 7448  
That my lady hath hir male-talent  
Me for-gyven and so vtterly,  
Sith þat I haue so traytoursly  
With-oute cause did hir grete shame, 7452  
And made hir loste hir good name?  
Lorde, where she wote, fayre Wrak,  
That I haue þus moche sorowe make  
For þe treasone and þe foule falsenesse 7456  
That I hir did, and þus hir kyndnesse  
Have I EviH quytte? lorde, where she  
In any wise coupe haue mercy on me?"  
"Sir," she seide, "To you to lye, 7460  
It were to me grete velany.

7442. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

Than) I woH folk yow seen)."

And wyth that word Partonope  
A dedely ye on) her east he,  
And sodenly from) her hys ye dyd faH,  
And peteously he sayde wyth-alle, 7445  
Wyth symple voyce and hert cold;  
To Vrak hesayd: "That ye haue told,  
Dare I leue wyth fuH entent 7448  
That my lady hath hyr maletalent  
Me for-gyfen) and so vterly,  
Syth that I haue so traytoursly 7451  
Wyth-oute cause dyd her grete Shame,  
And made her lost her goode name?  
Lord, where She wete/now fayre Vrak,

That I thus moche sorow haue take  
For the treson) and the foule falsenes  
That I her dyd, and thus her kyndenes  
Haue I eueH quytte? lord where She  
In any wyse cowde haue mercy on) me?"

"Syr," She sayd, "to you to lye, 7460  
Hit were to me grete vylanye,

Then) with I aH folke you sene."

With þat worde Partonope  
A dedly eye on hir caste he,  
And sodenly fro hir his eye dyde faH,  
And petuously he seyde with-all, 7445  
With symple voyce and hert colde,  
To Wrake he seyde: "þat I haue tolde,  
Dare I leue with fuH entente, 7448  
That my lady hath here malatente  
Me for-gyfe and so wyterly,  
Sethe þat I haue so trayturlly  
With-out cause dyde hir grete shame,  
And made hir lese hir good name. 7453  
Lorde, where she wyte nowe, fayre  
Wrake, [leaf 54]

That I haue þus meeche sorwe make  
For the treson) and þe foule falsnes 7456  
That I hir dyde, and þus hir kendnes  
Haue I eueH quyte? lorde, where she  
In any wyse couthe haue mercy on  
me?"

"Sir," she seyde, "to you to lye 7460  
Hit were to me grete felonye.

Ye ought to knowe hir as wele as I.

She coue not suffre now truly

You to longe to be in hevynesse ;

7464

She is so full of gentillesse."

To hir seide þan Partonope : \*

" I beleve now soþely that ye

Haue me seide, is verray troupe.

7468

Hir herte is full of pite and roupe.

For in þis worlde, I you ensure,

Was neuer brought forpe creature

More habundaunt in womanhede.

7472

For in hir founde I, with-outen drede,

Curtesy, fredam, and gentillesse,

Bounte, mercy, and eke mekenesse.

For þer is now no man on lyve

7476

The goodnesse coue discryue

That here-afore she did to me,

When my service she had in chierte.

Therefore þat ye haue seide, Wrake,

7480

Fully I beleve, and þerfore take

[leaf 94, back

Me all holy into your gouernaunce.

7462. MS. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye ought to know her as well as I.

She cowde not suffre now truly

Yow to long to be in hevynesse ; 7464

She ys so full of gentylnesse."

To her sayd than Partonope :

" I be-leve now sothely all that yee

Haue me sayde, ys verray trouth. 7468

Her hert ys full of pytee and Routhe.

For in this world I yow ensure,

Was neuer brought forth creature [leaf 59]

More haboundant in woman-hede, 7472

For in her found I, wyth-oute drede,

Curtayse, fredam, and gentylnesse,

Bount[e] mercy, and eke mekenesse,

For there ys now no man on lyfe 7476

The grete godenesse cowde descryue

That here a-fore She dyd to me,

Whan my seruyse She had in cheertee.

Therfore that ye haue send, Vrak, 7480

Fully I beleve, and ther-for take

Me all holy in-to your gouernaunce.

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye ought to knowe hir as well as I.

She couthe not suffer nowe truly

You to longe to be in hevynesse ; 7464

She is so full of lentiþnes."

To here seyde þen Partonope.

" I be-leue nowe all þat ye

Haue seyde me, is verry trouthe. 7468

Hir hert is full of pete and route.

For in þis worlde, I you ensure,

Was neuer brought forth the soych a  
creature,

More habundante in woman-hede. 7472

For in here fonde I with-out drede

Courtesy, fredom and lentiþnesse,

Bunte, fredom, and eke mekenesse.

For þer is now no man on lyue 7476

The grete goodnesse couth dysscryue

That here afore she dyde to me,

When my seruyse she hade in charyte.

Therefore þat ye haue seyde, Wrake,

Fully I be-leue and þer-fore take 7481

Me all holy in youre gouernaunce,

He recalls  
the help  
Urake ren-  
dered him  
once before.

For yite I haue fuH good remembraunce  
How gentiH and how curteyse ye were 7484

To me, when I my lady dere,  
Your suster, hadde so foule be-trayed,  
And for fere was so desmayed  
Of hir meany, when they me sought, 7488

Then þrow hem aH ye me brought,  
And helped me wele oute of þat contre.

This is the  
second time  
she has  
saved him  
from death.

This is þe seconde tyme þat ye  
Haue me saved from horrible depe. 7492

Therfore while me lasteth breþe,  
Your servaunt for euer wole I be,  
Sith my life ye haue pis in chierte.

He is willing  
to go with  
her; only he  
does not  
know how,  
being too  
weak.

And forþe with you now wole I go. 7496

But I not how þat I shaH do :  
I am ouercome with ffeblenesse ;

For be þe Rotes of þe grasse,  
Sith I come hidder, haue ben my levyng. 7500

On knees and elbowes is now my goyng ;

I have no power to go pre pase.

My songe may be allas, allas."

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For yt I haue fuH goode remembraunce  
Haue gentyH and how curtayse ye were 7484

To me, whan I my lady deere,  
Your Suster, had So foule be-trayd  
And for feere was so dysmayed 7487  
Of here meyne, whan they me Sought,

Than throw hem aH ye me brought,  
And helpe me wele out of that contre.  
This ys the Secound tyme that ye  
Haue Saved fro horryble deth, 7492  
Therfore whyle me lasteth breth,  
Youre seruuaunt for euer wyH I be,  
Syth my lyfe ye haue thus in chyerte.  
And forth wyth yow now wolt I go.

I am ouer-come wyth febyllnesse ; 7498  
For be the rootes of the grasse,  
Syth I come hedyr, haue be my levyng,  
On knees and elbowys as now my  
goyng ; 7501

I haue no powerz to goo thre pase.  
My song may be Allas, Allas."

*Rawl. MS.*

For yet I haue good remembraunce  
Howe IentiH and courteyse ye were 7484

To me, when I my lady dere,  
Youre syster hade so foule be-tyayde,  
And fore sorwe was so dysmayde  
Of hir meyne, when þey me sought, 7488

Then þorwe hem aH ye me brought  
And helpede me out of þe contre.

This is þe seconde tyme þat ye

Haue me sauýde fro orebiH dethe. 7492

Therfore while me lastyth brethe

Your seruuaunt for euer wiH I be,

Sethe my lyfe ye haue in ehyrte.

And furthe wiH you wiH I goo. 7496

But I not howe I shaH do : (leaf 54, back)

I am ouercome with febilnesse ;

For be the rotes of the grasse,

Sethe I come heder, hathe be my  
leuy[n]ge. 7500

On knees and elbowis is my gonyng ;

I haue no poure to go thre passe.

My songe may be allas, allas."

- Wrak of hym hadde grete pite. 7504 Urake weeps, and blames the cruelty of her sister.
- Tendirly for his wo wept she,
- And seide: "þis was a grete cruelte
- Of my suster to ordeyn þat ye
- Shuld be brought in pis forest 7508
- To lyve by herbes as dope a beste.
- In þis," she seide, "she had no reasone."—
- "Why," seide he, "I did her treasone,
- Wherefore I haue deserved wele 7512
- Euer to lyve in care and dole,
- TiH þat hir lust to for-yeve me,
- For as she wiH so mote it be.
- Hidder I brought an aumblere gray. 7516 If his ambler was found, he might go with her at once.
- FuH late he was faste by me \*;
- FuH lene and megre now is he.
- I trow he is fledde to þe see.
- If any-body wolde hym hidder fette, [leaf 95] 7520
- Vpon hym I myght wele sitte.
- Then myght I streight ride forþe with you.
7517. faste by me] *MS.* fastened ay.

*Univ. Coll. MS.**Rawl. MS.*

- V**Rak of hym had grete petee. 7504 ¶ Wrake of hym hade grete pete. 7504
- Tendyrly for hys woo wept she,
- And sayd: "This was grete crueltee
- Of my Suster to ordeyn that ye
- Shuld be brought in thys forest 7508
- To leeve be erbes as doth a beste.
- In this She I ayd She had no reson."
- "Why," sayde he, "I dyd her tresoun)
- Where-fore I haue deseruyd wele 7512
- Euer to lyve in care and doule,
- TyH that her lust ys to for-yeve me,
- For as she woH So mote hyt be.
- Hedyr I brought an ambeler gray.
- FuH late he was here fast by: 7517
- FuH leene and megre now ys he.
- I trow he ys fledde to the see.
- Yf ony-body hym hydyr wold fett 7520
- Vpon hym I myght wele sett.
- Than myght I streyght ryde forth with
- yow. [leaf 59, back]

*Clifton MS.*

- . . . y haue deserued weH 7512 . . . e and megre now is he
- . . . yue in care and doole . . . e be fledde to the see
- . . . lust be to forgeue me . . . dy hym heder wyH flette 7520
- . . . he wolle so mote it be . . . m y myght weH sytte
- . . . ought An Amler gray 7516 . . . ht y than straugh ryde with you
- . . . he was here fast by

- But with aH my hert I pray you,  
 To euery wight it [vn]knowe be 7524  
 That my name is Partonope.  
 And lette me prively somewhere soiourne,  
 Where no man shaH se me mourne,  
 Ne that my lady me euer se, 7528  
 To haue þe more despite of me."—  
 "Certeis," seide þis good Wrak,  
 "AH þis I darre wele vndirtake."  
 The palfrey is fetched,  
 As they were spekyng of þis array, 7532  
 They sawe where come his palfrey.  
 Anoon to hir þis hors was fette,  
 And Partonope \* on hym was sette.  
 and they ride to the boyt,  
 Streight to þe bote bope they ride. 7536  
 Calme was þe see, fayre was þe tide.  
 The bote with good wiH þey rowe eichone ;  
 Thus atte shipp they were anoon.
7535. patronope.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

But wyth aH myn hert I pray yow  
 now,  
 To every wyght hyt vnknow be 7524  
 That my name ys now Partanope ;  
 And late me pryvely som-where  
 sorgeron)  
 Where no man) shaH se me morne,  
 Ne that my lady me neuer see. 7528  
 To haue the men) despyte of me."  
 "Sertes," sayd this goode Vrak, 7530  
 "AH thys I dare weH vndyrtake."  
 As they were spekyng of thys aray,  
 They sey where come hys Palfrey.  
 Anon) to her thys hors was fett,  
 And Partanope on) hym) was sett, 7535  
 Streight to the bote bothe they ryde.  
 Calme was the see, fayre was the tyde.  
 The booth wyth good wyH they row  
 eehone ;  
 Thus at the Shypp they were a-none.

## Rawl. MS.

But with aH my hert I pray you now,

To euery wight it vnknowe be 7524  
 That my name is Partonope,  
 And let me prively som-where soIorne

Where no man) shaH se me morne,  
 Ne þat my lady me neuer see, (leaf 55)  
 To haue demore dysspyte on me."—  
 "Sertes," seyde þis good Wrake, 7530  
 "AH þis I dare weH vndertake."  
 As þey were spekyng of þis aray,  
 They sey where come his palfrey.  
 Anone to her þis hors was fete,  
 And Partonope on hym was set.  
 Streight to þe bote bothe ryde. 7536  
 Calme was þe se, feyre was þe tyde  
 The bote with good wiH þey rowe  
 ichon) ;  
 Thus at shipe þey were anone.

## Clifden MS.

. . . H myn hert y pray you  
 . . . yght it vnknowe be 7524  
 . . . name is partanope  
 . . . me pryvely sunewhere soiouren  
 . . . . man shaH se me morne  
 . . . my lady me euer see 7528

. . . the more despite of me  
 . . . yde this Goode Wrake  
 . . . y darre well vndertake  
 . . . were spekyng of this Aray<sup>1</sup> 7532  
 . . . . . wyH þay row eehon<sup>2</sup> 7538  
 . . . . . were anone

<sup>1</sup> Bottom line.<sup>2</sup> Top line of col.



In gope Wrak, and Partonope,*	7540	
And in cometh after aH þe meany.		
Wrak Maruk to hir did caHe :		Urake bids
"Which lande is next vs of * aH?"		Maruk sail
Seith she, "now teH vs blyve.	7544	to the Isle of
There I wolde we myght aryve."—		Salence.
"Medame," seith Maruk, "now truly,		
Here is an Ile but faste vs by.		
The lande of <u>Salence</u> men do it calle ;	7548	
That londe is next vs now of aH."		
To Maruk seide þis good Wrake :		
"In aH þis haste I pray the make		
Thy shippe redy in aH degre,	7552	
That vnder sayle in haste we be."		
Maruk biddeth his men a pase :		
"Go hye you faste to þe wyndase,		
And puH þe anker vp on haste !"	7556	The anchor
The sayle <i>perwith</i> a-downe he caste.		is raised.

7540. MS. patronope.

7443. vs of] MS. of vs.

7556. MS. on, *scarcely* in.*Univ. Coll. MS.**Rawl. MS.*

In goth Vrak and Partanope, 7540  
 And in cometh after aH þe meyne.  
 Vrak Marak to her dyd calle :  
 "Whyeh lond ys next vs of aH?"  
 Seyth She, "Now\* teH vs blyve. 7544  
 There I wold wyth myH a-ryve."  
 "Madame," sayth Maruk, "truly,  
 Here ys an Ile but fast vs by.  
 The lond of Salence men do hit caH :  
 The lond ys next vs now of aH." 7549  
 To Maruk sayd this goode Vrak : [leaf 60]  
 "In aH the hast I pray the mak  
 They Shypp redy in aH degre, 7552  
 That vndyr sayle in hast we be."  
 Maruk byddyth hys men apase :  
 "Goo hye yow faste to the wyndase,  
 And puH þe Ankre vp in hast !" 7556  
 The sayle ther-wyH a-donne he cast.

7544. MS. Now.

In gothe Wrake and Partonope, 7540  
 And in comyH after aH þe meyne,  
 Wrake Marroke to her dyde caH :  
 "Whiche londe is next of vs aH?"  
 Seyde she : "Nowe teH vs blyue. 7544  
 There I wolde we myght aryue."—  
 "Madam," seyde Marroke, "truly  
 Here is an Ile faste vs by.  
 The londe of Salence men doth it caH :  
 That londe is nexte vs of aH." 7549  
 To Marroke seyde þis good Wrake :  
 "In aH the haste I pray the make  
 Thy shipe redy in aH degre, 7552  
 That vnder saith in haste we be."  
 Marroke byddyth his men apase :  
 "Goo hye you faste to þe wynde-hase,  
 And puH þe anker vp in haste." 7556  
 The saith *per-with* downe he easte.

*Clifton MS.*

. . . . anop.  
 . . . aH t . . .  
 . . . myght . . . e 7545  
 . . . m sayde Marok trul . . .  
 . . . ys an yle but ffast . . .  
 . . . and of Salence me . . . 7548  
 . . . lond ys . . . vs . . .  
 . . . aruk . . . . gode Vrak

. . t . . h . . . the . . . make  
 . . ship . . . in all degre 7552  
 . . vnder sayle in hast we be  
 . . k byddeth hur men a place  
 . . hyeth fast to the wyndace  
 . . pulle the Ankor vp in hast 7556  
 . . sayle ther-wyH a owne he . . .

	A better shippe myght no man fynde	
	Atte sayle, at wedir, and at wynde	[leaf 95, back]
	At wiH they had, I you plight ;	7560
	And forpe they sayle aH þat nyght,	
	Safe and sounde * with-uten nay.	
They arrive there at daybreak. Salence is a beautiful island,	To Salence they come be þat day	
	Gan shew, and þe sonne gan spryng.	7564
	To Wrak þis was glad titling.	
	Salence is but a lyteH Ile.	
	Of length it is not ouer a myle	
	More þan it is now of brede,	7568
	A contre of plenteousnesse, as I rede,	
	FuH of aH maner swete delites.	
	There-in groweth dyuers spices.	
a land of plenty,	Of corne and flesshe þer is grete plente,	7572
	Venesone, fresshe fyssh þer lakketh no deynte,	
	Wode, medowe, large in length,	
	Rounde a-boute in his strenght.	
	Shorte tale to make with-uten more,	7576
	7562. sounde] MS. founde.	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

A bettyr Shipp myght to man fynde  
 At sayle, at wedyr, and at wynde  
 At wyH they had, I yow plyght : 7560  
 And forth they sayle aH that nyght,  
 Safe and sound wythouten nay.  
 To Solence they come be that day 7563  
 Gan shew, and the sonne gan spryng.

**S**olence ys but a lyteH Ile,  
 Of leight lyt ys not over a myle  
 Mor than lyt ys now of brede, 7568  
 A contree of plentuous-nesse, as I rede,  
 FuH of aH maner swete delytes.  
 There groweth ther-in dyuerse spices,  
 Of corn and flesh there ys grete plente.  
 Venyson, fresch fyssh, ther lakketh  
 no deynte 7573  
 Wode, medew, large in lengthe,  
 Ronnde a-boute in hys streight,  
 Short tale to make wythouten more,

## Rawl. MS.

A better ship myght no man fynde  
 At nydiH, at weder and at wynde  
 At wiH þey hade I you plight 7560  
 And furthe þey seyde aH þat nyght,  
 Safe and sounde with-out nay.  
 To Salence þey come be þe day  
 Gan shewe and þe son spryng. 7564  
 To Wrake þis was good tydinges.  
 Salence is a lytiH Ile. [leaf 55, back]  
 Of leight it is not ouer a myle  
 More þen it is nowe of brede, 7568  
 A contre of plentuosnesse as I rede,  
 FuH of aH maner swete delytis  
 Ther-in groweth deuerse sprces. 7571  
 Of corne and fleshe þer is grete plente,  
 Venyson, fyshe þer lakede no deynte.  
 Wode, medewe þer large in length,  
 Rownde aboute in his streight. 7575  
 Shorte tale to make with-out more,

## Chiflen MS.

A bet . . . .  
 At s . . . .  
 At v . . . .  
 And . . . .

7560

Saf . . . .  
 To . . . .  
 Ga . . . . 7564  
 To . . . .

The Emprisse, feyre Melioure,		which
Yave it hir Suster, good Wrake,		Meliour had
To pat entent þerin to take		presented to
Hir playing while and hir desporte,	7580	her sister.
Amonge when she wolde þider resorte.		
In this Ile she hadde a fayre casteH,		Partonope is
Stronge walled a-boute and dicheð wele.		brought to
So erly in þat mornynge	7584	a strong
When she was landed, she made bryng		castle,
Thidder so pryvely Partonope *		
Therof wist no life but only she,		
And wolde in no wise suffre him mourne.	7588	
There she seide he shuld sogeourne.		
She made hym haue aH maner delite.		where he is
Within a while he gan haue apetite		delicately
To mete and drynke and eke to reste.	7592	attended to.
What he wolde haue he hadde þe beste.		
Sorowe hadde hym enfebled so sore,		
Many of his heeres were waxen hore,		His grev
Lee she made hym of a certeyn asshe,	7596	hairs are
		chaunged by
		Urake's
		care.
7586. MS. patronope.		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

The empresse, fayre Melioure,	7577	The emperese, fayre Melyore,	7577
Yafe hyt her suster, goode Vrak,		Yafe hir syster, fayre Wrake,	
To that entent ther-yn to tak		To þat entente þer-in to take	
Hyr plesyng whyle and her dysport,		Hir pleyng and hir dyssporte,	7580
Amonge whan she wold thedyr resort.		A-monge when she dyde resorte.	
In this Ile She had a fayre casteH,		In þis Ile she hade a fayre casteH,	
Stroug walled a-boute and dyched weH.		Stronge wallyde and dechide weH.	
So erely in that mornynge	7584	So erly in þat morny[n]ge,	7584
Whan She was londeð, She made bryng		When she was lonyde, made bryng	
Thedyr So pryvely Partanope.		Deþer prevely Partonope.	
There-of wyst no lyfe but only She,		Ther-of wyste no man but she,	
And wold in no wyse suffre hym		And wolde in No wyse suffir hym	
morone.	7588	morne.	7588
There, She sayd, he shuld sogerorne.		Ther she seyde he shulde soIorne.	
She made hym haue aH maner delyte.		She made hym haue aH maner delyte.	
Wyth-In a whyle he gan haue a-petyte		With-in a while he hade an apetyte	
To mete and drynke and eke to rest.		To mete and drynke and eke to reste.	
What he wold haue he had the best.		What he wolde he hade the beste.	
Sorow had hym enf[e]bled So sore,	7594	Sorwe hade hym enfebillede so sore,	
Many of hys herys were waxen hore.		Many of his heris were wox hore	
Lygh She made hym of a certayn		Lye she made of serten asshe,	7596
asche,	[1 leaf 60, back] 7596		
		7592. MS. roste.	7595. MS. wox or wex.

- And ofte his hede *perwith* did wasshe.  
 The coloure amended *pen* hugely. [leaf 96  
 And *per*to she fayned pryvely  
 Letters, as they though had be 7600  
 Sent fro hir suster to Partonope,\*  
 Of love endited so wele and goodly,  
 That he gan wex aH fresshe and lusty.  
 The coloure in his visage gan faste amende. 7604  
 To be *pus* Releved he *neuer* so wende.  
 Of hym no man, I darre vndirtake,  
 Hadde knowleche, safe only Wrake,  
 And a mayden pat was fayre and fre, 7608  
 Borne of hye and noble degre.  
 A kyng was hir ffadir, hir modyr a queen,  
 Cousyn to Wrake so bright and shene.  
 Wrake hir loved fuH passyngly, 7612  
 She was right fayre and *per*to goodly.  
 This maydens name was Persewisse.  
 Fayre shap she was, and eke wise,  
 Fre in gyvyng, curteyse in\* dalyaunce. 7616  
 7601. MS. patronope. 7614. MS. apparently persowisse.  
 7616. in] MS. and.

She forges  
love-letters  
from her  
sister.

Nobody  
knew he was  
there except  
Urake and a  
fair maiden,

whose  
name was  
Persevis.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And ofte hys hede ther-wyth dyd  
 waysshe ;  
 The coloure amendyd than howgely.  
 And ther-to She fayned pryvely  
 Letters as they thogh had be 7600  
 Sent ffor her suster to Partanope.  
 Of love en-dyted So wele and goodely,  
 That he gan wex aH fresch and lusti.  
 The coloure in hys vysage gan fast  
 a-mend. 7604  
 To be thus releevyd he *neuer* So wend.  
 Of hym no man, I dare vnderstand,  
 Had knowlech, safe onely Wrake,  
 And a maynden that was fayre and  
 free, 7608  
 Borne of hye and noble degre.  
 A king was here fadyr, hyr modyr a  
 quene,  
 Cosyn to Vrak so brygh[t] and sheen.  
 Vrak her loved fuH passyngely, 7612  
 She was ryght fayre and ther-to goodely.  
 This maydens name was Persewysse.  
 Fayre shap She was, and eke  
 wyse, 7615  
 Free in gyflynge, curteyse in dalyans.

## Hawl. MS.

And ofte his hede *per-with* dyde  
 wesshe ; 7597  
 The coloure amendyde *pen* highly.  
 And *per*-to she peynede hir prevely  
 Letteris, as þey taught hade be 7600  
 Sent fro hir syster to Partonope,  
 Offe loue endytyde so weH and goodly,  
 That he gan wex freshe and lusty.  
 The coloure of his vesage gan a-mende.  
 To be *pus* releuyde he *neuer* wende.  
 Of hym no man, I dare vndertake,  
 Hade knowlage, safe only Wrake, 7607  
 And a mayde feyre and fre, [leaf 56]  
 Borne of high and nobiH degre.  
 A kyng was here fader, hir moder a  
 quene,  
 Cosyne to Wrake bright and shene.  
 Wrake hir louyde fuH passyngly, 7612  
 She was right feyre and *per*-to goodly.  
 This maydes name was Percewyse.  
 Fayre shape she was, and eke wyse,  
 Fre in geuy[n]ge, courteyse in daly-  
 aunce. 7616

She couþe weþ harpe, synge, and daunce,  
 But of love toke she noone hede. She took no  
heed of love,  
 For who so wolde, with-outen drede,  
 To hir speke of such matere, 7620  
 Of hir shuld he haue no good chere.  
 Hir hert þat tyme was in such a plite,  
 To speke of love she had noon apeteite.  
 In such daliaunce wolde she not spende 7624  
 Hir speche; but after she may amende.  
 As seith myn auctour, fuþ hardely she  
 Did it not oonly for chastite,  
 Though she loved neþer to kysse ne rage. 7628  
 AH þis was but tendirnesse of age. þeing yet  
too young.  
 Wherfore myn auctour seith truly  
 She shuld here-after more sharply  
 Of loves dartes fele þe prickying, 7632  
 Which shuld hir wittes fuþ soone bryng  
 For euer to forsake hir chastite.  
 For comynly it is not sene they be  
 Herborowed to-gedre now in oon plase, 7636  
 Beaute and chastite; for ouer grete space [leaf 96, back]

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

She cowde weþ harpe, synge, and  
 daunce, 7617  
 But of love toke She non heede.  
 For who so wold, wythouten drede,  
 To here spek of such matere, 7620  
 Of here shuld he haue no good cheyre.

Her hert that tyme was such a plyte.  
 In such dalyaunce wold She not spende

Her spe[c]h / But here-after she may  
 amend. 7625

As seyth myn autor, fuþ hardely She  
 Dyd hyt not onely for chastite,  
 Thogh She louyd neyther to kysse ne  
 rage 7628

AH this was but tendre-ne[s] of age.

<sup>1</sup> Wher-for myn autor seyth truly  
 She shuld here-after more Sharply  
 Of lounes dartes ferle the pryking, 7632  
 Which shuld her wyttes fuþ sone bring  
 For euer to for-sake here Chastite.

For comonly hyt ys not seyn they be  
 Herborured to-gedyr now in oo plase,  
 Beaute and chastyte; for ouer grete  
 spase [leaf 61]

*Rawl. MS.*

She couthe weþ harpe, synge, and  
 daunce,

But of loue toke she none hede.  
 For who so wolde, with-out drede,  
 To hir speke of soyche mater, 7620  
 Of hir shulde he haue no good chere.

Hir hert þat tyme was in soyeh plyte,  
 To speke of loue hade she no delyte.

In soyche dalyance wolde she not  
 spende 7624

Here speche; but here-after she may  
 amende.

As seyth myne autor goodly she  
 Dyde it not only for chastyte,  
 Though she louyde noþer kysse ne Rage,

AH þis was but tendernese of age. 7629

Where-for myne autor seyth truly  
 She shulde here-after more sharply  
 Of louys dartes fele the prykyng, 7632  
 Whiche shulde hir wyttes sone brynge  
 For euer to forsake chastyte.

For comynly it is not sen þat þey be  
 Herberwyde to-geder in on place, 7636  
 Beute and chastyte; for euer grete space

One will sell  
the other.

They wolde take, as telleth myn auctour me.  
 For truly he seith how þat they be  
 Two contraries to-gedre [to] dweH, 7640  
 For þe toone wole aH-wey þe toþer seH.  
 For þat woman þat hath grete beaute,  
 And spendeth hir life in chastite,  
 Fairenesse on hir is evill be-sette. 7644  
 For chastite in no wise should be knette  
 To beaute: for they mow neuer acorde,  
 To-gedre in plesaunce to serve þe worlde.  
 For she þat lyveth in chastite, 7648  
 When folke pley, þen lowreth she.  
 She hath no Ioy of mery dalyaunce.  
 Let hir go forþe with mysschaunce,  
 And beaute of hir neuer, take hede! 7652  
 Ye mow not acorde, with-uten drede.  
 For beaute loveth aH gentillesse,  
 Honour noble, and largesse,  
 Faire speche, and þerto full of plesaunce, 7656

Beauty loves  
courtesy and  
pleasure.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They wold take, as tellyth myn auctor  
 me. 7638  
 For truly he sayth how that they be  
 Two contraries to-gydyr to dwelle, 7640  
 For the tone wol a-way the other shaft.  
 For that woman that hath grete beaute,  
 And spendyth her lyfe in chastite,  
 Fayrenes or hyr ys evyH be-sett. 7644  
 For chastyte in no wyse shuld be knytt  
 To beaute; for thy mow neuer acorde,  
 To-gedyr in plesauns to serbe the world.  
 For She that lyueth in chastyte, 7648  
 Whan folk pley, than lowreth She,  
 She hath no Ioy of myry dalyauns.  
 Late her go forth wyth myschauns,  
 And beaute of her neuer take heede!  
 Ye mow not a-corde, wyth-uten drede.  
 For beaute lonyd aH gentylhesse, 7654  
 Honoure noble, and largenesse,  
 Fayre spe[c]h, and ther-to full of  
 plesauns, 7656

*Rawl. MS.*

They wolde take, as tellyth my autor  
 me.  
 Truly he seyth howe þat þey be  
 To contraryouse to-geder to dweH, 7640  
 For þe ton with þat oþer sett.  
 For þat woman þat hathe beute,  
 And spendyth here lyfe in chastyte,  
 Fayrenes on hir is iH be-set. 7644  
 For chastyte in no wyse shulde be knete  
 To beute; for þey with neuer acorde,  
 To-geder in plesance to serue the worde.  
 For she þat leuyth in chastyte, 7648  
 When folke pley, þen lowryth she.  
 She hathe no Ioye of mery dalyaunce.  
 Let hir goo furth with myschaunce,  
 And beute of hir take none hede! 7652  
 Ye may not a-corde, with-out drede.  
 For beute lonyth aH lentiHnesse,  
 Honoure nobille, and largenesse,  
 Fayre speche, and þer-to full of ples-  
 aunce, [1 leaf 56, back] 7656

*Clifden MS.*

<sup>1</sup> Lete hur go forth wyth myschaunce  
 And beaute of hur neuer take hede 7652  
 ye may not Accord with-uten drede  
 For beaute loueth aH lentiHnesse  
 Honowre noble and largenesse  
 Fayre speche and therto full ples-  
 aunce 7656

<sup>1</sup> Top line, and at the back of l. 7512.

Lovyng bope pley, to sing and daunce.

Chastite putteth beaute oute of array.

She wiþ *neuer* suffre hir be fresshe and gay,

But shadowes hir *ener* with mournyng chiere ; 7660

Of hir she hath a fuþ lewde fere.

For beaute desyreth to haue þe colour

Of þe faire fresshe rose floure,

And loveth also to lyve in Iolyte, 7664

Desyryng to haue hye prosperite.

But þat foule þat may not haue

To hir love *noper* knyght ne knave,

Gentilman ne yeman of no degree, 7668

Lette hir þan lyve in chastite.

Yite vnknowe I love wele chastite

Better a grete dele þen she doþe me :

For if I speke to hir of any love, 7672

Be God þat sitteth in heven a-bove,

Let only  
ladies live  
in chastity.

The Poet is  
grieved that  
his Lady  
will not  
listen to his  
words of  
love.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Lonyng both pley, to symg, and dauns.

Chastyte putteth beaute oute of aray :

She wyth *never* suffre her be fresh and  
gay,

But shadowes here *ener* wyth mornynge  
cheyre : 7660

Of her hath She a fuþ lewde feere.

For beaute desyreth to haue the colour

Of the fayre freysh Rose floure,

And louth also to lyve in Iolyte, 7664

Desyryng to haue hye prosperyte,

But that foule that may not haue

To her love neyther knyght ne knave,

Gentyllman ne yoman of no degree.

<sup>1</sup> Late her than lyve in chastyte. 7669

[<sup>1</sup> leaf 61, back]

Betther a grett dele than She doth me :

For yf I speke to her of any love, 7672

Be God that sytteth in hevyn a-bove,

*Raccl. MS.*

Lonyng to pley, both syng and  
daunce.

Chastyte puttyth bente of array :

She wiþ *neuer* suffir here be freshe and  
gay,

But shadowe *ener* with *ener* mornynge  
chiere : 7660

Of here she hathe a fuþ lewyde fere.

For bente desyryth to haue colour

Of þe feyre freshe rose floure,

And louth also to leue In Iolyte, 7664

Desyryng to haue high prosperite.

But þat foule þat may not haue

To here loue *noper* knyght ne knave,

lentith-man ne yeman of none degree,

Let here þen leue in chastete. 7669

Yet vnknowe I loue chastete

Beter a grete dele þen she dothe me :

For yef I speke to here of any loue, 7672

Be God þat syttyth in hevyn aboue,

*Clifden MS.*

lonyng both play to syng and daunce

Chastite putteth beaute oute of A-ray

She wyth *neuer* suffer hur be fresshe . . .

but shadow hur *ener* with mornynge  
ch . . . 7669

Of hur hath she A fuþ lowde flire

For beaute desyreth to haue the colour

Off the fresshe flayre rose floure

And louth Also to leve in Iolite 7664

PARTONOPE.

Desyryng to haue prosperite

but that foule þat may not haue

To hur loue nother knyght ne knave

Gentilman ne yoman of no d . . . 7663

lete hur than leue in Chastite

Yette vnknowe y loue weþ Chastite

better A grete dele than she doth me

For yf y speke to hur of any loue 7672

by godde that sytte in heven A-boue

To me she answereth so shortly,  
 That of hir wordes a-basshed am I.  
 For when I wolde some-tyme in counseylle [leaf 97] 7676  
 Shew my hert to hir somedeले,  
 She answerd me in wordes so hye,  
 I hadde as lefe my counseylle crye  
 In London atte crosse in Chepe. 7680  
 She giffeth me cause *offer*\* to wepe  
 Then forto laughie, þis is no nay.  
 And sometyne when þat I assay  
 To gife hir a yifte, broche or Ryng, 7684  
 That wole she not take for no-þing.  
 Thus rude is chastite and not curteise,  
 She hathe me greved in many wise.  
 But now wole I lette aH ladies be, 7688  
 And teH forpe of Partonope.\*

Partonope  
 receives the  
 kind atten-  
 tions of

PArtonope \* hath now elene forsake  
 The wodwouse life, and hape hym take

7681. offer] MS. after.

7689, 7690. MS. patronope.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

To me She answeryd so Shortely,  
 That of hyr wordes a-basshed am I.  
 For wand I wold somþ-tyme in coun-  
 sayle 7676  
 Shew myn hert to her somþ dele,  
 She answered me in wordes so hye,  
 I had as lyef my counsayth crye  
 In London at the crosse in Chepe, 7680  
 She gyfeth me cause after to wepe  
 Than for to lugh, thys ys no nay.  
 And somþ-tyme whan that I assay  
 To gyf her a yeft, broch or ryng, 7684  
 That woth She not take for no-þyng,  
 Thus rude ys chastyte and not curtayse,  
 She hath me grevyd in many wyse.  
 But now I woth late aH ladyes be, 7688  
 And teH forth of Partanope

**P**Artanope hath now for-sake  
 The wod-wous lyfe, and hath hym  
 take

*Rawl. MS.*

To me she answereth so shortly,  
 And of here wordes abasshede am I.  
 For when I wolde som-tyme [in]  
 counseH 7676  
 Shewe myne hert to here somdeH,  
 She answe[r]de me in wordes hye,  
 I hade as lefe my counseH crye  
 In London at the crosse in Chepe, 7680  
 She gyfith me cause offer to wepe  
 Then for to lugh, þis is no nay.  
 And som[þ]-tyme when I do assay  
 To gyfe here a broche ore a ryng,  
 That wiH she not take fore noþyng.  
 Thus is chastyte not courteyse,  
 She hathe me grenyde In many wyse.  
 Nowe wiH I let aH þis be, [leaf 99]  
 And teH furthe of Partonope. 7689  
 Partonope hathe elene for-sake  
 The wodwose lyfe and elene take

*Clifden MS.*

To me she Aunswereth so shortly 7671  
 she gemeth me cause After to wepe 7681  
 than forto lugh this is no nay  
 And sumtyme whan þat y assay  
 To geue hur a y . . broche or ryng 7684  
 That wyth sh . . . take for no-þyng

This rude is Chastite and not curtay . .  
 She hath me gr . ved in many wyse  
 but now woth I lete aH ladyes be 7688  
 And telle forth of partanope  
 . artanope hath now elene forsake  
 The wodwoys lyf and hath hym t . .



To þe gouernaunce aH fully	7692	Crake and Persevis.
Of ffayre Wrak and of Persewy.		
And they be redy, I you plight,		
Hym to comforte with aH hir myght.		
Bothe hym wesshe and lay hym softe.	7696	
She hym feyned letters fuH ofte		Crake often sends him letters,
Of comforte endited so goodly,		making him believe they are written
And bere an hande þat truly		by Mehor.
They were hym sent from Melyouore	7700	
To heale his wounde þat greved hym sore.		
Certeis doublettes pey lete make hym fyne,		
Gownes of Skarlette and eke of Satyne.		
Hym lakked no-þing þat myght hym eace,	7704	
FuH glad they were hym to plecte.		
And þrow her grete cherisshyng		He is soon restored to health, and recovers his good looks.
He wexe fuH fresshe, lusty, and lykyng.		
And of his letters toke grete comforte,	7708	

7693. MS. persowy?

## Univ. Coll. MS.

To the gouernauns aH fully 7692  
 Of fayre Vrak and of Pursewy.  
 And they be redy, I yow plyght.  
 Hym to comfort wyth aH her myght.  
 Both hym washe and ley hym soft.  
 She hym feyned lettres fuH oft 7697  
 Of comfort endyted So goodely,  
 And bere an hond that truly  
 They were hym sent fro Melioure 7700  
 To heele hys wound that greved hym  
 sore.  
 Sertes doblettes they lett make hym  
 fyne,  
 Gownes of Sekarlet and eke of satyn.  
 Hym lakked no-thing that myght  
 hym plecte, 7704  
 FuH glad they were hym to Ese.  
 And thorw her gret cheryssyng  
 He wex fresch, lusty, and lykyng.  
 And of his lettres toke grete com-  
 fort, 7708

## Rarcl. MS.

To þe gouernaunce aH fully 7692  
 Of feyre Wrake and of Persewy.  
 And þey be redy, I you plight,  
 Hym to comfort with aH hir myght.  
 They hym weshe and ley hym softe. 7696  
 She hym feynde leteris fuH ofte  
 Of comfort endytyde fuH goodly,  
 And bare on honde þat truly  
 They were hym sende fro Melyour 7700  
 To hele his wonde þat was so sore.

Sertes pey let make hym fyne,  
 Gownys of skarlet and of satyn.  
 Hym lakede nothyng þat myght hym  
 eyse. 7704  
 FuH glade þey were hym to plecte.  
 And þorwe here grete cheryssyng  
 He wax freshe, lusty and lekyng. 7703  
 And of letteris toke grete comfortyng,

## Clifden MS.

To the Gouvernaunce Alle fully 7692  
 Of ffayre vrak and of persewey  
 And thay be redy now plyght  
 hym to confort wyth aH her myght  
 both hym wasshe and ley hym softe

She hym feyned letterys fuH ofte 7697  
 Of confort endited so Godely  
 And bare An hond that truly  
 They were hym sent fro melyoure 7700  
 To hele his wound that greued hym sore<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At back of page beginning with l. 5142

Which were fayned to hym for desporte.  
 Were not pes ladies foule to blame  
 Thus to lye and make hym game  
 Of Meliors letters, and seide she hym sent, 7712  
 Which on [n]eiper side was ment?  
 But blameworþi were they noone,  
 Sith for þe best it was done. [leaf 97, back]  
 But atte last prow her desporte, 7716  
 Hir fayre chiere, her fayned comfote,  
 He gan gedre to hym faste flesshe and blode,  
 And wexe lusty pat, by my hode,  
 When Wrak be-helde a-boute right wisely 7720  
 His fressh coloure, his persone so semely,  
 She ganne so nye faH *with* hym in dotage,  
 Save pat wysdome restreyned corage,  
 And thought on hir Suster Mel[i]oure, 7724  
 How truly he loved hir and hadde done yore.  
 It was, she thought, but nyceetye,  
 And aH pat fantasy she lete be.  
 Persewyse stode in þe same degre, 7728

Urake is not  
 far from  
 falling in  
 love with  
 him,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Which were feyned to hymd for dys-  
 porte. [leaf 62]  
 Where not this ladyes foule to blame  
 Thus to lye and make hym game  
 Of Melyours letters, and said she hym  
 sent, 7712  
 Which on nether syde was ment?  
 But blame-worthy were they none,  
 Syth for the best yt was done.  
 But at the last thow her dysport, 7716  
 Her fayre chiere, her feyned comfort,  
 He gan gedyr to hymd fast flesch and  
 blode,  
 And wex lusty that, by my hode.  
 Whan Wrak be-heeld a-boute ryght  
 wysely, 7720  
 His fresch coloure, his persone so  
 semely  
 She ganne so nye faH wyth hym in  
 dotage,  
 Sane that wysdome restreyned corage,  
 And thought on her Suster Melyoure,  
 How truly he loved her and done yore.  
 Yt was, she thought, but nysytec,  
 And aH that fantasy she lete be.  
 Persewyse stode in the same degre, 7728

## Rearl. MS.

Whiche were feynyd for dyssportynge.  
 Where not þis ladyes foule to blame  
 Thus to lye *and* make hym game  
 Of Melyores letteris, *and* seyde she hym  
 sent, 7712  
 Whiche on neyþer syde was not ment?  
 But blame-worthy were þey none  
 Sethe for the beste it was done.  
 But at þe laste þorwe hir dyssporte, 7716  
 Here feyre chere, her feynede comfote,  
 He gan to gader fleshe *and* blode,  
 And wex lusly pat, be my hode.  
 When Wrake be- helde hym wysly, 7720  
 His freshe coloure, his persone symly  
 She gan so nye faH in dotage,  
 [leaf 59, back]  
 Safe pat wysdome resstreynede corage,  
 And þought on hir syster Melyore, 7724  
 Howe he louyde here *and* hade don yore.  
<sup>1</sup> Hit was, she þought, but nysete,  
 And aH pat fuintesy she let be.  
 Persewyse stode in þe same degre, 7728

- For she wan dalyaunce *with* Partonope.\*  
 His porte, his manere be-come so wele  
 þat þough hir herte were made of stele,  
 No wonder it was þough it did melte. 7732  
 The fyre of love so made it swelte  
 In lovyng of pis Partonope,\*  
 That almoste for-yete was chastite,  
 Save þat she wist wele and knewe 7736  
 To þis lady Melyoure he was so trewe  
 þat þough she loved, it myght not avayle,  
 And thought it was but loste travayle.  
 The hete of love hir herte did feynte ; 7740  
 With wise abydyng þe fyre she queynte.  
 Thus seith myn auctour after whome I write,  
 Blame not me : I moste endite  
 As nye after hym as euer I may, 7744  
 Be it soþe or less I can not say.  
 But now I lette pis Partonope \*  
 And Persewise, pis mayden fre,  
 7729, 7734, 7746. MS. patronope.

and poor  
Persewis  
might have  
forgotten  
her chastity

but that she  
knew he was  
true to his  
lady.

(Thus saith  
mine author.  
Blame not  
me.)

## Univ. Coll. MS.

For She whan dalyaunce w[i]th Par-  
 tanope.  
 His porte, hys manere be-come so wele  
 That thow hert had be made of stele,  
 No wondyr hyt was thoght hyt dyd  
 mylt. 7732  
 The fyre of love So made ys swelt  
 In lovyng of this Partanope,  
 That aH-most for-yete was chastyte,  
 Sane that wele She wyst and knew 7736  
 To this lady Melioure he was so trew  
 That thogh she lovyd, hyt myght not  
 avayle,  
 And thought hit was but lust travayle.  
 Thow hete of love her hert dyd feynte ;  
 Wyth wyse a-bydyng the fyre She  
 queynte, 7741  
 Thus seyth the auctor after whom I  
 wryt.  
 Blame not me : I most endyte  
 As nye after hym as I can or may. 7744  
 Be hyt sothe or lese I can not say.  
 But now I lett this Partanope  
 And Persewyse, this maynden free,

## Rawl. MS.

For she wan dalyaunce *with* Partonope.  
 His porte, his maner be-com hym so  
 weH, 7730  
 That þowe þe hert hade ben made of  
 steH,  
 No wonder it was þough it dyde mylte  
 The fyre of loue so made it smelte 7733  
 In louy[n]ge of pis Partonope.  
 That aH-moste fore-yete was chastyte,  
 Safe þat weH she wyste *and* knewe 7736  
 To þis lady Melyore he was so trewe  
 That þough she louyde, it myght not  
 avaiH,  
 And þought it was but loste *trou*aiH.  
 The hete of loue here hert dyde faynte ;  
 With wyse abydyng þe fyre she quente.  
 Thus seyth myne autor after whom I  
 wryte.  
 Blame me not ; I moste endyte  
 As nye after hym as euer I may. 7744  
 Be it sothe ore *ettes* I can not sey.  
 But nowe I let þis Partonope  
 And Persewyse, þat mayden fre.

	To-gedre in dalyaunce* to haue in fere,	7748
In the meantime arrives a messenger sent by Melior, who wishes to speak with her sister.	For now is come a messyngere From the Empresse Melioure To Wrak, hir Suster; for wonder sore She desyreth with hir to speke.	7752
	Wrak in no wise wiH not breke This grete ladies commaundement.	[leaf 98]
Urake accordingly orders her ship to be made ready.	After hir shipmen now faste she sente, And chargeth hem her shipp be redy faste, To see she wole go in aH þe haste.	7756
Persewis is to stay behind with Partonope.	Wrak þat is bope redy and wise, Is not aferde þough Persewise At hir casteH leue with Partonope; * For nedys coste leue moste she Oon with hym þat knoweth þe counseyll.	7760
	Of Persewise she wote is no pereH; For she is wise, redy and stedfaste.	7764
	The lasse of hir she is a-gaste, How longe fro home she ener a-byde. Hir shippe is redy, fayre is þe tyde.	
Urake takes her departure,	Leue she taketh of Partonope,*	7768

7748. MS. dalyaunace.

7760, 7768. patronope.

## Unic. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

<sup>1</sup> To gedyr in dalyauns to haue in H[e]re.  
 For [now] ys come a messang[e]re 7749  
 Fro the emperesse Melioure  
 T[o] Wrak, her suster / for wondyr sore  
 She desyreth wyth her to spek. 7752  
 Vrak in no wyse wyH not brek  
 Thys grete ladyes comaundement.  
 After her Shyppmen now fast She sent,  
 And chargeth hem her Shypp be redy  
 fast, [leaf 62, back] 7756  
 To see She wot go in aH hast.  
 Vrak that ys both redy and wyse,  
 Ys not a-ferd thogh Persewyse  
 At her casteH leue wyth Partanope;  
 For nedys cost leue most She 7761  
 On wyth hym that knoweth the  
 counsayth.  
 Of Persewyse She wot ys no pereH;  
 For she ys wyse, redy and stedfast.  
 The lasse of her She ys a-gast, 7765  
 Howe longe from home She ener a-byde.  
 Her Shypp ys redy, fayre ys the tyde.  
 Leue She taketh of Partanope, 7768

To-geder in dalyaunee to haue in fere.  
 For nowe is come a messengere 7749  
 Fro þe emperesse Melyore  
 To Wrake hir syster; for wonder sore  
 She desyryth with here to speke. 7752  
 Wrake in no wyse wiH not breke  
 This grete ladyes comoument.  
 After hir shipmen anone she sente.  
 And charyth hem be redy faste. 7756  
 To see she wiH goo in aH haste.  
 Wrake þat is bothe redy and wyse,  
 Ys not aferde þough Persewyse  
 At hir eastH leue with Partonope; 7760  
 For nedes coste leue moste she  
 On with hym þat knoweth þe counseil.  
 Of Persewyse she wot is no pereH;  
 For she is wyse, Redy and stedfaste.  
 The lasse of hir she is agaste. 7765  
 Howe longe fro hym þat she abyde.  
 Hir shipe is redy, fayre is þe tyde.  
 Leue she takyth of Partonope, 7768

To hir shipp now streight gope she.  
 Forþe seyleth Wrak, þis mayden fre.  
 In grete thought is Partonope.\*

Wrak wepeth gretely at hir departyng. 7772

Partonope\* prayde hir a-bove aH þing  
 She wolde to hym come soone ayein.  
 "Therof," seid she, "I wolde be feyn."

Wrake hath wedyr at poynte devise. 7776

FuH glad and mery is Persewise.

Forþe seyleth Wrak vpon þe see,

And in shorte tyme aryved is she

At Chief de Oyere, where as Melyore, 7780

and soon  
arrives at  
Chef d'Oire.

Hir fayre suster, hathe dwelled yore.

Now arne þes Susters mette in feere,

Eyper to oper make good chere.

Sitting with  
her sister in  
an orchard,

Tappettes and quysshons to hem be fette. 7784

In an herber fuH grene be they sette

There allone to take her dalyaunce.

I trow they lust neþer sing ne daunce,

For Mel[i]ore gan anoone to wepe. 7788

Melior  
begins to  
weep.

Hir Suster Wrak toke grete kepe

7771, 7773. MS. patronope.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

To her Shyp now streight goth She.  
 Forth sayled Vrak this mayden free.  
 In grete thought ys Partanope. 7771  
 Vrak wepyth gretly at her departyng.  
 Partanope prayed hyr aboue aH thyng  
 She wold sone come to hym a-yein,  
 "Therof," seyde She, "wold I be fayne."

Vrak hath were at poynt devyse. 7776

Full glad and mery ys Persewyse.

Forth sayleth Vrak vpon the see,

And in Short tyme a-ryved ys she

At Cheyf de oyere, where as Melioure,

Her fayre suster, hath dwelled yore.

Now arne thes Sustres mett in feere.

Neþer to other mak good cheyre.

N<sup>Y</sup> Tapyttes and cussouns to hem

be fett. [1 leaf 63] 7784

In an erber faH grene be they sett

There alone to take her dalyaunse.

I trow they lust nether syng ne daunce

For Melioure gan a-no[n] to wepe. 7788

Her suster Vrak tok grete kepe

*Rawl. MS.*

To hir shipe streight goth [s]he. 7769

<sup>1</sup> Forthe saylyth Wrake þis mayde fre.

In grete þought is Partonope. [1 leaf 60]

Wrake wepyth gretly at hir departyng.

Partonope prayth hir aboue aH thyng

She wolde sone come to hym ayein. 7774

"There-of," seyde she, "I wolde be

fayne."

Wrake hathe weder at poynte devyse,

FuH glade and mery is Persewyse. 7777

Furthe saylyth Wrake vpon þe se,

And in shorte tyme aryude is she

At Chyfe deoyre where as Melyore, 7780

Here feyre syster, hathe dwellyde yore.

H<sup>ere</sup> are þe systeris met in fere,

Eyper to oper make good chere.

Tappettes and schesshons to hem be fet.

In an erbere grene þey be set 7785

There alone to take þer dalyaunse.

I trow þey lyste neþer syng ne daunce

For Melyore gan anone to wepe. 7788

Hir syst<sup>r</sup> Wrake toke grete kepe

Of hir maner governaunce.  
 Hir þought þis maner of dallyaunce  
 Was nyse what hir suster mente. 7792  
 She wist not þe verrey entent [leaf 98, back]  
 Of hir suster þat wept so sore.  
 And atte laste fayre Melyouore  
 Of hir wepyng gan a-brayde, 7796  
 And to hir Suster þus she seide :  
 "Vngracious am I, be God above,  
 That euer I was encombred be love.  
 It hath—she seide—me noyed sore. 7800  
 But of þis matere speke we no more."  
 To hir answerd fayre Wrake :  
 "Trewly I neuer knew your make,  
 For wele I wote, be\* God above, 7804  
 AH your wepyng is for love.  
 Ye wolde feyne hide it from me  
 And disfigure youre nycete,  
 But ye can not þat experyment. 7808  
 I knowe to wele your entent.

She is so  
unhappy  
that she  
ever loved.

Wrake very  
well under-  
stands the  
reason of  
her tears.

After l. 7792 MS. adds a line :

She wist not what his Suster mente.  
 7804. be] MS. but.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of her maner governauns.  
 Her thought thys maner of dalyans  
 Was nyse what her suster ment. 7792  
 She wyst not the verrey entent  
 Of her suster that wep so sore.  
 And at the last fayre Melioure  
 Of her wepyng ganne abrayde. 7796  
 And to her suster thus She sayde :  
 "Vngracious am I, be God a-bove,  
 That euer I was encombred lo love.  
 Hyt hath--She sayd--me noeyd fult  
 sore. 7800  
 But of this matere speke we no more."  
 To her answered fayre Wrak :  
 Trewly I neuer knew your make,  
 "For wele I wote, be God a-bove, 7804  
 AH your wepyng ys for love.  
 Ye wold fayne hyde hyt fro me  
 And thys figure your nysete  
 But ye can not that Experyment, 7808  
 I know to wele your entent.

*Rawl. MS.*

Of hir maner and governaunce.  
 Hir þought þis maner of dalyaunce  
 Was nyse what hir syster ment. 7792  
 She wyste not þe verrey entente  
 Of hir syster þat wypte so sore.  
 And at þe laste feyre Melyore  
 Of hir wepyng gan abrayde, 7796  
 And to hir syster þus she seyde :  
 "Vngraciously am I," þus she seyde,  
 "be God aboue,  
 That euer I was encomberde be loue.  
 Hit hathe--she seyde--me noyede  
 sore : 7800  
 But of þis mater speke we no more."  
 To hir answerde feyre Wrake :  
 "Truly I neuer knewe your make,  
 For wele I wot, be God aboue, 7804  
 AH your wepyng is for loue.  
 Ye wolde feyne hyde it fro me  
 And dysfigure youre nysete,  
 But ye can not þat experyment. 7808  
 I knowe wele your entent.

Love wolde fayne make you to speke,  
 But þan comest drede and makest you breke  
 Your tale, and þat is hye folye. 7812

For, Suster, ye wote right wele þat I  
 Love you a-bove all erthly þing  
 And gladly wolde do your pleasyng."

"BE God," quod þis lady, "þat is not so. 7816

For ofte tymes ye haue me do  
 With your wordes full grete disceace,  
 And you full lytel me displeace.

Wordes of reprofe ye haue seide many oone 7820

To me, and þerto a yere is full gone

Or more, sith ye laste se me.

Here come ye but a lytel parde."

"FOR sothe," seid Wrake, "it is ago 7824

More þen xij. monþes þat we two

To-gedre in oon place mette.

A cause þer was þat me did lette.

For þe laste tyme þat ye se me 7828

Or I you, forsoþe Partonope\*

Melior up-  
braids her  
sister for  
her long  
absence.

That is,  
says Wrake,  
because of  
Partonope:

7829. MS. patronope.

*Ualc. Coll. MS.*

Love wold make yow fayn to speke,  
 But than cometh drede and maketh  
 yow brek

Your tale, and that ys hye foly. 7812

For, suster, ye wote ryght wele that I

Loue yow a-bove all ertyly thyng,

And gladly wold do your plesyng."

"BE God," quod this lady, "that ys 7816

For oft tymes haue ye me do

Wyth your wordes full of dessece,

And yow full lytel me dysplese.

Wordys of reprofe ye haue seyde many 7820

one To me, and ther-to a yere ys full gone

Or more, syth ye last sygh me.

Here come yee but a lytel pardee."

"FOR soth," sayd Wrak, "hyt ys 7824

More than xij monthes tha[t] we two

To-gedre in oon place mett.

A cause ther was that me dyd lett.

For the last tyme that ye sye me 7828

Or I yow/for soth Partonope

*Rowl. MS.*

Loue wolde make you to speke,

Then comyth drede and makyth you

breke [leaf 60, back] 7812

Your tale, and þat is hye foly. 7812

For, syster, ye wot right wele þat I

Loue you aboue all erthly thyng

And gladly wolde do youre plesyng."

\* "Be God," quod þis lady, "þat is 7816

not so. For ofte tyme haue ye me do

With youre wordes full grete dysseyse,

And you full lytel me dyssplese.

Wordes of reprefe ye haue many oone 7820

To me, and þer-to is full gone 7821

Ore more, seth laste ye sygh me.

Here come ye but a lytel parde."

\* "For sothe," seyde Wrake, "it is 7824

a-goo More þen xij monthe þat we two

To-geder in one place mete.

A cause þer was þat we dyde lete.

For the laste tyme þat ye sey me, 7828

Ore I you, for sothe Partonope

Was here with you in þis place,  
 And for his trespass I neghed *your* grace. [leaf 99]  
 Ye denyed in no wise to here me 7832  
 For wepyng or knelyng, more þen I hadde be  
 A straunger to you and no-þing kynne.  
 This made [me] vtterly fro you fleene.  
 So vngoodly chere ye made me, 7836  
 I toke my shippe, and wente to see  
 To haue passed many a straunge lande  
 And to se þe wondres in many a stronde.  
 And herle snehe tithinges þat liketh not me. 7840  
 For truly *your* owne love Partonope\*  
 Ye made lese his witte for aye.  
 This is verrey soþe, þis is no naye.  
 So moche sorowe for you he hath take, 7844  
 Horne-wode he renneth for *your* sake.  
 For hym me nede no more to pray  
 Ne for hym knele, but\* o þing I say :  
 " Gete you a-noþer love, for he is gone. 7848  
 It shaþ be longe or ye gete suchone.

7841. MS. patronope. 7847. but] MS. bot.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Was here wyth yow in thys place.  
 And for hys trespas I neyghed *your*  
 grace.  
 Ye denyed in no wyse to here me 7832  
 For wepyng or knelyng, more than I  
 had be  
 A straunger to yow *and* no-þing  
 kynne.  
 Thys made me vtterly fro yow fleene.  
 So vn-godely chere ye made me, 7836  
 I toke my Shyp, and went to se  
 To haue passed maȝnly a straung strand  
 And to se the wordres of many lond.  
 And herd such tydynges that lyketh  
 not me, 7840  
 For trewly *your* owne loue Partanope  
 Ye made lost hys wytt for aye.  
 Thys ys verrey soth wythouten nay.  
 So moch sorow for yow he hath take,  
 Horne-wode he renneth for *your* sak.  
 For hym me nede no more to pray.  
 Ne for hym knele, but oo thyng I say :  
 Gete yow a-nother love, for he ys gone.  
 Hyt shaþ be long or ye gete such one.

*Rawl. MS.*

Was here *with* you in þis place.  
 And for his trespas I myghede *your*  
 grace.  
 Ye deynyde in no wyse to here me 7832  
 For wepyng *and* knelynge, more þen  
 I hade be  
 A stronger to you *and* nothyng kynne.  
 This made me wyterly fro you fleene.  
 So vngoodly *þer* ye made chere to me,  
 I toke my shipe *and* went to se 7837  
 To haue passede many a stronde,  
 And to se þe wonderes of many a londe.  
 I herde soȝche tydynges þat lyketh not  
 me. 7840  
 For trewly *your* loue Partonope  
 Ye haue made loste his wyte for aye.  
 This is sothe without naye. 7843  
 So meche sorwe for you he hathe take,  
 Horne-wode he rynneth for *your* sake.  
 For hym me nede no more to praye. 7846  
 Ne for hym knele, but o thyng I seye :  
 Gete you a-noþer loue, for he is gon. 7848  
 Hit shaþ be longe ore ye haue soȝchon



And sith ye haue do so to hym,  
 Thus ye worshipp gretely your kynne,  
 This is þe cause þat I haue you fledde. 7852  
 Partonope\* in þis worlde is but dede."

When þe lady herde þat Partonope\*

Melior  
 turns pale,

For love of hir wode Ranne he,  
 A-boute hir hert she felt such peyn, 7856

Moehe wo she had hir to Restreyne  
 Fro swonyng, for lope was she  
 That hir hevynesse aspied shuld be  
 Of Wrak, hir Suster, þat was hir dere. 7860

But yit wist Wrake wele by hir chere  
 And be hir Colour bright and rede  
 That was chaunged into pale and dede,  
 That for love was aȝ hir hevynesse. 7864

Yite Meliore did aȝ hir besynesse  
 To gete aȝein hir fresshe hewe,  
 Hir dedely coloure did renewe,  
 And to hir Suster did she speke 7868

but does her  
 best to  
 conceal her  
 emotion.

And somewhat hir hert to hir breke :

"Suster," she seide, "it may wele be [leaf 99, back]

Though he  
 has behaved  
 so falsely,

In grete disese lieth Partonope,\*

7853, 7854, 7871. MS. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And syth ye haue do so to hym, 7850  
 Thus ye worshypp gretly your kynne.  
 This ys the cause that I haue yow  
 fled. 7852

Partonope in this world ys but dede."

When the lady herde þat Partonope

For loue of her wode ranne he,

A-bout her hert She fet such peyne 7856

Moch wo she had hir to restreyne

Fro swony[n]g, for loth was she

That her hevynesse aspyd shuld be

Of Vrak, her suster, that was her dere.

But yet wist Vrak wele be here chere.

And her colour bryght and rede 7862

That was chaunged in-to pale and dede,

That for loue was aȝ her hevynesse. 7864

Yt Melior dyd aȝ her besynes [leaf 64]

To gete aȝein her fressh hew.

Her dedely coloure dyd renew,

And to her suster dyd she speke 7868

And somewhat her hert to her breke.

"Suster," She sayd, "hyt may wele be

In grete dyssese lyeth Partonope.

*Rawl. MS.*

And sethe ye haue do so to hym,

<sup>1</sup> Thus ye worchipe gretly youre kynne.

This is þe cause I haue you fiede. 7852

Partonope in þis worlde is but dede."

When þe lady herde þat Partonope

For loue of hir wode ranne he, [leaf 61]

A-boute here hert she felt grete peyne,

More wo she hade hir to resstreyn 7857

For swony[n]ge, for lothe was she

That here hevynes aspyde shulde be

Of Wrake, here syster, þat was here 7860

dere.

But yet wyste Wrake be here chere

And be hir colour bright and rede

That was changyde to pale and dede.

That for loue was her hevynes. 7864

Yet Melyore dyde aȝ hir besynes

To gete aȝein hir fieshe hewe,

Hir dedly coloure dyde renewe,

And to hir syster dyde she speke 7868

And somewhat here hert gan to breke.

• "Syster," she seyde, "it may weȝ

In grete dysseyse lyth Partonope. [lee

And if he were to me as chiere 7872  
 As *euver* he was, I coupe you lere  
 To make hym as hole as *euver* he was.  
 That *euver* I hym kuewe I may say allas,  
 So falsely as he hath be-trayed me, 7876  
 Causelesse, Suster, þat wote now ye.  
 Yite for your love, not for thy,  
 A medecyne I shaH you techie redely  
 That shaH in haste aH hole hym make." 7880  
 To hir answerd anoone Wrake :  
 " Nay, fayre Suster, be Seynt Iohn,  
 Therto haue [1] right layser noone.  
 Hele hym your-self if þat ye lust, 7884  
 Ye knowe medecynes þat ben beste.  
 For I knowe wele, and þat do ye :  
 In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope \*  
 A man wele be-loved and of grete estate, 7888  
 And your love hathe made hym chekmate.  
 Ye loved hym first, to sey þe troupe.  
 Suster, þer-of ye may haue roupe.

7887. MS. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And yf he were to me as cheere 7872  
 As *euver* he was, I coude yow leere  
 To make hym as hole as *euver* he was.  
 That *euver* I hym knew I may say alas,  
 So falsely as he hath be-trayed me,  
 Causeles/suster that wote now ye. 7877  
 Yt for your love, noht for thy,  
 A medecym I shaH yow tech redely  
 That shaH in hast and hole hym make."

To her answered a-non Wrake : 7881  
 " Nay, fayre suster, be seynt Iohn,  
 Ther-to haue I ryght leyser none.  
 Hele hym youre-self yf that ye lust,  
 Ye know medevynes that bene best.  
 For I know wele, and so do ye : 7886  
 In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope  
 A man weH be-lonyd and grete estate.

And youre love hath made hym  
 chekmate. 7889  
 Ye loued hym fyrst, to say theroth.

Suster, ther-of ye may haue routh.

*Earl. MS.*

And yef ye were to me as chere 7872  
 As *euver* he was, I couth you lere  
 To make as hym hole as *euver* he was.  
 That *euver* I hym knewe I may sey allas,  
 So falsly as he hathe be-trayed me, 7876  
 Causes, syster, þat wot now ye.  
 Yet for youre lone, not for thy,  
 A medsyn I shaH teche you redly  
 That shaH in haste aH hole hym  
 make."— 7880

To hir answerde a-none Wrake :  
 " Nay, fayre syster, be sent Iohn,  
 There-to haue I leyser none.  
 Hele hym youre-selfe yef þat ye lyste,  
 Ye knowe mydsyns þat ben beste. 7885  
 For I knowe weH, and so do ye :  
 In Fraunce be-fore was Partonope  
 A man weH belonyde and of hye es-  
 tate. 7888

And youre lone hath made hym cheke-  
 mate. [þat is, back]  
 Ye louyde hym fyrste, so seyth þe  
 trouthe,  
 Syster þer-of ye may haue routh.

- Be crafte of false nygromansye 7892  
 Hidder ye hym brought full cursedly.  
 And in your service he come ne hadde,  
 He shuld not now haue romme madde.  
 Suster, he loved you twoo yere and more. 7896 He loved  
 He sawe you neuer. Trow ye not sore her more  
 It greved hym, yis so mote I the, than two  
 Ah day with-oute company to be, years,  
 And neuer to speke with you but in þe nyght, 7900 without  
 And yite of you þen to haue no\* sight? being  
 Though after be his counseylle he allowed to  
 Shope hym fully you to se. see her,  
 What clepe ye þis? shuld þis be treasone? 7904  
 Me thinketh in þis haue ye no reasone.  
 But discrecion now telleth me  
 He loved you better þan euer ye and far  
 Did hym, þis is with-oute doute. 7908 more than  
 As a wilde beste he renneth a-boute, ever she  
 Of mete ne drynke taketh he none hede, loved him.  
 Ne of slepe with-uten drede. [leaf 100]

7901. no] MS. a.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Be craft of flas nygromansye 7892  
 Hedyr yee hym brought full cursedly.  
 And in your seruyse he come ne hadde,  
 He shuld not now haue romme madde.  
 Suster, he loued yow two yere and  
 more. 7896  
 He saw yow neuer / trow ye not sore  
 Hyt grevyd hym / yes so mote I thee,  
 Alle day wyth-oute company to be,  
 And neuer to spek wyth yow but in  
 the nyght, 7900  
 And yet of yow than to haue no syght ?  
 Thogh after be hys counsayth he  
 Shope hym fully yow to see.  
 What clepe ye this? shuld thys be  
 treson? [leaf 64, back] 7904  
 Me thinketh in thys haue ye no reson.  
 But dyscrecion now telleth me  
 He loued yow better than euer ye  
 Dyd hym, thys ys wyth-uten doute.  
 As a wyld wy best renneth he non  
 heede 7909  
 Ne of Slepe, wyth-uten drede.

## Rochl. MS.

- Be crafte of false nygremonsye 7892  
 Heþer ye hym brought full coursedly :  
 And in youre seruyse he come ne hadde,  
 He shulde now haue romme made.  
 Syster, he lonyde ij yere and more. 7896  
 He sawe you neuer. Trowe you not sore  
 Hit greuyde hym, yef so mot I the,  
 Ah day with-out compeny to be.  
 And neuer to speke with you but on \*  
 þe nyght, 7900  
 And yet of you þen to haue no sight ?  
 Though after be his counseith he  
 Shope hym fifty you to see.  
 What clepe ye þis? shulde þis be  
 treson? 7904  
 Me thynke in þis ye haue no reson.  
 But þe dysscression tellyth me  
 He lonyde you beter þen euer ye  
 Dyde hym, þis is without doute. 7908  
 As a wilde beste he rynneth aboute.  
 Of mete ne drynke take he no hede,  
 Ne of slepe, with-out drede.

7900. on] MS. perhaps un, meant for in.

She has  
really be-  
trayed him.

Which of you now haue be-trayed *oper*? 7912  
Ye hym. And if he were my brother,

And he hadde his witte agayne,  
O thing wolde I counseyll hym certeyn :  
In love he shuld neuer do you *seruyce*. 7916

He lyveth not pat can devise  
A persone to haue more semelynesse,  
More beaute, more streight, more largesse,  
þan he hadde ; and ye, suster Meliore, 7920

That haue made hym loste, and mych more,  
Of þis ye may make a fayre a-vaunte.

Perhaps  
Melior now  
repents a  
little.

Yite somewhat me thinketh ye be repentaunte  
Wepe now a lytiþ I you pray. 7924

God for euer I now reney,  
If for hym I make request  
To you ; and some-tyme no gretter feste  
In no wise ye coupe haue made me 7928

Then of his sorow to haue pite ;  
But of my prayer toke ye noone hiede.

If she wants  
to cure him,

Therefore, suster, so God me spede,

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

Which of yow now hath be-trayed  
other? 7912

Ye hym / for and he were my brother,  
And he hadde / hys wytt a-gayne,  
O thyng wold I counsayþ hym certeyn :  
In loue he shuld / neuer do yow *ser-*  
*uyce*. 7916

He leueth not that can deuyse  
A persone to haue more semelynesse,  
More beaute, more streyght, more  
largesse,

Than he hadd / and ye, suster Mel-  
yore, 7920

That haue made hym lost, and moch  
mor,

Of thys ye may make a fayre auaunt.  
Yett Somwhat me thenketh ye be  
repent[ant].

Wepe now a lytiþ, I yow pray. 7921  
God for now euer I now Reney,

Yf for hym make I request  
To yow / and som-tyme no gretter  
feste 7927

In no wyse ye cowde haue mada me  
Than of hys sorow to haue had pyte ;  
But of my prayer toke he no heed.  
Ther-for, Suster, So God me sped,

*Rawl. MS.*

Whiche of you nowe hathe be-trayede  
*oper*? 7912

Ye hym. For and ye were my brother  
And he hade his wyte agayne [teyne :  
A thyng wolde I counseþ hym *ser-*  
In loue he shulde neuer do you *seruyse*.

He lenyth not þat cone deuyse 7917  
A persone to haue more symlynes,  
More beute, strenght, and largenes,

Then he hade ; and ye syster Melyore,

That haue made hym loste, and meche  
more, 7921

Of þis ye may mak a fayre auaunte.  
Yet somewhat ye be repentaunte.

Wepe nowe a lytiþ, I you praye, 7924  
God for euer I nowe Renye,

Yef for hym I make requeste  
To you ; and som-tyme no gretter feste

In no wyse ye conth a made me [leaf 62]  
Then of his sorwe to haue hade pete. 7929  
But of my prayer take ye none hede.  
There-for, syster, so God me spede,

And ye wiȝ hym hele or elles fynde,	7932	she will find him
Go seke hym vnder þe wode lynde.		running
There he renneth wode as any hare.		about in the wood.
But no force I wiȝ neuer care		
For you ne for hym, while þat I lyve."	7936	
When Mel[i]ore herde þis grete reprove		Melior,
That Wrake, hir suster, to hir hath tolde,		though
Hir hert within hir body gan to colde,		heavy at heart,
And þought hir love, Partonope *	7940	
For euer in þis worlde loste hathe she.		
"Suster," seide fayre Meliore,		denies
"The cause þat I wepe so sore,		that she
For Partonope * it is not sekyrly.	7944	weeps for
But I shaȝ teȝ you þe cause why.		Partonope.
Suster, sith ye were laste with me,		
Here hath ben a grete assemble		
Of kynges, Erles, and eke barons,	7948	The kings
And aȝ þat holde castels and townes		and lords of
Or any oþer lordshippe of me,		the empire
Aȝ they were in þat assemble.		had held an
Of aȝ her counseyll þis was þe accorde	7952	assembly,
		where it was
		decided that
		she was to
		take a
		husband.

7940, 7944. MS. patronope.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

And ye woȝ hym hele or elles fynde,  
 Go seeke hym vnder the wode lynde.  
 There he rennyth wode as ony hare.  
 But no forse I woȝ neuer care 7935  
 For yow ne for hym, while I leve."  
 Whan Meliour herd this grete reprove  
 That Wrak, her suster, to her hath  
 told,  
 Her hert wyth-in her body gan to cold,  
 And thought her love, Partanope, 7940  
 For euer in thys world lost hathe She.  
 "Syster," sayd fayre Melioure  
 "The cause that I wepe so sore,  
 For Partanope hit ys not sykerly. [leaf 65]  
 But I shaȝ telle yow the cause why.  
 Suster, syth ye were last wyth me,  
 Here hath bene a grete assemble  
 Of kynges, Erlys and eke barons, 7948  
 And alle that held castelles and townes  
 Or ony other lordshyp of me,  
 Alle they were at that assymble.  
 Of aȝ her counseyȝ thys was the  
 a-corde 7952

*Rawl. MS.*

And ye wiȝ hym hele ore elles  
 fynde, 7932  
 Go seke hym vnder þe wode lynde.  
 There he rynnnyth wode as ony hare.  
 But no fors I wyȝ neuer care  
 For you ne hym, while I leve." 7936  
 When Myl . . . re herde þis grete repreue  
 That Wrake, hir syster, to hir hathe  
 tolde,  
 Hir hert with-in hir body gan colde,  
 And þought hir loue, Partonope, 7940  
 For euer in þis worlde loste hathe she.  
 "Syster," seyde fayre Melyore,  
 "The cause þat I wypte so sore  
 For Partonope it is not sekerly. 7944  
 But I shaȝ teȝ you þe cause why.  
 Syster, sethe ye were laste with me,  
 Here hathe bene a grete assemble  
 Of kynges, erlis and of Barouns, 7948  
 That helde castelles and townes  
 Ore ony oþer lordchiþe of me,  
 Aȝ þey were at þat assemble. 7951  
 Of aȝ þer counseyȝ þis was þe corde

þat I moste algate haue a lorde.  
 Some seide þe Emperour of Spayne,  
 And some seide the Emperour of Almayne,  
 And some seide, for nere alliaunce, 7956  
 I shuld haue þe kyng of Fraunce.  
 But shortely to teH at oo worde,  
 As they did not agree on the choice,  
 AH þes lordis myght not acorde  
 To eny of þes þre persones, 7960  
 The feH at Travers aH at ones.  
 Some speke shortely of hym of Spayne,  
 And some helde no-þing with Almayne,  
 Of the kyng of Fraunce they toke none hiede. 7964  
 Thus they departed, with-oute drede.  
 Then was pere a knyght þæt heght Arne[H]us,  
 there rose an old knight, called Ernoul.  
 A semely persone for þe nonys,  
 Longe and brode, and bigge of bonys. 7968  
 He was no man of grete lyvelode.  
 He passeth many a man in manhode.  
 He was ronme wele in yeeres,  
 His hede was fuH of white heeres. 7972  
 A man he was holde of grete renouine;  
 Men toke heede gretely of his resone.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

That I must algate haue a lord. 7953  
 Som) sayd the emperoure of Spayne,

And som) seyð, for neere alliaunce,  
 I shulld haue the kyng of Fraunce.  
 But Shortely to telle at oo word,\*

Alle these lordys myght not a-cord  
 To ony of these thre persones, 7960  
 They fyH at trauers aH at ones.

Som) speke shortely of hym of Spayne,  
 And som) heeld no-þing wyth Almayn),  
 Of the kyng of Fraunce they toke non  
 heed,\* 7964

Thus they departed, wythouten drede.  
 Than) was there a knyght hyght  
 Arneus,

A semely persone for the nonys, 7967  
 Long and broode, and bygge of bones.

He was no man) of grete lyfelode.  
 He passyd many man) in manhode.

He was ronme wele in yerys,  
 His hede was fuH of whyte herys. 7972

A man) he was hold of grete renon;  
 Men) toke heede gretly of hys reson.

7958. MS. corl. 7964. MS. bred.

## Rawl. MS.

That I moste algate haue a lorde.  
 Som seyde þe emperour of Spayne,  
 And som þe emperour of Almayne,  
 And som seyde, for nere alyance,  
 I shulde haue þe kyng of Fraunce. 7957

But shortly to teH at on worde.  
 AH þis lordes myght not acorde  
 To ony of þis iij personys, 7960  
 Thye fitt atrauers aH at onys.

Som spake shortly of hym of Spayne,  
 And som helde noþyng with Almayne,  
 Of þe kyng of France þey toke none  
 hede, 7964

Thus þey departyde, with-out drede.  
 Then was þer a kynght hight Arnelus,

A symly persone for the nonys,  
 Longe and brode, and byge of  
 bonys. [leaf 62, back] 7968

He was a man of grete lynelode,  
 He passede many on in manhode,

He was ronme weH in yeris,  
 His hede was fuH of whyte heris. 7972

A man) he was holde of grete renoune;  
 Men toke hede gretly of his resonne.

'Lordynges,' he seide, 'and it be your pleasyng,  
 To gyve audience to my spekyng, 7976  
 To aH þat of pis counseyH be,  
 Myn entent I pray you here and se.  
 I am wele rounne vpp in age,  
 Not borne of hye lynage. 7980  
 Yite an olde proverbe seide is aH day :  
 Of a fole a wyse man may  
 Take witte, þis is *with-oute* drede.'  
 'Sey on,' seyde aH, 'now God þe spede.' 7984  
 'Lordynges,' he seide, '*with-oute* fayle,  
 I am not able you to counsayle.  
 For who shaH a counseylle yeve,  
 Hym is good to be warre of reprove, 7988  
 Leste me sey he is worþi no wage, [leaf 101]  
 He counseyled þus for his owne a-vauntage.  
 Lordynges, the entent of pis matere  
 I wiH you teH, if ye lust to here. 7992  
 Taketh it in no wise for no counseylle.  
 But if ye think it may not a-vaylle  
 Herith it, and þen leyeth it on syde.

He asked  
 the lords to  
 listen to his  
 advice.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

'LOrdynge,' he sayd, 'and hyt be  
 your plesyng  
 To gefe audience to myn) spekyng, 7976  
 To aH that of thys counsayH be,  
 Myn) entent I pray yow here and se.  
 I am) weH rounne vpe in age,  
 Not borne of hye lenage. 7980  
 Yet and old proverbe sayd ys aH day :  
 Of a fole a wyse man may  
 Take wytt, this ys wyth-oute drede.'  
 'Sey on,' sayd aH / 'now God the  
 speede.' [leaf 65, back] 7984  
 'Lordynges,' he seyde, 'wyth-oute)  
 fayle,  
 I am not able yow to counsayle.  
 For who shaH a counsayH yeve, 7987  
 Hym hys goode to be ware of reprove,  
 Lest men) sey he ys worthy no wage,  
 He counsayled this for hys owne a-  
 vauntage.  
 Lordyng[es] de entent of my matere  
 I wyH yow teH, yf ye lust to here. 7992  
 Taketh yt in no wyse for counsayle.  
 But hef ye thynk yt may not a-vayle  
 Hereth yt, and than) ley hyt a-syde.

## Rawl. MS.

¶ 'Lordynges,' he seyde, 'yef it be  
 youre plesyng  
 To gyfe andyence to my spekyng, 7976  
 To aH þat of þis counseth be,  
 Myn entent I praye you here and se.  
 I am weH ronne vp in age,  
 But not borne of hye lenage. 7980  
 Yet an olde prouerbe seyde it is aH  
 Of a fole a wysman may [day :  
 Take wyte, þis is *with-out* drede.'  
 'Sey on,' seyde aH, 'nowe God the  
 spede.' 7984  
 'Lordynges,' he seyde, '*with-out* failt,  
 I am not abiH you to counseth,  
 For who shaH a counseth yeue,  
 Hym is good to be ware of repreue, 7988  
 Leste men) sey he is worthy no wage.  
 He counsellede þis for his owne avan-  
 tage.  
 Lordynges, þe entente of my mater  
 I wiH you teH, yef ye lyste to here. 7992  
 Takyth it in no wyse for no counseth.  
 But yef ye thynke it may a-vayH  
 Heryth it, and þen) ley it asyde.

All the lords  
present were  
neighbours  
to some or  
other of the  
kings who  
had been  
proposed,  
and conse-  
quently  
spoke from  
interested  
motives.

Ye wote wele how large and wyde 7996  
My ladies lordshippes lye here a-boute.  
To you it is not in grete doute  
þere is [no] lorde þat now is here,  
But þat he is in lande a marchere 8000  
To some of þe lordes a-fore seide,  
Eiche of hem þer-fore wolde be wele paide  
To haue hym a kyng to whome he is a marchere,  
Of hym to haue better lordshipþ and chere. 8004  
Eiche man for his avauntage doþe chese,  
FuH litiH heede take they of my ladies ease.  
This is no resone me pinketh, be my life.  
I wole make an ende of aH þis strif, 8008  
And taketh good heed what I shaH sey,  
I shaH shew you a new wey.  
My lady is of grete honour,  
And of beaute she bereth þe flour 8012  
Of aH women, þis wote ye,  
That in þis worlde I trow be.  
She is *porto* but right tendre of age.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Ye wote wele how large and wyde 7996  
My ladyes lordshyppes lye here aboute.  
To yow hit ys not in grete doute  
There ys no lord that now ys heere,  
But he ys in lond a marchere 8000  
To som of [the] lordys a-fore sayd.  
Eche of hem ther-for wold be wyth  
payde  
To haue hym a king to whom he ys  
marcheyre,  
Of hym to haue the better lordeship  
and cheere. 8004  
Eche man for his a-vauntage doth  
chese  
FuH lytett heed take they of my lades  
ese.  
Thys ys no reson me thenketh, be my  
lyfe. 8007  
I wot make an end of aH thys stryfe.  
And taketh goode heede what I shaH  
sey,  
I shaH shew yow a mene wey.  
My lady ys of grete honour,  
and of beaute she beryth the flour  
Of aH women, this wote wele ye, 8012  
That in this world I trow be.  
She ys therto / but ryght tendyr of age.

## Rawl. MS.

Ye wot weH howe large and wyde 7996  
My ladyes lordchippes lye here aboute.  
To you it is not in grete doute  
There is no lorde þat nowe is here  
But þat he is in lond a marchere 8000  
The some of the lordes afore seyde.  
Eche of hem þer-fore were weH payde  
To haue hym a kynge to whom a  
marchere,  
Of hym to haue þe beter lordchipe and  
chere. 8004  
Eche man for his advantage dothe chese,  
FuH lytiH hede take þey of my ladyes  
eyse.  
This is no reson me thynke, be my lyfe.  
I witt make an ende of aH þis stryfe.  
Takyth good hede what I shaH  
sey, [leaf 63] 8009  
I shaH shewe you a mene wey.  
My lady is of grete honoure  
And of beute she beryth þe flour 8012  
Of aH women, þis wot weH ye,  
That in þis worlde I trowe be.  
She is *par-* to right tender of age.



Many cite, casteH, and pore village	8016	
That ben vnder hir gouernaunce,		
Many a pore man may she avaunce.		
Of lordes, of knyghtis eke she is so stronge		
That no [man] may do hir no wronge.	8020	
Wherefore me thinkeþ þat reasone wolde		
Hir <u>soueraigne</u> lorde chose she sholde.		
And if she chese a lorde for richesse,		
If he lak manhode and prowessse,	8024	Their beaut ful Queen should choose for herself.
This myght be mysschief to vs aH.		
Or it myght elles so be-faH		What they all wanted was a manly and chival- rous king.
She chose a man of smaH degre,		
So a gentillman borne þat he be,	[leaf 101, back] 8028	
Fre, curteise, stable, and debonaire,		
Stronge, wele shapen, of visage faire,		
Manly, trew, friendly <i>with</i> to dele,		
Such a man shuld do right wele.	8032	
If such were founde be her owne chesyng,		
To vs pis myght neuer be reprovyng.		
And how pis myght In brought be		And such a king might be found.
I shaH you teH, as thinketh me :	8036	

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Many Cyte, casteH, and poor vyllage  
That be vnder the gouernaunce,  
Many a poor man may she a-vaunce.

Of lordes, of knyghtes eke She ys so  
stronge,

That no man may do her no wronge.  
Where-fore me thenketh that reson  
wold 8021

Hyr soueraygne lorde chose she shold.

And yH She chese a lord for Rychesse,

Yf he lak manhode and prowessse, 8024

This myght be myschyf to vs aH.

Or hyt myght elles so be-falle [leaf 66]

She chose a man of smale degre,

So a gentylman born that he be, 8028

Fre, curtayse, stable, and debonayre,

Strong, weH shapen, of vysage fayre,

Manly, trew, frendly wyth to dele,

Such a man shuld do ryght wele. 8032

Yf such were found be hyr owne  
chesyng,

To vs thys myght neuer be reprovyng.

And how thys myght Inne brought be

I shaH yow teH, as thenketh me : 8036

*Rowl. MS.*

Many Cete, CasteH, and poure vylage  
That ben vnder þer gouernaunce, 8017  
And many a poure man she may  
avaunce.

Of lordes, knyghtes eke she is stronge,

That no man may do hir no wronge. 8020

Where-for me thyneke þat reson wolde

Here souerayne lorde chese she sholde.

And yef she chese a lorde for Ryches,

Yef he lake manhode and prowes 8024

This myght be myschelf of vs aH.

Ore eHes it myght be-faH

She chose a man of lowe degre,

So a gentil man borne þat he be, 8028

Fre, courteyse, lentiH and de-boueyre,

Stronge, weH shape, of vessage fayre,

Manly, true, frendly *with* to delle,

Soych a man shulde do right weH. 8032

Yef soyche were fonde be hir chesyng,

To vs myght neuer be repreuy[n]ge.

And howe þis in brought myght be

I shaH you teH, as thynekeH me : 8036

ll. 8031-32 inverted in MS.

A fair  
should be  
announced  
for Whit-  
suntide the  
next year.

At witsonetyde þe next yere,  
Be writte lette be charged to be here  
Marchauntes of aH maner degre,  
That of þe queen holde any maner fee, 8040  
Where they be fre or Elles bounde,  
With her marchaundise vpon þe stronde,  
And that a fayre here holden be  
Of marchaundise of aH maner degre, 8044  
And xv. dayes it shaH be holden here.  
There shaH no man no custome bere,  
To þe fayres avauntage þis gretely shaH be,  
Also peace prow all þe contre 8048  
Be cried for straunger, as we devisen.  
They piche vp her bopes, and þerin good wyne  
ShaH be to seH; it may not fayle  
There moste be plente of aH vitayle, 8052  
Hors, armour that longeth to Chevalry,  
Wele beten Trappers, stedes to þe wey,  
Sheldes, speres peynted fuH gay,  
Sadels, helmes of aH maner assay, 8056

There should  
be booths,  
good wine,  
and all ap-  
purtenances  
of chivalry.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

At witsontyde the next yere,  
Be wrytt late be chargid to be here  
Marchauntes of all maner degre, 8039  
That of the queen hold any maner fee,  
Where they be free / or elles bounde,  
Wyth her marchaundyse vpon the  
strond, 8042  
And that a fayre holden be  
Of marchaundyse of aH maner degre,  
And xv days hyt shaH be holden here.  
Ther shaH no man no custome bere,  
To the fayres a-vauntage this gretely  
shaH be,  
Also peas / throw aH the Contree 8048  
Be cryed / for straunger, as we devysyn.  
They pyches vp her boothes, and ther-  
yn good wynd 8050  
ShaH be to seH, hyt may not fayle,  
There most be plente of aH vytaile,  
Hors, armor that longeth to chevalry,  
Wele beten trappures, steedys to the  
wey, 8054  
Sheldes, speres peyntyd fuH gay,  
Sadelles, helmes of aH maner assay,

## Rawl. MS.

At whytsontyde þe nexte yere,  
Be wryte let be chargyde to be here  
Marchauntes of aH maner degre,  
That of þe quene holde any maner fee,  
Where þey fre ore elles bounde, 8041  
With hir marchantyse vppon þe  
stronde,  
And þat a feyre here holden be 8043  
Of marchantyse of aH maner degre,  
And xv dayes it shaH be holde here.  
Ther shaH no man no costum bere,  
To þe fayres avantage gretly shaH be

Also pese þorwe aH the countre 8048  
Be cryde for stranger as we devysyn.<sup>1</sup>  
The pyche of þer bothis, and þer-in  
good wynd [1 leaf 63, back] 8050

8048. MS. rather pass.

That longeth to turneyng,\* may not be behynde,  
 To be solde \* men moste pere redy fynde.  
 Be þen pore men her bopes vp haue  
 Her good þerin forto save, 8060  
 And eke grete marchauntes her payvlone,  
 It shaH seme a right wele fayre towne.  
 On þe toper side ordeyned it mot be  
 Herodes to ride in euery contre 8064  
 That bene vnder cristen lay,  
 To proclame vpon what day  
 A RoyaH turnement here þan shaH be, [leaf 102]  
 And it shaH laste dayes þre. 8068  
 Also to warne eich worpi knyght  
 To shew her knyghthode and her myght,  
 And how þe turnament shaH be-gynne,  
 Who so euer happe þe gre to wyne, 8072  
 On monday next after þe faire day.  
 And aH þe ferre straungers with-uten nay  
 ShuH be herborowed on þis side ;

8057. MS. turnemyng.

8058. solde] *the last two letters too rubbed to read.*

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

That longeth to turnyng, may not be  
 be-hynde, 8057  
 To be sold men) must there redy fynde.  
 Be than) pore men) her booths vp haue  
 Hir goode ther-In for to save, 8060  
 And eke grete marchaunges her payv-  
 lon),  
 Hyt shaH seme a ryght wele fayre  
 town), [leaf 66, back]  
 On) the other syde ordenyd mote hit be  
 Herewdes to ryde in euery contree 8064  
 That be vndyr crysten) lay,  
 To proclayme vpon) what day  
 A ryat) turnement here than) shaH be,  
 And yt shaH lest days thre. 8068  
 Also to warne eche worthy knyght  
 To shew her knyght-hode and her  
 myght,  
 And how the turnement shaH be-gynne,  
 Who so euer happe the gree to wyne,  
 A monday next after the fayre day.  
 And alle the ferre straungers wyth-  
 outhen) nay 8074  
 Shuld be herbored on) thys syde ;

To be solde men) moste þer redy  
 fynde. 8058  
 Be þen poure men þer bothis haue  
 Hir good þer-in foreto saue, 8060  
 And eke grete marchantes þer payvel-  
 on),  
 Hit shaH seme a right feyre towne.  
 On þat oper syde ordeynede moste be  
 Herowdes to ryde in-to euery contre  
 That ben vnder crystyn lay, 8065  
 To proclame vppon what day  
 A RoyaH turment here shaH be,  
 And it shaH laste dayes thre. 8068  
 Also to warne euery worthy knyght  
 To shewe here knyghthode and here  
 myght,  
 And howe þe turment shaH be-gyne,  
 Who so euer hape þe gre to wyne, 8072  
 On monday nexte after þe feyre day.  
 And aH þe ferre stronger with-out nay  
 ShaH be loggyde on þis syde ;

The Queen  
and the  
judges  
might sit  
in the  
dungeon.

On the  
fourth day  
the judges  
should  
select six  
or seven  
knights who  
had distin-  
guished  
themselves;  
and the  
Queen was  
to choose  
one of them.

In þe faire aH þe toþer shaH a-bide. 8076  
And my lady herborowed shaH be  
In þe dongeon) for more suerte.  
Be hir also moste sitte þere  
The lordes aH þat shuH bere 8080  
The charge of þe rightfuH Iugement,  
Who þat shaH haue þe gree of þe turnamente.  
Thre dayes þis tournament shaH laste.  
On þe fourte day þe Iuges moste caste 8084  
Which doþe beste to \* haue þe degre.  
Of þes moste vj. or viij. be  
Chosen oute of þe worthiest,  
And which my lady liketh best 8088  
Hym she moste take for hir souerayne,  
And here on þis medowe faire and playne  
The tournament holden shaH be,  
þat my lady and þe Iuges may se. 8092  
Hidder shaH come many a Riche marchaunte,  
Fro Venyse, fro Ypres, and fro Gaunte,  
To wynd vpon her marchaundise.

8085. to] MS. moste.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

In the fayre that aH the other shaH 8076  
a-byde.  
In the dongeon) for more suertee,  
Be her also most sytt there  
The lordys aH that shuH bere 8080  
The charge of the ryght-fuH Iugement,  
Who that shaH haue gree of the turna-  
ment.  
Th[r]e days thys turnement shaH fast.  
On) the fourth dayes the Iugees must  
cast 8084  
Which do best to haue the gree.  
Of these must vj or seven) be  
Chosen) oute of the worthyest,  
And which my [lady] lyketh best 8088  
Hym) She must take for her souerayne.  
And here on) this medew fayre and  
playn)  
The turnement holden) shaH be,  
That my lady and the Iugees may se.  
Hedyr shaH come many a fayre  
merchaunt 8093  
Fro Venyse, fro Ipers and fro Gaunt,  
To wyinne vpon) her Marchaundyse.

*Rawl. MS.*

In þe feyre aH þat oþer shaH abyde. 8076  
And my lady herberwyde shaH be  
In þe dongon for more suerte.  
Be here also moste syt þere  
The lordes aH þat shuH bere 8080  
The charge of right-fuH Iugement,  
Who þat shaH haue þe gre of þe tur-  
ment.  
Thre dayes þis turment shaH laste.  
On þe iiij day Iuges moste caste 8084  
Whyche do beste to haue þe gre.  
Of þese moste vj or viij be  
Chosyn) out of the worthyeste,  
And whiche my lady louyth beste 8088  
Hym she moste take for here souerayne.  
And here on) þis medewe fayre and  
playne  
The turment holde shaH be, 8091  
That my lady and þe Iuges may see.  
Heþer shaH come many a goodly mar-  
chante  
Fro Venyse, fro Iprys, and fro Gand  
To wyne vppon) þer marchantyse.

Of þe turnament eke to haue þe prise	8096	
Hedir wole come many a worpi knyght,		
And þis wole be a Royall sight.		
Lordynges,' seide Armulus, 'what sey ye?		
My tale is tolde, and if not be	8100	
Agreable vnto all your entente,		
In you lieth now amendmente.'		
When Armulus had his reasone seide,		The lords
The lordes þerto agreed were and apayde.	8104	agreed
Thus here shaþ be þis turnament,		to this
And I am assented to her entente,	[leaf 102, back]	proposal.
Which, Suster, to me is grete sorowe.		
When I thinke þeron, Even and morowe,	8108	It is this
I moste nedes faþ in moche sighyng.		tournament
Also, good suster, of my wepyng		that causes
This is þe cause, and not Partonope.		all her woe.
But, faire suster, I wole þat ye	8112	
In þis mater knowe aþ my wiþ.		
To love Partonope I haue more skiþ		She now
Then any of þo þat they wole chese,		loses her
Grete sorowe moste I haue þus to lese	8116	old love,
		Partonope.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Of the turnement eke to haue the pryse  
Hedyr wyþ come many a worthy  
knyght, 8097  
And this woþ be a ryall syght,  
Lordynges,' sayd Aranlus, 'what say  
ye?  
My tale ys told, and yf not be 8100  
A-greabyþ vn-to aþ youre entent,  
In yow lyeth now amendement.' [leaf 67]  
**W** Han) Ermulus had hys resow) sayd,  
The lordys thereto a-greed and  
were a-payd. 8104  
Thus here shaþ be thys Inturnement,  
And I am assented to here entent,  
Which, suster, to me ys grete sorow.  
Whan) I thenke þeron, even) and  
morow, 8108  
I must nedes falle in moch syghing.  
Also, goode suster, of my wepyng  
This ys the cause, and not Partanope.  
But fayre suster, I woþ that yee 8112  
In thys mater know aþ aþ my wyle.  
To love Partanope I haue more skyþ  
Than) any of tho that they woþ chese.  
Grete sorow must I haue thus to lese

## Rawl. MS.

Of þe turment eke to haue þe pryse 8096  
Heþer wiþ come many a goodly knyght,  
And þis wiþ be a royall sight.  
'Lordynges,' seyde Armelus, 'what sey  
ye? [leaf 64]  
My tale is tolde; yef it nowe be 8100  
Agreabiþ vnto youre entente  
In you lythe nowe amendemente.'  
• When Armelus hade his tale seyde,  
The lordes greede, and were apayde. 8104  
Thus here shaþ be þe turmente,  
And I am assentyde to þer entente,  
Whiche, systre, to me is grete sorwe.  
When) I thynke þer-on, evyn) and  
morwe, 8108  
I moste nedes faþ in meche sighyng.  
Also, good systre, of my wepyng  
This is þe cause, and not Partonope.  
But, feyre systre, I wyþ þat ye 8112  
In þis mater knowe aþ my wiþ.  
To loue Partonope I haue more skiþ  
Then any of the þat þey wiþ chese.  
Grete sorwe moste I haue þis to lese 8116

- My love, my Ioy, my Partonope,  
 For truly, suster, he moste nedes be  
 Moste in my thought, while I am alyve,  
 To you aH holy I do me shryve."— 8120
- Urake  
 reproaches  
 her sister  
 for being so  
 inconstant.  
 "Ey, God helpe," seide good Wrake,  
 "What woman of you may I make?  
 Ye be, me þinketh, fuH vnstable;  
 Youre herte is euer so chaungeable. 8124  
 I haue grete mervaylle, be God a-bove,  
 Ye can Partonope \* hope hate and love,  
 And þat oones and in oo day.  
 Grete Ioy of you haue I may. 8128  
 Yite for litiH your herte couþe chaunge,  
 I trowe, fro hym, and love a straunge."  
 When Melior herde Wrake hir blame,  
 And to hir seide so moche shame, 8132  
 For sorowe she wist not what to do,  
 But wept as þough hir herte a-two  
 Shuld haue broste; and þerwith she  
 Leyde hir downe on hir susters kne. 8136  
 Longe after she seide fuH petiously :

8126. MS. patronope.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

My love, my Ioy, my Partonope. 8117  
 For truly, suster, he must nedes be  
 Moost in my thought, while I am  
 a-lyve.  
 To you allholly I do me schryfe."—  
 "Ey, God help," sayd good Vrak, 8121  
 "What woman of you may I make?  
 Ye be, me thenketh, fuH vnstable;  
 Your hert ys euer chaungeable. 8124  
 I haue grete mervayle, be God above,  
 Ye can Partonope both hate and love,  
 And that at ones and in oo day.  
 Grete Ioy of you haue I may, 8128  
 Yett for lyteH your hert cowde  
 chaunge,  
 I trow, fro hym, and love a straunge."  
 When Melior herd Vrak her blame,  
 And to her sayd so moche shame, 8132  
 For sorow she wist not what to do,  
 But wept as thogh her hert a-two  
 Shuld haue brost, and ther-wyth she  
 Leyde her downe on her susters kne.  
 Longe after she sayd fuH petiously: 8137

## Rowl. MS.

My loue, my Ioye, my Partonope,  
 For truly, syster, he moste nedes be  
 Moste in my þought, while I leue.  
 To you aH holy I wiH me shreyne."—  
 "Ey, God helpe," seyde good Wrake,  
 "What woman of you may I make?  
 Ye be, me thynketh, fuH vnstabiH;  
 Your hert is euer fuH chaungabiH. 8124  
 I haue grete merveth, be God above,  
 Ye can Partonope bothe hate and loue,  
 And þat at onys and in on day.  
 Grete Ioye of you haue I may. 8128  
 Yet for lytiH youre hert couthe change,  
 I trowe for hym, and loue a stronge."  
 When Melyore herde Wrake her blame,  
 And to her seyde so meche shame, 8132  
 For sorwe she wyste not what to do,  
 But wypte as þough here hert atwo  
 Shulde haue breste, and þer-with she  
 Leyde hir downe on hir syster kne. 8136  
 Longe after she seyde fuH petiously :

"Wrake, good suster, I cry you mercy.  
And for Goddis love, now conseylle me  
My love to haue I myght beste be  
Governed; for fully in you I trust,  
And ye can counseylle me for þe beste."

8140

"Suster," seide Wrake, "as pinkep me,

But Wrake's  
ironical  
answer

Ye haue sett your-self in good degre,

8144

And as now moste for your beste.

[leaf 193]

Ye mow chese whome euer ye liste

Of such complexion ye mowe take

Of browne, of bloye, or elles of blake,

8148

As is moste to your plesaunce.

Wherfore desyre ye a fayrere chaunce?"

"Good suster," þen seide Melior,

"Ye make myn herte wonder sore.

8152

only aids  
to Melior's  
grief.

And hardely, suster, grete syn haue ye

Thus vngoodly to rehet me.

Grete synn haþe þat list to displeace

A lady for love lieth in diseace."—

8156

"That is soþe," seide good Wrake.

"It is grete almes, I dar vndirtake,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

"Vrak, good suster, I crye yow mercy.  
And for Goddes love, now counsayth me  
My loue to haue I myght best be 8140  
Governed; for fully in yow I trust.

And eke ye can counsayth me for the  
best." [leaf 67, back]

"Suster," sayd Vrak, "as thenkeith  
me,

Ye haue sett youre-self in good degre,

And, as now most for youre best, 8145

Ye now chese whom y[li]ken ye lest.

Of suche compleceion ye mow take

Of broune, of bloye, or elles of blak,

As ye most to youre plesaunce. 8149

Where-fore desyre ye a fayre chaunce?"

"Gode Suster," sayd than Melior,

"Ye make my hert wondyr sore.

And hardyly, suster, grete synne haue  
ye 8153

Thus vngodely to rehet me.

Grete synne hath that lyst dysplese

A lady for love lyeth in desese."—

"That ys soth," sayd good Vrak. 8157

"Hyt ys grete almes, I dare vndyr-take,

"Wrake, good syster, I crye you mercy,

For Goddes loue, now counseth me

My loue to haue I myght beste be 8140

Gouer[n]de; for fully to you I truste,

And ye can counseth me þe beste."

"Syster," seyde Wrake, "as thynketh  
me, [leaf 64, back]

Ye haue set youre-selfe in good degre,

And as nowe moste for þe beste. 8145

Ye may chese whom euer ye lyste.

Of soyche complexion ye may take

Of browne, of bloye, ore of blake, 8148

As is moste to youre plesaunce

Where-for desyre ye a fayre chaunce?"

"Good syster," seyde þen Melyore,

"Ye make my hert þen wonder sore

And hardly, syster, grete syn haue ye

Thus vngoodly to rehet me. 8154

Grete synne he hathe þat lyste to dysse-  
plese.

A lady for loue lyth in dysseyse."—8156

"That is sothe," seyde good Wrake.

"Hit is grete almes, I vn[der]take,

8155. dysseplese] First e seems altered from y.

- A lady to sle a gentiH knyght  
That loveth hir truly *with aH* his myght." 8160
- If Urake  
knew love,  
she says,  
she would  
not be so  
unkind.
- Then seide þe lady : " I fele wele  
In loves daunger ye are neuer a dele.  
But God may ordeyn here-after þat ye  
In loves daunse caught may be. 8164  
Then aH þes Iapes wole ye leve,  
Then shuH ye fele somewhat my greve."
- Urake  
replies that  
she will not,  
at any rate,  
hate the  
man she  
loves.
- þEn seide Wrake : " I wiH *neuer* more  
To you speke, sith þat so sore 8168  
My wordes to you grevaunce be  
For when God wiH, *suster*, mow ye  
In love here-after fuH truly,  
And þen I hote you þat *neuer* shaH I 8172  
Hym þat I love for no-þing hate,  
For þat were an vngoodly debate."
- " Love and  
hate depend  
on the God  
of love."
- Then seide Melior : " þis may wele be.  
But when God of love and ye 8176  
Haue ben to-gedre þat ye hym serve,  
And he you bynde tiH þat ye sterve,  
Thus fro his servise *neuer* parte shaH ye.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

A lady to sle a gentyH knyght  
That lovyth her truly wyht aH hys  
myght." 8160

Than) sayde the lady : " I fele wele  
In loves daungere are ye *neuer* a dele.  
But God may ordayn here-after that ye  
In lous daunse caught may be. 8164  
Than) alle these Iapes wole ye leve,  
Than) shaH ye feele somewaht my  
greffe."

THan) sayd Vrak : " I woH *neuer* more  
To yow speke, syth that sore 8168  
My wordys to yow grevaunce be.  
For whan) God wyth, *Suster*, to yow ye  
In love here-after fuH treuly, 8171  
And than) I hote yow, *neuer* shaH I  
Hym) that I love for no-thing hate,  
For that were an vngodely debate."

Than) sayd Meliour : " Thys may wele  
be.  
But whan) God of love and ye 8176  
Haue bene to-gedyr, that ye hym) serve,  
And he yow bynde tyH that ye sterve,  
Thus fro hys *seruyce* *neuer* part shuH  
yee,

## Rawl. MS.

A lady to sle a IentiH knyght  
That lonyth here *with aH* his myght."

Then) seyde she : " I fele weH 8161  
In louys damage are ye *neuer* a delle.  
But God may ordeyne here-after þat ye  
In louys daunce caught may be. 8164  
Then) aH þis Iapis wiH ye lene,  
Then) shuld ye fele somewhat my grene."

Then seyde Wrake : " I wiH *neuer* more  
To you speke, sethe þat so sore 8168  
My wordes to youre grevaunce be.  
For when) God wiH, *syster*, may ye  
In loue haste fuH truly.  
Then) I hote you, *neuer* shaH I 8172  
Hym) þat I loue for nothyng hate,  
For þat were an vngodly debate."

Then) seyde Melyore : " þis may weH  
be.  
But when God of loue *and* ye 8176  
Haue ben to-geder þat ye hym *serue*,  
And he you bynde þat ye *sterne*,  
Thus fro his *seruyse* *neuer* part shaH  
ye,



- Then shuH ye wele teH me 8180  
 To love ne to hate shuH ye haue no power,  
 But as ye may be to hym moste plesaire."  
 Then seide Wrake: "If love me bynde [leaf 103, back If that is so  
 Hym to serve in such a kynde, 8184 Urake does  
 not care  
 for love.  
 What ping shaH make me my love to hate?  
 Be-twene vs rise shaH neuer debate.  
 Truly, suster, I sey for me  
 Of his servise haue I no deynte."— 8188  
 "Be þe feith, suster, þat I hym owe,"  
 Seid Melior, "ye shuH wele knowe  
 Boþe þat and moche oþer ping more  
 Ye felte [neuer] sith tyme \* ye were bore." 8192  
 Then seide Wrake: "Love ye on faste!  
 Hym to serve haue I no haste:  
 For suster ye can neuer teH me  
 Where I love paramours in any degre."— 8196  
 "Ye, suster," þen seide Meliore,  
 "Ye know þat is a-go fuH yore.  
 Where my herte was sette to love,  
 There it is aH-wey, be God a-bove. 8200  
 8192. sith tyme] MS. tyme sith.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- Than) saH ye wele telle me [leaf 65]  
 To loue ne to hate shaH ye haue no  
 powere, 8181  
 But as ye may be to hym) most plesure."  
 Than) sayd Vrak: "Yf love me bynde  
 Hym) to seruy in such a kynde, 8184  
 What thyng shaH make me / my love  
 to hate?  
 Be-twen) vs ryse shaH neuer debate.  
 Truly, suster, I sey now for me  
 Of hys seruyce haue I no deynte." 8188  
 "Be the fayth, suster, that I hym) ow,"  
 Seyd Melior, "ye shaH weH knowe  
 Both that and moche other thyng more  
 Ye felt neuer syth tyme ye were bore."  
 Than) sayd Vrak: "Love ye on) fast!  
 Hym) to serue haue I no haste.  
 For, suste[r], ye canne neuer teH me  
 Where I love paramou[r]s in any  
 degre." 8196  
 "Ya, suster," than) sayd Melior,  
 "Ye know that ys go fuH yore.  
 Where my hert was sett to love,  
 There yt ys alwey, be God above. 8200

## Rawl. MS.

- <sup>1</sup> Then) shaH ye weH teH me 8180  
 To loue ne to hate shaH ye haue no  
 poure, [1 leaf 65]  
 But as ye may be to hym) moste plesure."  
 Then) seyde Wrake: "Yef loue me  
 bynde  
 Hym) to serue in soyche a kynde, 8184  
 What thyng shaH make me my loue  
 to hate?  
 Be-twene vs ryse shaH neuer debate.  
 Truly, syster, I sey nowe for me  
 Of his seruyse haue I no deynte."—  
 "Be the feyth, syster, þat I owe," 8189  
 Seyde Melyore, "ye shaH weH knowe  
 Bothe þat and moche oþer more  
 Ye felt neuer sethe ye were bore." 8192  
 Then) seyde Wrake: "Loue ye on faste!  
 Hym) to serue haue I no haste.  
 For, syster, ye con neuer teH me  
 Where I loue paramour in ony degre."—  
 "Ye, syster," þen) seyde Melyore, 8197  
 "Ye knowe þat is a-goo fuH yore.  
 Where myne hert was set to loue,  
 There it is aH-wey, be God aboute. 8200

- And, suster, ye speke euer of oo þinge,  
 Ye can neuer make þerof Endyng.  
 And as touchyng þis parlement.  
 What my lordes þerin haue ment, 8204  
 And what euer they meane, so mote I go,  
 As me list beste so wiH I do.”
- “No, she is obliged to accept the victor of the tournament.”  
 Then seide hir suster Wrake :  
 “þough ye litiH heede here-of take 8208  
 In suche place ye be now brought,  
 Be ought or be it nought :  
 He þat wynneth þe turnament,  
 Ye moste haue hym by Iugement.”— 8212
- Mellior will choose no other than the man she loves.  
 “Suster,” she seide, “I shaH neuer take  
 For hem aH none oþer make  
 But such as hathe aH hole my herte,  
 How sore þerof pat euer I smerte.”— 8216  
 “I wote neuer whome ye love beste,  
 But wele I wote ye haue skiH moste  
 To Partonope, whome [-euer] ye chēse,  
 Who euer yow he shaH lese.” 8220
- She loves Partonope,  
 Then seide Melior : “It is not so.  
 I love hym truly and no mo. — [leaf 104]

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And, suster, ye spek euer of on) thyng,  
 Yecan) neuer make therof endyng.  
 And as touching thys parlament,  
 What my lordes there-In haue ment,  
 And what euer they mene. So motte I  
 go, [1 leaf 65, back] 8205  
 As me list best So wele I do.”  
 Than) sayd her suster Vrak :  
 “Thow ye lyteH heede here-of take,  
 In such plyte ye be now brought,  
 B[e] ought or be hyt naught : 8210  
 He that wynneth the turnement,  
 Ye must haue hym Indegent.”  
 “Suster,” She sayd, “I shaH neuer take  
 For hem) aH none other make 8214  
 But such that hath aH hole my hert,  
 How sore therfor that euer I smert.”—  
 “I wote neuer whom) ye love best. 8217  
 But wele I wote ye haue sylk mest  
 To Partonope, whom) euer ye chese,  
 Who euer yow / he shaft yow lese.” 8220  
 Than) sayde Melior : “Hyt [is] not so,  
 I loue hym) truly and no moo.

## Rawl. MS.

And, systur, ye speke euer of thyng),  
 Ye con neuer make þer-of endyng.  
 And as toycheyng þis parlemente,  
 What my lordes þer-in haue mente, 8204  
 And what euer þey mene mot I goo,  
 As me lyste beste so wiH I do.”  
 Then) seyde hir systur Wrake :  
 “Though ye lytiH hede here-of take,  
 In soyche plyte ye be brought, 8209  
 Be it ought ore be it nought :  
 He þat wynneth þe turmente,  
 Ye moste haue hym by Iuggemente.”—  
 “Syster,” she seyde, “I shaH neuer  
 take [1 leaf 65, back] 8214  
 For hem aH none oþer make  
 But soyche as hath houly my herte,  
 Howe sore þer-fore þat euer I smerte.”—  
 “I wot neuer whom ye loue beste,  
 But weH I wot ye haue skiH meste  
 To Partonope, whom euer ye chose,  
 Who euer haue yon, he shall you lese.”  
 Then) seyde Melyore : “It is not so.  
 I loue hym truly and no mo. 8222

- What euer þe Ingles deme a-bove,  
 I yeve hym fully aH my love."— 8224  
 "To late þes wordes ye haue seide.  
 Ye moste nedes holde you paide  
 To haue hym your lorde þat be lugement  
 Hath borne hym beste in þe turnament." 8228  
 Then seide Melior: "Ye sey now\* soþe.  
 But siþe to me þis is so loþe,  
 I shaH make hem leve her entent  
 And anulle aH þis turnement." 8232  
 Then seide Wrake: "þis may not be.  
 It is proclamed in many a contree  
 That agreed ye be fully þerto;  
 What euer ye sey it moste be do." 8236  
 AH wepyng answerd Meliore:  
 "It hath be spoke so ferre afore  
 To aH þe worlde is now hilder comyng.  
 Of nought it serveth aH my repentyng!" 8240  
 Then seide Wrake: "It wole not be.  
 AH þis wepyng for Partonope,  
 Lette þis go for euer with-outen fayle,  
 Thus is, suster, my fuH counseyle." 8244  
 8229. now] MS. not.

and will  
 counter-  
 mand the  
 tournament.

"That is  
 now too  
 late."

Melior's  
 repentance  
 is of no  
 avail.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

What euer [the] Ingles deme a-bove,  
 I yeve hym fully aH my love."— 8224  
 "To lete thys wordes ye haue sayde.  
 Ye must nedes hold yow payde  
 To haue hym your lord þat be lugement  
 Hath born hym best in the turne-  
 ment." 8228  
 Than sayd Melior: "Ye say now soth,  
 But syth to me thys ys so both,  
 I shaH make hem leve her entent  
 And anulle aH this In-turnement."  
 Than sayd Vrak: "Thys may not be.  
 Hyt ys proclaymed in many a contre  
 That a-greed fully ye be ther-to;  
 What euer ye say hit must be do."  
 AH wepyng answerd Melior: 8237  
 "Hit hath be spokeyn so ferre and nere  
 To aH the world ys now hedyr comyng.  
 Of nought hit serveth aH myn repen-  
 yng!" 8240  
 Than sayd Vrak: "Late now be  
 AH this wepyng for Partanope.  
 Late this goo for euer wyth-outen fayle.  
 This ys, suster, my fuH counsayth."

## Rosl. MS.

What euer the Ingges deme aboue,  
 I yeue hym fully aH my loue."— 8224  
 "To late þis wordes ye haue seyde.  
 Ye moste nedes holde you payde  
 To haue hym þat be lugment  
 Hathe borne hym beste in turmente."  
 Then seyde Melyor: "Ye sey sothe.  
 But sethe to me þis is so lothe 8230  
 I shaH make hem leue here entente  
 And anuH aH þis turment." 8232  
 Then seyde Wrake: "It may not be.  
 Hit is proclamyde in many a contre  
 That agrede fully ye be þer-to.  
 What euer ye sey it moste be do." 8236  
 AH wepynge answerde Melyore:  
 "Hit hathe be spoke so ferre afore,  
 AH þe worlde is heper comy[n]ge.  
 Of nought seruyth my repentyng!"  
 Then seyde Wrake: "Let nowe be  
 AH þis wepyng for Partonope.  
 Let þis goo for euer with-out faith,  
 This is, syster, my fuH counseth." 8244

She has lost  
Partonope  
through her  
own folly.

Ayein answerde faire Meliore :

"Nedes moste my herte be sore,

Sith þrow myn owne foly

Myn hertes loy þus loste haue I."

8248

"You will  
not see  
Partonope  
at the tour-  
nament,"  
says Uiake.

"Suster," seide Wrake, þis faire mayde,

"Thes wordes be now to late seide.

For no doute þis ye shuþ not se

At þis turnament Partonope.

8252

And þis is þe moste wo of aþ :

In your power it may not faþ

To chese your love pere as ye luste,

But where your Iuges likeþ beste.

8256

To hym ye moste yeue aþ your herte,

Though it do so youre herte smerte.

They shuþ chese, but ye moste love.

þis mariage, me þinketh, may not prove.

8260

For who þat shaþ love, as þinketh me,

The choyse aþ in hym moste be.

Of þis it nedeth not to speke more.

[leaf 104, back]

But when I kneled and wept fuþ sore,

8264

The choice  
lies in the  
hands of the  
judges.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A-yene answerd fayre Melior :

"Nedys must my hert be sore

Syth throw myn owne foly

Myn hertes loy thus lost haue I." 8248

"Suster," sayd Vrak, this fayre

mayde,

"This wordes be now to late sayd.

For no dowte this ye not shaþ see

At this turnement Partanope. 8252

And this ys the most wo of aþ :

In your power hit may not faþ

To chese your love there as ye lust,

But where your Iuges lyketh best. 8256

To hym ye must yeue aþ your hert,

Thoght yt do yow sore smert. [leaf 69]

They shuþ chese, but ye must love.

This Maryage me thenketh may not

prove. 8260

For who that shuld love, as thenketh

me,

The choyse algate in hym must be.

Of this nedyth not to speke no more.

But whanne I kneled and wept fuþ

sore, 8264

*After 8257 catchword: Though hit do yow*

*sore.*

*Rowl. MS.*

Ayen answerde fayre Melyore :

"Nedes moste myne hert be sore,

Sethe þorwe myne owne folye

My hertes loye þus loste haue I."—8248

"Syster," seyde Wrake, þis fayre

mayde,

"This wordes ben to late seyde.

For no doute þis ye shaþ not se

At þis turnment Partonope. 8252

And þis is þe moste wo of aþ :

In youre poure it may not faþ

To chese youre loue þer ye lyste,

But where youre Iugges leketh beste.

To hym ye moste yeue youre herte, 8257

Though it do you sore smerte.

They shaþ chese, but ye moste loue.

This me thyneke may not proue. 8260

For who shaþ loue, as thynekeþ me,

Praying you to for-gyve Partonope,  
Then herde in no wise myght I be.

But þis is a fuH olde sawe :

Nede hathe no maner of lawe.

8268

Therfore my counseyll is atte leste :

Taketh hym to your love þat turneþ beste."

Now with þes wordes þes susters two

"I advise  
you to marry  
the man  
who fights  
best."

Ben risen, and into a chambre go.

8272

And in shorte tyme þis fayre Wrake

Of hir suster hir leve [hath] take.

Urake now  
takes her  
departure,

She þinketh fuH longe, while she is þere,

She wolde fuH fayne be Elles-where.

8276

Now shortely to speke, þis good Wrake

Of Melior hir suster leve hape take.

And Melior prayeth fayre þat she

With hir atte turnement wil be,

8280

And she hir graunted with good chere,

Saying: Suster, I wole be þere."

but promises  
her sister to  
be present  
at the  
tournament.

Of hir leve takyng no more I make.

But streight to shipp gope Wrake.

8284

Wynde and weder hape she at wiH.

Urake sails  
back to  
Saleuce,

To Saleuce she cometh fuH softe and stiH,

Fro shippe to casteH streight gope she.

When ware of hir was Partonope,\*

8288

Atte chambre dore sone he hir mette,

And fuH gladly eiche oper grette.

and Par-  
tonope is  
happy to  
see her  
again.

Of hir comyng fuH glad was he,

8288. MS. patronope.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Prayng yow to for-gyf Partanope,  
Than herde / in no wyse myght I be.

But this ys a fuH olde sawe :

Nede had no maner of lawe.

8268

There-fore my counsayH ys at leste :

Taketh hym to your love that turneth  
best."

Now wyth thise wordes these sustres  
two

Bene rysen, and in-to Chamber goo.

And in Shorte tyme this fayre Wrak

Of her suster leve taketh,

8274

She thenketh fuH longe, while She ys  
there,

She wold fuH fayne be elles where,

8276

Now Shortely to speke, this goode Wrak

Of Melyor, her Suster, leve hath take.

And Melior prayeth fayre that She

Wyth her atte turnement wold be,

And She her graunted wyth good chere,

Saying: "Suster, I wyth be there."

Off her leve takyng no more I make.

But streyght to Ship gooth Wrak.

Wynd and wedyr hath She at wyll.

To Salens She cometh fuH softe and  
style,

8286

Fro Shyþ to casteH streyght gothe She.

Whan ware of her was Partanope,

Atte Chambry dore sone he her mett,

And fuH goodely ech other grett.

Of her home comyng fuH glad was  
he,

8288

- And of his helthe moche Ioy made she. 8292  
 And with hym come faire Persewise  
 To welcome hir lady be good advise.  
 And of þe turnement Wrake hym tolde,  
 And what þe cause is why it shuld be holde ; 8296  
 And seide his love hym worde sente  
 If he come not to þe turnement,  
 Melior his wife neuer shuld be.  
 Then to Wrake seide \* Partonope : 8300  
 " And Godd gif me life, *with*-oute doute,  
 I shaH go forþe amonge þe Route. [leaf 165]  
 But what shaH I do ? I haue none armoure."—  
 " Care ye nought, for I you ensure 8304  
 Ye shaH none lake," seide good Wrake.  
 " For fayrere ne better, I dare vndertake,  
 Beth not to selle þis day in Parise,  
 Of strengre assayes ne better advise, 8308  
 Stronge sheldes, fayre sadels *with* coppers,  
 Light and faire shapen, and myghty colers,  
 Hauberk, hosen of mayle full bright,  
 And helme of fyne stele þat hath good sight. 8312  
 A stede I shaH gyve you which is cole blak ;  
 In hym I trowe ye shaH fynde no lak,  
 Wele rennyng and redy atte honde,

8300. MS. adds to *after* seide.

Univ. Coll. MS.

- And of helth moch Ioy made She. 8292  
 And wyth come fayre Persewyse  
 To welcome her lady be goode a-vyse.  
 And of the turnement Wrake hym  
 told,  
 And whatt the cause was hit shuld be  
 hold ; 8296  
<sup>1</sup> And sayd his love hym word sent  
 Yf he come not to thurnement,  
 Melior his wyfe shuld neuer be.  
 Than to Vrak sayd Partanope : 8300  
 " And God gyfe me grace *and* lyfe,  
 wyth-outhe doute, [leaf 69, back]  
 I shaH go forth wyth att the route.  
 But what shaH I do ? I haue no armure."  
 " Care yow nought, ffor I yow en-  
 sure 8304  
 Ye shaH none lak," sayd fayre Vrak,  
 " For fayre[r] ne better I dare vndyr-  
 take,  
 Beth not to selle this day in Paryse,  
 Of strengre assayes ne better devyse,  
 Strong Sheldes, fayre Sadylles wyth  
 coppers, 8309  
 Lyght and fayre Shapen, and myghti  
 colers,  
 Haubrek, hosyn of mayle full bryght,  
 And helme of fyne stele þat hath good  
 syght. 8312  
 A steede I shaH gyf yow which ys cole  
 blak ;  
 In hym I trow ye shaH fynde no  
 lakk,  
 Wele rennyng and redy atte hand,

A better shaft be founde in no londe.	8316	
Therefore sett fully your entent		
To be at þat grete turnament ;		
For amonge thousandes of armed men		
A fressher ne a better armed shaft ben	8320	
Man in þe fælde þat ilke day		
Then ye shuþ be ; and þerfore assay		
Of þe turnement to haue þe degre,		
For aþ your armyng I take vpon me.	8324	
For and ye liste hem to se nowe,		If he wishes to try the armour, she will bring it to him at once.
They shuþ be brought afore you ;		
And at leyser ye shaft hem assay.		
And what is not good to your pay,	8328	
It shaft be amended at good ease."		
And þerwith anoone with-oute lese		
Fresshe harneys afore hym was brought.		
What hym lust haue þere lakked nought.	8332	
This hareneis he liked wonder wele ;		
He se neuer fayrere of Iren and stele.		
The hosen of stele he did assay		
If they were shape wele to his pay.	8336	
And Persewise with hir fresshe face		Persewis aids him in armynge.
A-boute his legges gan hem lace.		
Thes hosen of stele þat were so bright,		
Were wele shapen vnto his sight,	8340	
In hem defaute coupe he none fynde,	[leaf 105, back]	
And Persewise þat was so kynde,		
Brought him an hauberk fresshe and gay,		
If it were mete to assay.	8344	

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

A better shaft be found in no land.	8316	They shuþ be brought a-fore yow ;
There-fore sett fully your entent		And at leyser ye shaft hem assay.
To be att that grete turnement ;		And what ys not good þfor your pay, 8328
For a-monge thousandes of armed men		Hyt shaft be amendyd at good ease."
A fressher ne a better armed shaft		And ther-wyth a-none* with-uten lees
bene		Fressh harneys a-for hym) was broght.
Man) / in the feld that ylk day	8321	What hym) lust haue lakked noght, 8332
Than) ye shuþ be, and there-for assay		Thys harneys he lyked wondyr wele ;
Of the turnement to haue de-gree,		He sygh neuer fayr[r] of Iren) and
For aþ your armyng I take vpon		steelle.
me.		The hosyn) of steele he dyd assay
For and ye lyst hem) to se now,	8325	* * * * *

8339. MS. wyth a-none twice.

	This hawberk vpon him he did caste :	
	Of beaute hym pought pat paste	
	AH po pat euer he had sene be-fore.	
	This faire Persewise <i>with-oute</i> more	8348
	With a girdiH of golde hym girde a-bove,	
She had quite fallen in love with Partonope.	Wele sette with perle ; for somewhat love	
	This fayre mayde hath brought in suche plite,	
	Partonope to pplace was aH hir delite.	8352
	And forþe anone <i>with-outen</i> faile	
	A-boute his neke a faire ventaile	
	She did lace, <i>with-oute</i> oþes moo.	
Wrake fastens the helmet on his head,	And faire Wrake hym brought po	8356
	A bright helme bourened fyne of stele,	
	With golde and perle sette full wele.	
	And right anoone <i>with-oute</i> lette	
	Vpon his hede Wrak it sette,	8360
	And knytte þe gower a-boute his waste,	
	And to his shulders made it faste.	
and gives him a keen sword.	Wrak brought hym a swerde anoone.	
	Though þrow þe worlde a man shuld gone	8364
	A passyng good swerde to fynde,	
	He wolde not haue lefte pat be-hynde ;	
	And þerto it was so bright and ken ;	
	When he had it naked sene,	8368
	He seide he se neuer such anoper ;	
	Of golde pat was worp wele a fopere.	
But as she is going to gird him with it,	Wrake with þis swerde so bright	
	A-bove his hareneis anoone right	8372

## Rowl. MS.

<sup>1</sup> This hanbreke vpon hym he caste :	With golde and perle set full weH.
Of beute hym pought pat paste (p. 14666)	And right anone <i>with-out</i> let
AH þat euer he hade sen be-fore. 8347	Vpon his hede Wrake it set, 8360
This Persewyse so feyre <i>with-out</i> more	And knyte þe gowre aboute his waste,
With a gyrdiH of golde hym gyrd	And to his shoulder made it faste.
aboute, 8349	Wrake brought hym a swerde anone.
WeH set <i>with</i> perle ; for somewhat loue	Thorwe þe worlde a man shulde gon
This feyre mayde hathe brought in	A passynge good swerde to fynde, 8365
soyche plight,	He wolde not a lefte it be-hynde ;
Partonope to plese was hir delyte. 8352	Þerto it was so bright and kene,
And furthe anone <i>with-out</i> faH	Whan he it nakede sene, 8368
A-boute his nyke a feyre ventaiH	He seide he sighe neuer soche anoper ;
She dyde lace, <i>with-out</i> oþis mo.	Of golde it was worthe a foper.
And fayre Wrake hym brought po 8356	Wrake <i>with</i> þis swerde so bright
A bright helme burnyshede of steH.	A-bone his harnes anone right 8372



She wolde haue gyrde, but he seide may.  
 "Why?" seide Wrake, "I you pray.  
 What is your cause, for God aH-might?"  
 Then seide Partonope anoone right : 8376 Partonope  
 "I wole you teH why I it do. declares  
 For on a tyme it stode so that only  
 I stode wele in my ladies grace, his lady  
 And were to-gedre in a place [leaf 106] 8380 can do that.  
 Where I toke leve fro hir to go,  
 This was þe charge she gave me þo,  
 That neuer woman shulde girde me  
 With my swerde ; for truly she 8384  
 Seide she shuld a-boute me þat swerde do.  
 And I prayde hir hertly it might be so.  
 I haue you tolde now þe cause why  
 Ye may not girde me truly." 8388  
 Wrake þat was boþe curteise and hende,  
 To hym answerd and seide : "My frende,  
 If it happe you, Partonope,  
 In bataylle þat in grete prese ye be, 8392  
 And your swerde be any þing to longe.  
 Girde you with þe shorter thonge.  
 And I conþe yite ordeyne þat ye  
 Of hir with swerde to girde be, 8396  
 And she of you shuld have no knowyng.  
 For I darre vndirtake you to bryng

Wrake  
 thinks she  
 can bring  
 that about.

## Rawl. MS.

She wolde haue gyrde, but he sayde  
 nay.  
 "Why?" sayde Wrake, "I you praye.  
 What is your cause, for God al-  
 myght?"  
 Then seyde Partonope anone right :  
 "I with you tell why I it do. 8377  
 For on a tyme it stode so  
 I stode weH in my ladyes grace,  
 And were to-geder in a place 8380  
 Where I toke leue fro hir to goo,  
 This was þe charge she gaf me þo:  
 That neuer woman shulde gyrde  
 me [leaf 66, back]  
 With my swerde, for truly she 8384  
 seyde she wolde a-boute me þat swerde  
 do,  
 And I prayede hir hertly it myght be  
 so.  
 I haue you tolde þe cause why  
 Ye may not gyrde me truly." 8388  
 Wrake, þat was courtis and hende,  
 To hym answerde and seyde : "Frende,  
 Yef it hap you, Partonope,  
 In bataill þat in grete prese ye be, 8392  
 And youre swerde be ony thyng to  
 longe,  
 Gyrde you with þe hynde thonge.  
 And I couthe yet ordeyne þat ye  
 Of hir with swerde gyrde to be, 8396  
 And she of you shalt haue no know-  
 ynge.  
 For I dare vndertake you to brynge  
 8394. MS. hynde or hynder

and Parto-  
nope thanks  
her with all  
his heart.

Into a place where þat ye  
At right good leysere hir shuld se." 8400  
"Faire lady," seide Partonope,  
"There is no man on lyve þat may be  
More be-holde to any creature  
Then I am to you ; þerfore what I endure 8404  
On life, your man I moste nedes be.  
And if þis behestē ye haue made me,  
Ye wolde parfoume as ye may say,  
Of aȝ myn heale ye bere þe keye, 8408  
To bryng me in place þere I myght be  
Myn hertly loy þus forto se,  
And I vnkunowen of any wight,  
This were to me a blessed sight." 8412  
Then seide Wrake : "Sith my be-hestē  
To you may be so grete a feste,  
I wiȝ do aȝ my fuȝ power  
To brynge you to haue þis leysere." 8416  
Therwith she brought hym a fayre shelde  
So ffresshe ypaynted þat a felde  
Of þe beaute myght enlumenēd be.

She next  
brings him a  
fair shield

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

*Rawl. MS.*

In-to a place where þat ye  
At right good leysere hir shaft se."—  
"Fayre lady," sayde Partonope. 8401  
"Ther is no man on lyve þat ever may  
be  
More be-holde to ony cature  
Then I am to you ; þer-fore while I  
endure  
On lyue, your man moste I nedes be.  
And of þis be-hestē ye haue made me,  
Ye wolde parfoume as ye may say,  
Of aȝ my hele ye bere þe keye. 8408  
To brynge me in place þere I myght be  
Myn hertly loye þus for to see,  
And I vnkunowe on ony wight,  
This were to me a blyssede sight." 8412  
• Then seyde Wrake : "Seth my be-  
hestē

<sup>1</sup> To yow may be so grete a fest. 8414  
I wiȝ do aȝ my fuȝ power. [<sup>1</sup> bent 70]  
To bryng yow to haue this leysere. 8416  
There-wyth She brought hym a fayre  
Sheeld,  
So fresch I-eynted that a feld  
Of the beaute myght enlumed haue  
be.

To you may be so grete an fleste,  
I wiȝ do aȝ my fuȝ poure  
To brynge you to haue þis leysere." 8416  
Ther-with she brought hym a feyre  
shelde  
So freshe I-pentyde þat a felde  
Of þe beme myght enlemyde be.

Grete [wonder] <i>per</i> -of had Partonope.	[leaf 106, back]	8420	
Large, stronge it was, deffensable in fight,*			
And <i>per</i> to it was passyng light.			
And sith she made to hym brynge			
A gitone of golde beten, aH glitteryng,*	8424		and a spear with a glittering flag.
And nayles of golde it forto takke			
Vpon a grete spere peynted blak.			
This spere I speke of, was not longe ;			
But when pis getone <i>per</i> -on did honge	8428		
A ffresher devise coupe no man se.			
The shelde anoone Partonope			
So gay a-boute his neke did henge.			
Vpon his stede <i>po</i> gan he spryng,	8432		Partonope leaps on the steed.
With-oute Stirope fuH fresshly.			
His spere in his hande he toke lustely.			
Out of <i>pe</i> casteH <i>po</i> did he ride,			
Into a medowe <i>pat</i> was longe and wyde.	8436		
His hors, his hareneis <i>per</i> to assay,			
If it were easy, acordyng to his pay.			
Stronge, swifte, wele bridled <i>pe</i> stede founde he.			
Grete Ioy hadde <i>pes</i> maydens to se	8440		The ladies admire him.
8421. MS. sight.	8421. MS. glideryng.		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Grete there-of had Partanope. 8420  
 Large, strong hyt was, defensable in  
 syght,  
 And ther-to hyt was passyng lyght.  
 And sygh she made to hym bryng  
 A geton gold beten, aH gleteryng, 8424  
 And nayles of gold hit for to takk  
 Vpon a grete spere peynted blak.  
 This spere I speke of, was not long.  
 But whan this geton there-on dyd  
 honge, 8428  
 A fressher devyse coude no man see.  
 The Sheld a-non Partanope  
 So gay a-boute hys nekk he hyng.  
 Vpon his steed tho gan he spryng, 8432  
 Wyth-oute styrop fuH fresshly.  
 His spere in his hond he toke sustely.  
 Oute of the easteH tho dyd he ryde  
 In to a medew that was larg and wyde,  
 His hors, his harnes ther to assay, 8437  
 Yf hit were esy, a-cordyng to hys pay.  
 Strong, swift, weH brydelyd the steed  
 fond he.  
 Grete Ioy had these maydenes to se

## Rawl. MS.

<sup>1</sup> Grete wonder *per*-of hade Partonope.  
 Large, stronge it was, deffensabil in  
 fight, (leaf 67) 8421  
 Ther-to hit was passyng light.  
 And sethe she made to hym brynge  
 A geton with golde betyn, aH glet-  
 tryng, 8424  
 And nayled of golde it for to takke  
 Vpon a grete spere peynted blake,  
 This spere I speke of, was not longe.  
 When pis gyttion *peron* dyde honge,  
 A fressher devyse couthe man see. 8429  
 The shilde a-none Partonope  
 So gay aboute his nyke dyde hange.  
 Vpon his stede *po* gan he spryng  
 With-oute sterop fuH fresshly.  
 His spere in his honde he helde lustely.  
 Oute of *pe* casteH *po* dyde he ryde  
 In-to a meadowe, large and wyde, 8436  
 His hors, his harnes *per* to assay.  
 Yef it were eyse acordyng to his pay.  
 Stronge, swyfte, weH brydelyd he  
 stede fonde he.  
 Grete Ioye hade *pis* maydens to se 8440

With hym-self how feire he ferde.  
 A-forne hadde they neuer sene ne herde  
 Of man yarmed so moche beaute sey,  
 Hym to se grete Ioy hadde they. 8444  
 Armed he was passyng semely.  
 Downe of his stede he lepe lustely,  
 When aH his assaies he hadde do.  
 Into a chambre streight did he go 8448  
 Hym to vn-arme, *with*-outen more.  
 Wrak be-thought hir how Melior  
 With swerde moste girde Partonope.  
 In aH þe haste to shippe gothe [s]he, 8452  
 Toke of hym leve and þat fuH goodly,  
 Chargeyng his wardeyns tendirly  
 They shuld hem kepe; and what hym lyst  
 He shuld not faile to haue of þe beste. 8456  
 Now good Wrake and faire Persewise  
 Bene vnder sayle, and at poynte devise  
 They have the wynde and weder at wiH. [leaf 107]  
 Hir be-heste she pinketh to fuH-fiH. 8460  
 Forþe sayleth her shippe in good array,  
 That within a nyght and half a day

Urake goes  
on board  
her ship,

accom-  
panied by  
Persewis.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Wyth hym-self how fayre he ferd. 8441  
 A-forne had they neuer seen ne herd  
 Of man I-armed so moche beaute sey. 8444  
 Hym to se had they grete Ioy. 8444  
 Armed he was passyng semely.  
 Doune of hys stede he leepe lustyly,  
 Whan his assays he had do.  
 In-to a chambere streght he dyd go 8448  
 Him to vn-harme, wyth-outen more.  
 Vrak be-thought her how Melior  
 Wyth swerd must gyrd Partonope.  
 In aH the hast to Ship goth She, 8452  
 Toke of hym leve and that fuH goodely,  
 Chargyng his wardeyns tenderly 8454  
 The shuld hym kepe; and what hym  
 lyst [leaf 70, back]  
 He shuld not fayle to haue of the best.  
 Now good Vrak and fayre Persewyse  
 Bene vndyr sayle, and at poynt-devyse  
 They haue the wynd and wedyr at wyH.  
 Hir be-hest She thenketh to fuH-fyH.  
 Forth sayleth her Shyp in good a-ray,  
 That wyth-in a nyght and half a day

## Rawl. MS.

With hym-selfe so feyre he ferde.  
 Afore hade þey neuer sen ne herde  
 Of man I-armede so meche beute se.  
 Hym to se grete Ioye hade þey. 8444  
 Armede he was passynge symly.  
 Downe of his stede he lepte lustely.  
 Whan aH his assayes he hade I-do.  
 In-to a chambir streight dyde he goo  
 Hym to vnarme, *with*-out more. 8449  
 Wrake be-pought hir howe Melyore  
 With swerde moste gyrd Partonope.  
 In aH the haste to shipe gothe she, 8452  
 Toke of hym leue and þat fuH goodly,  
 Chargynge his wardenes tenderly  
 They shulde hym kepe; and what hym  
 lyst [leaf 67, back]  
 He shulde not faiH to haue the beste.  
 Nowe good Wrake and feyre Percewyse  
 Beth vnder saith; at poynt-devyse 8458  
 They haue wynde and weper at wiH.  
 Here be-heste þey þynke to fuH-fiH.  
 Furthe she saylyth in good array, 8461  
 That *with*-in a nyght and a day

Vnder Chief de Oire is she come.		She arrives at Chef d'Oire,
The londe full prively hape she nome,	8464	
That of hir comyng is no man wise,		
Save she allone and Persewise.		
The prively posterns, I vnder take,		
Of þe paleys wele knoweth Wrake.	8468	and pro- ceeds directly to the palace.
- And þrowe a gardeyn, þat was full prively,		
Cometh Wrake and faire Persewy		
Streight vnto þe chambre-dore,		
Where as the maydens of Melior	8472	
- Were a-slepe faste; and vp she nome		
The lache of þe dore, and in she come.		
"A-wake, a-wake!" she bade hem faste.		
Oute of theire slepe they breyde in haste.	8476	She startles Melior's ladies out of their sleep,
They were a-wake so sodenly		
That they wist neuer redely		
In what place þo that they were,		
And in þis stakeryng they gonne fere.*	8480	
Of þis affray had Wrake game,		
And than eich woman by hir name		
She called and seide: "Be not a-gaste.		
I am come hidder in grete haste	8484	

8480. fere] MS. rather fece.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Vndyr Chyef de Oyre ys She come. 8463  
 The lond full prevely hath She nome,  
 That of her comyng ys no man) wyse,  
 Saue She allone and Persewyse.  
 The pryvy posterns, I vndyr-take,  
 Of the paleys weH knoweth Vrak, 8468  
 And throw a gardyrn), that was full  
 prevy,  
 Cometh Vrak and fayre Persewy  
 Streght vn-to the chamber-dore,  
 Where as the mayndens of Melior 8472  
 Were a-slepe fast; and vp She nome  
 The lacch of the dore, and in she come.  
 "A-wak, a-wak," she bad hem fast.  
 Oute of there Slepe they breyd in hast,  
 They were a-wake so sodenly 8477  
 That they wyst neuer redely  
 In what place tho they were,  
 And in this stakeryng they gonne fere.  
 Of this affray had Vrak game, 8481  
 And than) ech woman) be her name  
 She calleth, and sayd: "Be not a-gast.  
 I am) come hedvr in grete hast 8484

*Rawl. MS.*

Vnder Chyfe doyre she is I-come.  
 To londe full prevely she hathe nome,  
 That of hir eo-my[n]ge no man) wyste,  
 Safe she allone and Percewyse. 8466  
 The prevy posterne, I vnder-take.  
 Of þe palys weH knoweth Wrake.  
 And þorwe a gardyn, þat was prevy,  
 Comyth Wrake and feyre Pereewy  
 Streight in-to þe chambir-dore,  
 Where as þe maydens of Melyore 8472  
 Were aslepe faste; vp she nome  
 The lacche of þe dore, and in she come.  
 "A-wake, a-wake!" she bade hem faste.  
 Out of þer slepe þey brede in haste. 8476  
 They were awake so sodenly  
 That þey wyste neuer redely  
 In what place þo þat þey were,  
 And in þis stakerynge þey gan) fere. 8480  
 Of þis affray hade Wrake game,  
 And þen) iche woman) by here name  
 She callede and seyde: "Be not agaste.  
 I am come heper in grete haste 8484

and is conducted by them to the Queen's chamber.

To speke with my lady and suster dere."  
 Anoone the women made hir good chere,  
 And brought hir pere the lady lay,  
 And þen anoone, with-outen nay, 8488  
 To bedde they yede euerichone,\*  
 And lete þes ladies to-gedre allone.

Anoone as Melior wist þat Wrake  
 Hir suster was come, she gan to make 8492  
 Grete Ioy, and seide: "Welcome be ye."—  
 "Medame," seide Wrake, "I come to se  
 "How it is with you, and how ye fare."—  
 "Allas!" seide Melior, "haue I grete care! 8496  
 For in my wittes I can not se  
 How þis turnament myght anulled be."— [leaf 107, back]

She has come to hear particulars about the tournament.

"Nay of þe annulling speke ye no worde.  
 That is determyned by aȝ þe acorde 8500  
 Of your lordes and eke of you,  
 Wherefore I am come hidder now  
 To knowe and wete þe full entente  
 Which shuld holde þis turnemente 8504

8489. MS. euerichone.

Univ. Coll. MS.

To spek wyth my lady and suster dere."  
 A-none the women made her good chere, 8486  
 And brought her there her lady lay,  
 And than a-none, wyth-outen nay,  
 To bed they yede euerich-one, 8489  
 And lete these ladyes to-gydyr a-lone.  
 Anone as Melior wist that Vrak  
 Her suster was come, she gan to mak  
 Grete Ioy, and say: "Wett-come be  
 ye."— [leaf 71]  
 "Madame," sayd Vrak, "I come to se  
 How hit ys wyth yow, and how ye  
 fare."—  
 "Alas," sayd Melior, "haue I grete  
 care! 8496  
 For in my wyttis I can not se  
 How this turnement myght anulled  
 be."  
 "Nay of the annulling speke ye no word,  
 That ys thermyned be aȝ the a-corde  
 Of youre lordes and eke of yow, 8501  
 Where-for I am come hedyr now  
 To knowe and wyte the full entent  
 Which shuld hold this turnement 8504

Roucl. MS.

To speke with my lady and systir dere."  
 Anone þe wemen hir good chere,  
 And brought here þer here lady lay.  
 Then anone, with-out nay, 8488  
 To bede þey yede euerichone.  
 And lefte þis ladyes to-gedre allone.  
 ¶ A-none as Melyore wyste of Wrake  
 Hir syster was come, she gan to make  
 Grete Ioye, and seyde: "Welcome be  
 ye."— [leaf 68] 8493  
 "Madam," she seyde, "I come to se  
 Howe it is with you, and howe ye  
 fare!"—  
 "Allas," seyde Melyore, "I haue grete  
 care, 8496  
 For in my wyttis I can not se  
 Howe þis turment myght anullete be."  
 "Of þe nullunge speke ye no worde.  
 That is determyned be aȝ þe acorde  
 Of youre lordes and eke of you, 8501  
 Where-for I am come heþer now  
 To knowe and wete þe full entent,  
 Whiche shaft holde þis turment 8504

Within, and who shaft be *with-out*e.  
This is my comyng, *with-out*e doute."

The lady *perwith* gan so sighe,

Melior sighs  
pitifully,

And toward God in heven an highe

8508

FuH petously hir Eyen did caste.

And when þat was somewhat paste,

but then  
puts on a  
cheerful  
counten-  
ance.

She aforsed hir to loke vp lightly,

8512

That hir suster shuld not espye

That in any hevynesse she were.

Wrake in no wise myght for-bere

Urake  
knows that  
love causes  
all her  
sorrow.

Hir susters sothes algate to telle,

She thought she wolde rynghe hir belle :

8516

"Lorde God ! suster, what do ye mene ?

Your olde maners be turned aH elene.

I wote wele for love ye sorowe.

Your gladde chere of feynyng ye borowe,

8520

Youre sighes ye murder\* *within your breste*.

Lete hem breke oute, lete hem be wiste

Of me þat am your suster dere.

Why does  
she not tell  
her sister  
all her woe ?

Or telle me wheper to go or where

8524

I myghte your love verely se.

8521. murder] MS. borowe.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Wyth-in, and ho shaft be wyth-oute,  
This ys my comyng, wyth-outen)  
doute."

The lady ther-wyth gan so syght,  
And toward God in heven) an) hyghe  
FuH petously her eyen dyd cast. 8509

And whan) that was somewhat past,

She a-forsed her to loke vp lygh[t]ly,

That her suster shuld not asspye 8512

That in ony hevynes She were.

Vrak in no wyse myght for-bere

Her sustres sothes algate to telle,

She thought She wold rynghe her beH :

"Lord God ! suster, what do ye mene ?

Your olde maners be turned alle elene.

I wote wele ffor love ye sorow. 8519

Your glad chere of feynyng ye borow,

Your syghes ye murder wyth-in your  
brest. 8521

Late hyn) brek oute, lete hem) be wyst

Of me that and your suster dere.

Or telle me weedyr to go or where 8524

I myght your love verely se.

*Rawl. MS.*

*With-in, and* who shaft be *with-out*,  
This is my comy[n]ge, *with-out* dout."

The lady *per-with* gan sigh.

Towarde God on hevyn) on high 8508

FuH petously hir eyen dyde caste.

Whan) þat was somewhat paste,

She enforsyde hir to loke lightlye,

That hir syst<sup>er</sup> shulde not esspye 8512

That in hevynes she were.

Wrake in no wyse myght for-bere

Hir syst<sup>er</sup> sothis algate to teH,

She þought she wolde rynghe here beH.

"Lorde God ! syst<sup>er</sup>, what do ye mene ?

Your olde maners be turned elene.

I wot weH for loue ye sorwe.

Your glade chere of feyny[n]ge ye  
borwe, 8520

Your sighes ye murder in your breste.

Let hem breke out, let hem be wyste

Of me, þat am your syst<sup>er</sup> dere.

Ore teH me wheper to goo ore where  
I myght your loue verely se. 8525

Melior  
repents  
bitterly of  
her cruelty  
towards  
Partonope.

Ye can not hide þis crafte for me."

"Suster," seide þis lady Melyor,

"The cause of my sorowyng long be-fore 8528

Ye know wele. What nedeth ye

This vngoodly to rehetete me?

My pride I wote wele truly

Hathe brought me so, þat fayne wolde I 8532

Be dede, and oute of þis worlde be brought.

I am so fuþ of hevynesse and pought

To thinke þat I did such reprefe

To my love as he hadde be a thefe, 8536

And he lowly me mercy did erie.

[leaf 108]

Yite me liste not to caste vp myn Eye

To do hym grace, but despitously

Voyded hym myn house. Allas þat I 8540

Hadde deied in þe same place,

Sith myn herte couthe do no grace

To þat gentiþ, þat meke, þat hardy,

That wept vpon me so tendirly, 8544

That faire, that swete above aþ swetnesse,

And sawe hym for sorowe at grete distresse,

And on hym couthe I have no pite!

She did not  
take pity on  
his tears,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Ye can) not hyde this craft fro me."

"Suster," sayd this lady Meliore,

"The cause of my sorowyng  
long be-fore, 8528

Ye know wele. What nedyth ye

Thus vngodely to rehetete me?

My pryde I wote wele truly [leaf 71, back]

Hath broght me so, that fayn) wold I

Be dede and oute of this world I-broght.

I am) so fuþ [of] hevynesse and thought

To think that I dyd such reprefe

To my love / as he had be a theef, 8536

And he lowly me mercy dyd erie

Vet me lyst not to cast vp myn) eye

To do hym) grace, but dyspetyusly

Voydyd hym) my house. Allas that I

Had dyed in the same place, 8541

Syth myn) hert coude do no grace

To that gentyþ, that meek, that hery,

That wept vpon) me so tendyrly, 8544

That fayr, that swete a-bone aþ swet-

ness,

And sawe hym) for sorow at grete

dystresse, 8546

And on) hym) coude I hane no pyte!

*Rawl. MS.*

Ye can) not hyde þis crafte fro me."

"Syster," seyde þis lady Melyore,

"The cause of my sorwyng longe  
a-fore 8528

Ye knowe weþ. What nedythe ye

Thus vngoodly to rehetete me?

My pryde I wot weþ truly [leaf 68, back]

Hathe brought me so, þat fayne wolde I

Be dede, and out of þis worlde brought.

I am so fuþ of heynes and pought 8531

To thynke þat I dyde soyche reprefe

To my lone as he hade ben a thyfe, 8536

And he lowly me mercy dyde erie,

Yet me lyste not to caste vp myn eye

To do hym grace, but dysspyttuoslye

Voydyde hym) myn howse. Allas that I

Hade dyede in þat same place, 8541

Sethe myn hert couthe do no grace

To þat lentiþ, þat meke and hardy,

That wepte on me so tenderly 8544



Grete reasone it is pat ener I be	8548	
In sorowe and care with-out delay.		
I may wele curse pat ilke day		
That I into pis worlde was brought,		
Sith I of my love so lyteH rought	8552	
That he is loste, and I lyve in sorowe,		
My care aH like bope Even and morowe.		
Therefore to dey I gretely desyre.		and there- fore deserves
I wolde give dethe right grete hyre	8556	to die,
To bryng me oute of care at ones !		
Yite for me to deye but ones		
It were not rightfuH Iugement		
Sith prow me þus is shente	8560	
That gentiH, worthy Partonope.		
Therfor my rightfuH Iudgment shuld be		not once, but many times.
Ofte * to dey and neuer fuH dede."		
Therwith piteously she wagged hir hede :	8564	
" Allas, faire suster, good Wrake,		
Hadde I youre good counseylle take,		
I hadde not loste my Partonope ! "		She falls in a swoon,
And with þat worde in swone feH she.	8568	

8563. Ofte] MS. Efte.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Grete reson) hyt ys that ener I be 8548  
 In sorow and care with-outen) delay.  
 I may weH curse that ylk day  
 That I in-to this world was brought.  
 Syth I of my love So lyteH rought 8552  
 That he ys lost, and I leve in sorow.  
 My care aH lyke both even) and morow.  
 There-for to dye I gretely desyre.  
 I wold gyf deth ryght grete here 8556  
 To bryng me oute of care at ones !  
 Yet for me to dye but ones  
 Hit were not ryght-fuH Iugement.  
 Syth thorw me thus ys shent 8560  
 That gentyH, worthe Partanope.  
 There-for my ryght-fuH Iugement shuld  
 be  
 Ofte to dye and neuer fuH dede."  
 Ther-wyth piteusly She wagged her  
 hede : 8564  
 " Alas, fayre suster, goode Vrak,  
 Had I youre goode counsayle take,  
 I had not lost my Partanope ! "  
 And wyth that word in sownd fyH  
 She. 8568

*Rawl. MS.*

In sorwe *and* care with-out delay. 8549  
 I may weH eorse þat ilke day  
 That I in-to pis worlde was brought,  
 Seth I of my loue so lytiH rought. 8552  
 That he ys lost, and I leve in sorow.  
 My care aH lyke both even) and morow.  
 There-for to dye I gretely desyre.  
 I wold gyf deth ryght grete here 8556  
 To bryng me oute of care at ones !  
 Yet for me to dye but ones  
 Hit were not ryght-fuH Iugement.  
 Syth thorw me thus ys shent 8560  
 That gentyH, worthe Partanope.  
 There-for my ryght-fuH Iugement shuld  
 be  
 Ofte to dye and neuer fuH dede."  
 Ther-wyth piteusly She wagged her  
 hede : 8564  
 " Alas, feyre syster Wrake, 8545  
 Hade I youre counceH take,  
 I hade not loste my Partonope ! "  
 With þat worde in swone fiH she. 8563

but Urake  
does not  
cease  
tormenting  
her.

When Wrake sawe hir swone for woo,  
She was in poynte for pite þo  
To give hir comforte of Partonope.  
And she be-thought hir and lete be, 8572  
Thynkyng: "Of aH þis she shaH\* be hayle,  
She shaH not knowe yite my counseyle,  
For I thinke, or we departe a-two,  
A fyttre or tweyn she shaH haue moo [leaf 108, back] 8576  
Of þis play for Partonopes sake."  
To þis lady þen seide Wrake.  
"Medame," she seide, "how fare ye?  
Be your diseace I can wele se 8580  
This grete sekenesse is aH for love,  
And I fele wele, be God a-bove,  
aH þis fayne ye wolde holde fro me,  
And ofte ye speke of Partonope 8584  
To make me weene it were for hym,  
And yite your herte is on a-noþer pyn.  
Ye haue chose some new thinge,  
And wolde put me in wenyng 8588  
That it were for good Partonope.

8573. shaH] MS. hadde.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

W Han Vrak saw her sownd for wo,  
She was in poynt for pyte doo  
A gyf her comfort of Partanope. [leaf 72]  
And She be-thought her and late be,  
Thenkyng: "Of aH this She shaH be  
hayle, 8573  
She shaH not know yt my counseyH,\*  
For I think, or we departe a-two,  
A fytt or tweyn) She shaH haue more  
Of this play for Partanopes sake." 8577  
To this lady than) sayd Vrak:  
"Madame," She Sayd, "how fare ye?  
Be your desese I can) weH see 8580  
This grete Sykenes ys aH for love,  
And I feele wele, be God a-bove,  
Alle this fayne ye wold hold fro me,  
And ofte ye speke of Partanope 8584  
To make me wern) yt were for hym),  
And yet your hert ys on a-nother  
pynne.  
And haue chose som) new thing  
And wold put me in wenyng 8588  
That hit were for good Partanope,

ll. 8574-75 inverted in MS.

*Rawl. MS.*

¶ Wrake sawe hir swone for wo,  
She was in poynt for pete þo  
A gyf hir comfort of Partonope,  
And she be-pought hire and let it be,  
Thynkyng: "Of aH þis she shaH be  
hevaH, 8573  
She shaH not knowe yet my counseH.  
For I thynke, ore I departe atwo.  
A fyttre ore two she shaH haue mo 8576  
Of þis play for Partonope sake."  
To þis lady þen seyde Wrake:  
"Madam," she seyde, "howe fare ye?  
Be your desseyse I can) weH see 8580  
aH þis ye wolde holde fro me, 8583  
And ofte ye speke of Partonope 8584  
To make me wene it were for hym,  
And your hert is on a-noþer pynne. [leaf 69]  
Ye haue chose som newe thynke,  
And wiH put me in weny[u]ge 8588  
That it were for good Partonope.

Medame, lete aH pes Iapes be."

"Iapes, allas!" seide Meliore,

"My sorowe enereseth more and more, 8592

Sith I fayne of you wolde haue comforte,

And me semeth it is your disporte

To se me deye with þis turnement.

Of you I am litiH be-ment. 8596

FuH litiH haue ye deled with love.

A man myght in þat wele prove,

Sith, suster, þat ye wote wele

For love aH þis wo now I fele, 8600

And in þis matere so rude ye be,

Ye cane no mercy now haue on me,

Therfore in you it is wele sene

That in þis daunce ye haue not bene. 8604

But yite it may here-after happe

Love in his daungere may so you clappe,

That my diseace shaH ye wele fele,

Though youre herte be now as stele. 8608

Then shuH ye fele in your mode

Where suche Iapes may do you good.

Melior complains that her sister has no compassion.

Love has need of comfort.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Madame, late aH these Iapys be."

"I Apes allas," sayd Meliore,

"My sorrow inereseth more and more, 8592

Syth I fayne of you wold haue comfort,

And me semeth lit ys your dysport

To se me dye wyth this turment.

Of yow am I lyteH be-ment, 8596

FuH lyteH haue ye dalyed with love.

A man myght in that wele prove,

Syth, Suster, that ye wote wele

For love aH this wo now I feele, 8600

And in this mater so rude ye be,

Ye can none mercy now haue on me,

There-fore in yow hit ys wele seende

That in this daunce ye haue not bene, 8604

But yt may here-after after happe

Love in his daunger may so yow clappe, [1 leaf 72, back]

That my dyssease shuH ye welle felee,

Thogh your hert be now as stele. 8608

<sup>1</sup> Than) saH yow fele in your mode

Where such Iapes may do yow goode.

*Rawl. MS.*

Madam, let aH þis Iapis be." —

"Iapis allas!" seyde Melyore.

"My sorwe enereseth more and more,

Sethe I of you fayne wolde haue comforte, 8593

And me semyth it is youre dyssporte

To se me dye with þis turment.

Of you am I lytiH be-ment. 8596

FuH lytiH haue you delyde with loue.

A man myght in þat weH proude,

And in þis mater so rude ye be, 8601

Ye can no mercy haue on me.

There-fore in you is weH sene

That in þis dance ye haue not bene.

But yet may here-after hape 8605

Loue in his danger so may you clape,

That my dysseyse ye shaH weH fele,

Thogh your hert be nowe as steH.

Then) shaH ye fele in your mode 8609

Where soyche Iapis shaH do you goode.

- For and euer ye love as wele as I,  
 Ye shaH wele wete fuH sikerly 8612  
 Ye shaH haue nede of good comferte.  
 Now me to scorne is your desporte.  
 Of o þing, suster, I make you be-heste,  
 That God of love to such a feste 8616  
 Can you bryng as I now haue. [leaf 109]  
 As wisly God my soule save,  
 I wolde neuer dey, tiH I myght se  
 You in such plite as ye se me." 8620
- Urake only means to say that it is no use thinking on Partonope,  
 "MEdame," þen seide faire Wrake,  
 "My wordes I pray you ye ne take  
 In EviH, for truly I meene not so.  
 But pis is my menyng, medame, lo : 8624  
 For you to pinke on Partonope,  
 I holde it but foly and vanyte.  
 For he is dede, with-outen fayle,  
 And it is ordeyned be your counseyle, 8628  
 And ye agreed be eke þerto,  
 That who in turnement best happe to do,  
 and Melior is obliged to  
 Hym shaH ye haue þen to lorde.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- For and euer ye love as weH as I,  
 Ye shuH wele wete fuH sykerly 8612  
 Ye shuH haue nede of good comfort,  
 Now to me scorn ys your dysport,  
 Of o thing, suster, I mak yow be-  
 hest, 8615  
 That God of love to such a fest 8616  
 Canne now bryng as I now haue.  
 As wysly God my soule save,  
 I wold neuer dye, tyH I might see  
 Yow in such plyte as ye se me." 8620  
 "MEdame," than sayde fayre Wrak,  
 "My wordes I pray yow ye  
 me take  
 In eueH, for truly I mene not so.  
 But this ys my menyng, madame,  
 lo : 8624  
 For yow to thenk of Partanope,  
 I hold hit but foly and vanyte.  
 For he ys dede, wythouten fayle,  
 And yt ys ordeyned be your counsayH,  
 And ye a-greed be eke ther-to, 8629  
 That who in turment best happe to  
 do,  
 Hyn shaH ye haue than to lord,
- For and ye lone as weH as I,  
 Ye shaH weH wete fuH sekerly 8612  
 Ye shaH haue nede of grete comferte,  
 Nowe me to skorne is youre dyssporte.  
 Of on thyнке, syster, I make you a  
 be[he]ste, 8615  
 That Good of loue to soyche a feste  
 Can you brynge as I nowe haue.  
 As wysly God my soule saue,  
 I wolde neuer dye, tiH I myght se  
 You in soyche plit as ye se me." 8620  
 ¶ "Madam," þen seyde fayre Wrake,  
 "My wordes I praye you not take  
 In eviH, for truly I mene not so.  
 This is my menyng, madam, lo : 8624  
 For you to thyнке on Partonope,  
 I holde but foly and vanyte.  
 For he is dede, without faH, 8627  
 And it is ordeynede be youre counseH  
 And ye a-greede eke þerto, [leaf 63, back]  
 That who in turment hape beste do,  
 Hyn shaH ye haue to lorde

This is of your counseylle þe fuH acorde,	8632	marry the victor of the tournament.
And aH þis fully agreede ye be.		
It shaH [not] be interprett for me."		
This lady answerde sore wepyng :		The tourna-
" I may make semblaunce to hym, wenyng	8636	ment may take place,
Be her counseylle I wole take a lorde.		but Melior will never accept any
But I may not for aH þe worlde		hus and,
My love yove fro Partonope.		
And yite þis turnement moste I se,	8640	
And as hem luste a lorde me chese,		
And lete hem aH her travayle lese.		
For hote fyre to colde asshes me brenne,		
If eiper counseylle or my kynne	8644	
Make a lorde or housbonde me take,		
Sith for euer now is loste my make.		
For wele I wote my Partonope		now that Partonope
FuH harde dethe hath suffred for me.	8648	is dead.
I haue hym slayne, I wole hym quyte,		
If I may fynde a knyfe wole bite		
Throwe-oute my breste into my herte.		
I shaH not spare for no smerte	8652	
To sle my-self, be God a-bove,		

## Unic. Coll. MS.

This ys of your counsayH the fuH  
a-corde, 8632  
And all this fully a-greed ye be,  
Hit shaH be intrarupt for me."  
    This lady answerid sore wepyng  
    " I may make semblant to hym).  
    wenyng 8636  
Be her counsayH I woH take a lord  
But I may not for aH the world  
My love yove for Partanope.  
And yet this turment must I see, 8640  
And as hem lust a lord me chese,  
And late hem) aH her travayle lese.  
For hote fyre to cold asshes me brenne,  
Yf eyther counsayH or ony kynne 8644  
Make lord or hosbond me to take,  
Syth for euer now ys lost my make.  
For wele I wote my Partanope 8647  
FuH hard deth hath sufferd for me.  
I haue hym slayn, I woH hym quyte,  
Yf I may fynde a knyfe woH hyte  
Throw-oute my brest in-to my hert.  
I shaH not spare for no smert 8652  
To sle my-self, be God a-bove, [leaf 73]

## Raecl. MS.

This is of youre counseH þe acorde.  
To þis fully agrede ye be, 8633  
Hit shaH not be interipte for me."  
    This lady answerde sore wepyng :  
    " I may make hym) semblande, wen-  
    y[n]ge 8636  
Be þer counseH I wiH take a lorde.  
But I may not for aH þe worde  
My lone yene fro Partonope.  
And yet þis turment most I se, 8640  
And as hem lyste a lorde me chese,  
And let hem aH þer travet lese.  
Hote fyre to colde asshes me bryne,  
Yef oþer counseH ore ony kynne 8644  
Make lorde ore hosbonde me to take,  
Sethe for euer is loste my make.  
For weH I wot my Partonope 8647  
FuH harde dethe hathe sufferde fore me.  
I haue hym slayn, I wiH hym quyte,  
Yef I may fynde a knyfe wiH hyte  
Thorwe my breste in-to my hert.  
I shaH not spare for no smert 8652  
To sle my-selfe, be God aboue,

She once  
more falls in  
a swoon.

Sith he is dede þus for my love,  
Er euer any oþer to housbonde I take." [leaf 109, back]  
Hir ffresshe coloure þerwith gan slake. 8656  
In swone efte sones she felle anoone,  
And lay as dede as any stone.  
For sothe Wrake, as þinketh me,  
Was gretely to blame, when þat she 8660  
Se hir suster so grete sorowe take,  
And wolde no better chere hir make,  
Ne gife her comforte of Partonope.  
Ayein hir suster grete wrape bare she, 8664  
As though feþ and angry she hadde be,  
That sethe a woman in suche degree,  
þat love hath brought in grete disease,  
And knoweth how she may hir eace, 8668  
And lust not. Lorde God! what herte hadde she?  
Truly and god I sey now for me,  
And I knew any in that degre,  
On suchone couthe I haue grete pite. 8672  
I not what hertes oþer folkes haue.  
For me I sey, so God me save,

The Poet  
pities such  
unhappy  
ladies.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Syth he ys dede thus for my love,  
Er euer any oþer to housbond I  
take." 8655  
Her fressh color ther-wyth ganne slake.  
In swonne efte sones She fyþ a-non),  
And lay as dede as any stone.  
For soth Vrak, as thenketh me, 8659  
Was gretely to blame, whan that She  
Sygh her suster so grete sorow take,  
And wold no better chere her make,  
Ne gyf her comfort of Partanope,  
A-yen her suster grete wrath bare 8664  
She,  
As though feþ and angry she had be,  
That seeth a woman in such degree,  
That love hath brought in grete dyssease,  
And knoweth how she may her ese,  
And lust not / lord God what hert hath  
she? 8669  
Trewly and god I sey now for me,  
And I knew any in that degree, 8671  
Of such one cowde I haue grete pyte.  
I wath neuer what hertes oþer folkes  
haue,  
For me I sey, so God me save,

## Ranch. MS.

Sethe he is dede þus for my loue,  
Ore euer any oþer husbonde I take."  
Here freshe coloure þer-with gan slake.  
In swone efte sonys she fiþ anone 8657  
And lay as dede as any stone.  
Hir syster sigh here grete sorwe take,  
And wolde no beter chere hir make,  
Ne gyf hir comfort of Partonope.  
Ayein here syster grete wrathe bare she,  
As feþ and angry she hade be, 8665  
That sigh a woman in þat degre,  
That loue hathe brought in grete  
dysstres, 8667  
And knoweth howe she may here eyse,  
[leaf 70]  
I not what hert oþer folkes haue 8673  
For me I sey, so God me saue,

And I knewe any in þat plite,  
 Hir to comferte were my delite. 8676  
 For God made euery creature,  
 Man and woman, be nature  
 To love, and eke to loved be.  
 To women beaute þerfore gave he, 8680  
 And of vertues grete habundaunce,  
 Curtesy, fredome goodly in dalyaunce,  
 Therfore in sope, as þinketh me,  
 Women in herte gretely hath he.\* 8684  
 God loved hem gretly *with-outen* nay,  
 And so do I, nyght and day.  
 For and tho creatures þat so faire be,  
 Come neuer in heven, I holde me 8688  
 Quyte of paradise. What shaft I do?  
 But then Wrake knew wele þo  
 Hir suster for love hadde grete disease.  
 Grete [pite] she hadde, and yite hir to plecte 8692  
 Wolde she not, ne of hir counseylle  
 Make hir privey for aft þat a dele. [leaf 110v]  
 But seide: "Medame, I crye you mercy.

8684. he] MS. be.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And I knew eny in that plyte,  
 Her to comfort were my delyte. 8676  
 For God made euery creature,  
 Man and woman, be nature  
 To love, and eke to loved be.  
 To women beaute I ther-for gaf he,  
 And of vertws grete haboundans, 8681  
 Curtesy, fredom goodely in daliaunce.  
 Therfor in soth, as thenketh me,  
 Women in hert gretely hath he. 8684  
 God loued hem hyghly wyth-outen  
 nay,  
 And so do I, nyght and day.  
 For and tho creatures that so fayre  
 be, [leaf 73, back]  
 Come neuer in heuen, I hold me 8688  
 Quytte in paradyse, what shaft I do?  
 But than Wrak knew weþ tho  
 Her suster for love had grete dyssese.  
 Grete she had, and yet her to plesse 8692  
 Wold she not, ne of her counsayth  
 Make her prevee for aft that a dele.  
 But sayd: "Mad[ame], I yow crye  
 mercy.

PARTONOPE.

*Rawl. MS.*

And I knewe ony in þat plyte,  
 Here to comfort were my delyte. 8676  
 For God made euery cecture,  
 Man and woman, by nature  
 To loue, and eke to lonyde be.  
 To women beute þer-for gaf he, 8680  
 And of vertues grete abundanace,  
 Curtesy, fredom goodly in dalyaunce,  
 There-for in sothe, as thyukethe me,  
 Women in hert gretly hathe he. 8684  
 God lonyde hym hyle *with-out* nay,  
 And so do I, nyght and day. 8686

A A

	Why be ye turmented so gretely ?	8696
	My counseylle is þat neuer ye	
	Thinke þat þing þat may not be,	
	But lette it passe, it is þe beste,	
	And sette your herte in eace and reste."	8700
Love will have its own way.	"Nay suster," she seide, "it was neuer sene	
	One that loveth in eace to bene,	
	Ne in peace, ne in Reste, [for] in sope resone,	
	With hote lovers neuer acorde moone	8704
	Ne right counseylle, witte ne skiH.	
	Save only to haue her owne wiH.	
	AH þe witte of þe worlde they sett at nought,	
	But fully a-greeth hem to her owne thought.	8708
	Therefore þis is a fuH olde sawe :	
	Who may give to a lovere lawe ?	
	For þongh reasone wolde make a lovere se	
	That aH his foly, yite can not he	8712
	The wofuH bondes wele vnbynde.	
	In my-self now aH þis I fynde.	
	Therefore to love may I not chese,	
	Though I my wittes perfore lese.	8716

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Why be ye turmented So gretly ? 8696	
My counsayH ys now that neuer ye	
Thenk on that tyme that may not be,	
But late hit passe, hyt ys the best,	
And sett your hert in ease and	
rest." 8700	
"Nay, suster," She sayd, "hit was	
neuer seen)	
One that loved in ease to bene,	
Ne in peas, ne in rest, for in soth	
reson), 8703	
Wyth oute lovers neuer a-cord mown)	
Ne ryght / counsayH wytte ne skylle,	
Saue only to haue her own) wyth.	
AH the wytte of the world they sett	
at nought,	
But fully a-greeth hem) to her own)	
thoght. 8708	
Ther-for this ys a fuH old sawe :	
Who may gyle to a lover lawe ?	
For thoght reson) wold make a lover se	
That aH his foly, yet came not he 8712	
Thoo wofuH bondes weH on-bynde.	
In my-self now aH thys I fynd.	
Ther-for to love may I not chese,	
Thogh I my wyttes ther-for lese. 8716	
	But let it passe, it is the beste, 8699
	And set youre hert in eyse and reste."—
	"Nay syster," she seyde, "it was
	neuer sene
	On þat loughy in eyes to ben),
	Ne in pese, ne reste, for in soyche
	resoun 8703
	With hote louers neuer acorde mone
	Ne right counseH, wyte ne skiH,
	Safe only to haue þer owne wiH.
	AH þe wyt of þe worlde þey set at
	nought.
	But fully agrethe hem to þer owne
	þought. 8708
	There-fore þis is a fuH olde sawe :
	Who may gyf to lover lawe ?
	There-fore to loue may I not chese,
	Though I my wytes þer-fore lese. 8716



These wordes be soþe as I you say,  
No wondere þough lovers be in folý ay."

Wrake hir suster answerde þo :

"EviH is he at eace þat lyveth so,

8720

For who so make love his Iustice

He may not a-vaunte hym of no ffraunchise,

But raper of bondage, as þinketh me.

In þat servise kepe I neuer to be.

8724

But of þis matere speke we no more.

I pray you, medame, telle me afore :

When shaH be-gynþ þis turnement,

And which lordes shaH gife Iugement,

8728

And which be *with-in*, and which *with-oute*.

AH to wete *with-oute* doute

I come hidder, and you also to se,

And to wete whedir þat ye

8732

At þis tyme any knyghtis make."

[leaf 110, back]

Urake asks  
particulars  
about the  
tournament,  
and whether  
any new  
knights  
are to be  
created.

This lady sate stiH, for fuH a-wake

Oute of þis traunse was she not yite.

Overcome be feyntnesse stiH she sette,

8736

TiH longe and late, and atte laste

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

These wordes be soth that I yow say,  
No wondyr thoght louers be in folý  
ay."

Vrak, her suster, answeryd tho :

"EveH ys he at ese that leveth  
so.

8720

For who so make love his Iustice,  
He may not abaunt hem of no fraun-  
chese,

But rather of bondage, as thenketh  
me.

In that *servyse* kepe I neuer be.

8724

But of this mater speke we no more.

I pray you, Madame, telle me a-fore :

Whan shaH be-gynne this turment,

And which be wyth-in and who wyth-  
oute,

[1 leaf 74]

8729

AH to wytte wyth-oute doute

I come hedyr, and yow also to se,

And to wytte wedyr that ye

8732

At this tyme any knyghtes make."

This lady sate styH, for fuH a-wake

Out of this traunse was she not yit.

Ouer-come be feynteness styH she sytt.

TyH long and late, and atte last

8737

This wordes be sothe þat I you sey,  
No wonder þough louers be in folý ay."

\* Wrake, here syster, answerde þo :

"EviH is he at eyse þat lounth so.

8720

For who so make loue his Iustyse,

He may not avaunce hym of fraun-  
chyse,

But rathir of bondage, as thynketh  
me.

8723

I In þat *servyse* kepe I neuer to be.

But of þis mater speke we no more.

I pray you, madam, tell me afore :

When shaH be-gynþ þis turment,

And whiche lordes shaH gife Iugement

And whiche be *with-in* and who *with*  
out.

[1 leaf 70, back]

8729

AH to wyte without doute

I come heper and you also to se,

And wete wheþer þat ye

8732

At þis tyme any knyghtes make."

This lady sat still, for fuH awake

Out of þis trance was she not yet.

Ouer-come be feyntnes stiH she syte,

TiH longe and late, and at the laste

Melior re-  
lates what  
Ernoult has  
told her.

A piteouse sighe from hir she caste.  
Somwhat hir hert is comen ayein.  
Pitously tho spake þe queene. 8740  
With voyce full feble she tolde hir reasone,  
As thoughe she hadde be come from prisone.

“Suster,” she seide, “þis Ermulus  
Of Merbien, þat wiked Ar[c]ous, 8744

Be whome þis turnement ordeyned is,  
Fourtene nyght a-go he tolde me ywisse  
Of aH þe kynges þat shuld be þere,  
And of her loggyng aH þe manere. 8748

The Sultan  
of Persia  
will come,  
accom-  
panied by  
twenty-five  
heathen  
kings,

He seide here shaft be þe sawden of Perce,  
That to Cristes lawe is aduerse,  
And levith on Mahounde and Appollony.  
With hym cometh a comberouse meany. 8752

I sawe in his rolles he hath also  
xv. kynges hethen and mo,  
That for my love aH cristen wole be.  
To herborowe in his rolles also hath he 8756

and twenty-  
three Chris-  
tian princes.

Of Emperoures and kynges of Cristes lay  
xxiii<sup>ti</sup>, that wiH þat day

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

A petevs sygh from her she cast,  
Somwath her hert ys come a-yen).  
Petously tho spak the queen), 8740  
Wyth voyse full feble She told her  
reson),  
As thogh she had be come fro preson).  
“Suster,” she sayd, “this Ermulus  
Of Merbyen), that wikked arcus, 8744  
But whon) this turment ordeyned ys,  
Fourtene nyght a-go, he told me I-  
wysse  
Of aH the kynges that shuld be there,  
And of her loggyng aH the manere.  
He sayd here shaft be the sawdan) of  
prece, 8749  
That to Crystes lawe ys aduerse,  
And leeveth on) Machoun) and Appo-  
loni, 8751  
Wyth hynd) cometh a comborus meyni.  
I saw in his rollis he hath also  
XV kynges hethen) and mo,  
That for my love all crysten) wot) be.  
To herborwe in his rolles also hath  
he 8756  
Of emperours and kynges of Crystes lay  
XX and iij that wyH that day

*Rawl. MS.*

A petuouse sigh fro herr she caste,  
Som-what here hert was come agayne.  
Petuously þo spake þe quene 8740  
With voyse febiH she tolde hir reson),  
As þough she hade come fro preson).  
¶ “Syster,” she seyde, “þis Armelus  
Of Merben, þat wykkede arcus, 8744  
Be whom þis turnment ordeynede is,  
Fortnyght agoo he tolde me I-wyse  
Of the kynges þat shulde be þere,  
And of here logyng aH the maner. 8748  
He seyde here shaft be þe soudan) of  
Perse,  
That to Crystes lawe is aduerse,  
And leuyth on Mahombe and Appolony,  
With hym comyth a comberus mayne.  
I sawe in his roHes he hathe also 8753  
xv kynges hethyn moo,  
That for my loue aH crystyn) wet) be.  
To herberwe in his roHes also hathe he  
Of emperores of erystyn lay 8757  
xx<sup>ti</sup> and thre þat wiH þat day

Be at þis turnement with her powere.  
 Of aȝ her lordshippes bope ferre and nere 8760  
 Many oone in mariage þen wole be here,  
 And many oone þat hathe no fere  
 Wolde be gladde to se þat day  
 To wyne worshipping if þat he may. 8764  
 Then is ordeyned by þis Ermulus,  
 That þis turnement hath ordeyned þus,  
 Aȝ Cristen on þis syde herborowed shaȝ be,  
 The hepen on þe toper side, and so may we 8768  
 Be in suerte, what so euer be-falle.  
 For when þes peple bene gedred aȝ,  
 Fuȝ grete Envy amonge hem shaȝ arise.  
 It semed better at my devyse 8772  
 To bene a bataylle þen a turnement. [leaf 111]  
 þerfore, suster, I haue fuȝ ment  
 To haue on oure side þe cheveteyne,  
 þe grete Emperour of Almayne, 8776  
 And with hym they of Denmarke,  
 þat grete werre held in þe marche  
 On sklaueyns, þat perilous men bene.

8778. held] e like o.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Be at this turnment wyth her powere.  
 Of aȝ the lordshippes both ferre and nere 8760  
 Many one in mariage than wotȝ be here,  
 And many one that hath no fere  
 Wold be glad to se that day  
 To wyne worship yf that he may. 8764  
 Than ys ordeyned be this Ermulus,  
<sup>1</sup> That this turnement hat arayed thus,  
 Aȝ crysten on this Syde herbourwed  
 shuȝ be, [<sup>1</sup> leaf 74, back]  
 The heten on that other syde, and so  
 may we 8768  
 Be in sewirtee, wath so euer be-falle.  
 For whom this peple bene gadred aȝ,  
 Fuȝ grete envy a-mong hem shaȝ ryse.  
 Hit semed better at my devyse 8772  
 To bene a batay at my turnement.  
 There-for, suster, I haue fuȝ ment  
 To haue on oure syde the Cheventeyn,  
 The grete emperoure of Almayn, 8776  
 And wyth hym they of Denmarke  
 That grete werre heeld in the March  
 On Sklaueyns, that perilous men bene.

*Rawl. MS.*

Be at þis turment with here poure.  
 Of aȝ here lordchippes ferre and nere  
 Many on in maryage wotȝ be here,  
 And mayne on þat hathe no fere. 8762  
 [leaf 71]  
 Aȝ crystyn on þis syde herberwede  
 shaȝ be, 8767  
 The hethyn on þat oper syde and so  
 may we  
 Be in suerte, what so euer faȝ.  
 For when þis pepiȝ be gaderde aȝ,  
 Fuȝ grete envye amonge hem ryse.  
 Hit semyde beter at myne devyse 8772  
 To be a bataiȝ þen a turment.  
 Ther-fore, syster, I haue fuȝ ment  
 To haue on youre syde the cheffeteine.  
 The grete emperoure of Almayne, 8776  
 And with hym þey of Denmarke,  
 That grete warre holde in þe marche.  
 And sklaynes þat perlus men bend.

8761. (?) wotȝ, well, wiȝt (voicel blotted).

On one side  
 will be the  
 Emperor of  
 Germany,  
 with many  
 Christian  
 kings.

On the  
other side  
the Sultan  
and the  
Saracens.

The kyng of Poyle and Sisile fuH kene 8780  
ShuH with þe Emperour be in þis towne,  
And aH þat longe to my regione.  
Now haue ye herde of cristyans ;  
Now shaH I teH of saresynes : 8784  
Hedir shaH come þe sauden of Perce,  
The kyng of Ynde, which is perverce  
To Cristes lawe, and eke shaH be  
The kyng of Mede and Parte, parde, 8788  
And eke the faire kyng of Sire,  
That so gretely me dope desire.  
Yite of hym haue I no deynte.  
The kyng of Ermony here shaH be, 8792  
þat hath a contre fuH delectable :  
The planettes þeron be fuH stable.  
þe dayes ben euer clere and mery,  
The feldes florissshed fresshly. 8796  
In þat rested þe ship of Noy,  
When þe flode had done þe worlde noye.  
Hidder comþ the kyng of Palest  
With grete power arrayed fuH honest, 8800

## Univ. Coll. MS.

The kyng of Poyle and Sysile fuH  
kenne 8780  
ShuH wyth this emperoure be in this  
towne,  
And aH that long to my region).  
Now haue ye herd of crysteans ;  
Now shaH I tett of Sazasyns : 8784  
Hedyr shaH come the Soudan of Perce.  
The kyng of Inde, which ys peruerse  
To Crystes law. and eke shaH be 8787  
The kyng of Mede and Parte, parde,  
And eke the fayre kyng of Syre  
That so gretly me doth desyre.  
Yet of hym I haue no deynte.  
The kyng of Ermony here shaH be, 8792  
That hath a contre full delectable ;  
The planettes ther-of be so stable,  
The dayes bene euer clere and mery,  
The feldes florysshed fresshly. 8796  
In that rested the Ship of Noye,  
Whan the fold had done the world  
noye.  
Hedyr Cometh the kyng of Palest  
Wyth grete powre arrayed fuH  
honest, 8800

## Rawl. MS.

The kyng of PoiH and SysetH fuH  
kene 8780  
ShaH with þe emperoure be in þis  
towne,  
And aH þat longe to my Region).  
Nowe haue ye herde of crystians ;  
Nowe shaH I tett you of sarsons : 8784  
Heþer shaH come þe sondan of Perse,  
The kyng of Inde whiche is per[n]er]se  
To Crystes lawe, and eke shaH be  
The kyng of Mede and Parce, parde,  
And eke þe fayre kyng of Cyre, 8789  
That me so gretly dothe desyre.  
Yet of hym haue I no deynte.  
The kyng of Ermony þer shaH be, 8792  
That hathe a contre full delectabiH :  
The planetes þer ouer be fuH stabliH.  
The dayes be euer clere and merye,  
The feldes florysshede fresshly. 8796  
In þat restyde þe shipe of Noye,  
When þe flode hade don þe worde noye.  
Heþer comyth þe kyng of Paleste, 8799  
With grete poure arrayde fuH honeste,

8794. of crossed out before ouer.

And lordes of Egipte and Libye,  
Then can mych crafte of astronomy.  
The kyng of Fraunce, *with-out* doute,  
He cometh to govern hem *with-out*.

8804

The King  
of France  
comes to  
take venge-  
ance for  
Partonope.

He wole not haue me to wife.

But if *þer* rise debate or strife

FuH but he wole be ayeinst me.

The cause is, he seith, for Partonope  
*þrow* me is loste, *þat* was his consyne.

8808

Of his comyng now *þis* is *þe* fyne

If he may: be venged on me.

But I hope to be strengre *þen* he. [leaf 111, back]

8812

He hath done his men to vnderstonde

How his comyng into my londe

Is not to venquysshe *þe* turnement,

And to wedde me is not his entent."

8816

But when she named Partonopes name,

What for sorowe and what for shame,

She had no power it ones to sowne,

But feH in a new sodeyn swone.

8820

Melior  
falters in  
pronouncing  
Partonope's  
name, and  
falls again  
in a swoon.

When to hir-self she come ayein,

And wolde haue seide Partonope fayne,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

And lordes of Egipte and Libye,  
Than can moche craft of astronomye.  
The king of Fraunce wyth-oute doute,  
He cometh to govern hem wyth-  
oute. 8804

He woH not haue me to wyfe. [leaf 75]

But yf ther ryse debate and st[r]yfe,  
FuH but he woH be a-yenst me. 8807

The cause ys, he seyth, for Partanope  
Thorow me ys lost, that was his cosynd.

Of his comyng this ys the fyne

Yf he may be v[e]nged of me.

But I hope to be strengre than he 8812

He hath done hys men to vnder-stand,

His comyng now in-to my lond

Ys not to venquyshe the turnement,

And to wedde me ys not hys entent."

Buth whan She named Partanopes  
name, 8817

What for sorow and what for shame,

She had no power hit ones to sowne,

But fyH in a new soden sownd. 8820

Whan to her-self She come a-yen,

And woldd haue seyde Partanope fayn,

And lordes of Egypte and of Lebye  
They con meche crafte of megremonsy.  
The kyng of Fraunce, *with-out* doute,  
He comyth to gouerne hem *with-out*.

[leaf 71, back]

He wolde not haue me to wyfe. 8805

But yef *þer* debate ore stryffe,

FuH but he wiH be ayenste me,

The cause is, he seyth, Partonope 8808

Thorwe me is loste, *þat* was his cosynd.

Of his comy[n]ge *þis* is the fyne

Yef he may be veingede on me.

But I hope be strengre *þen* he. 8812

He hathe don his men to vnderstande,

His comy[n]ge nowe to *þis* londe

Ys not to vynquyshe *þis* tarment,

And to wede me is not his entent. 8816

But when she namyde Partonope,

What for sorwe and for shame,

She hade no poure it onys to sowne,

But fiH in a newe soden swoone. 8820

When to here-sylfe she come ayein,

And wolde haue seyde Partonope,

"Parto—Parto—" she seide at ones,  
 And fuH febyly she seide efte sones : 8824  
 "Nopee," þat with voyce tremblyng.  
 And perwith anoone feH in swonyng  
 Vpon hir bedde, and lay fuH stiH.  
 And atte laste, as was Goddis wiH, 8828  
 From hir disese she rose ayein.  
 FuH piteously þen seide þis queen :  
 "In wrape comeþ hidder þe kyng of Fraunce,  
 And with hym bryngeth his allyaunce, 8832  
 Grete noumbre of Erles and barons,  
 Folke of Payto and aH þe Gascoignes.  
 The kyng of Bretayne eke per shaH be.  
 He is not right riche, but yite shaH he 8836  
 Bryng with hym many a worthy knyght.  
 They haue be proved in many a fight.  
 The kyng of Englonde, pough he be ferre,  
 Wole be as sone here as he þat is nerre. 8840  
 He is a rightwise man and fuH sage ;  
 Somewhat he is copen in age.

The kings  
 of Brittainy  
 and of  
 England  
 will come  
 to the  
 tournament.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

"Parto. Parto," She sayd at ones,  
 And fuH febyly She sayd efte sones :  
 "Nopee" / that wyth voys tremelyng.  
 And ther-wyth a-none fyH in sown-  
 nyng 8826  
 Apou) her bed, and lay fuH stytle.  
 And at the last, as was Goddes wylle,  
 From) her dyssexe She rose a-yen).  
 Full peteusly than) sayd this quene) :  
 "In wrath cometh hedyr the kyng of  
 Fraunce,  
 And wyth hym) brynged his ali-  
 aunce, 8832  
 Grete nombre of Erles and barons,  
 Folk of Payto and aH the Gascoyns.  
 The kyng of Brethen) eke there shaH be.  
 He ys not ryght ryche, but yet shaH  
 he 8836  
 Bryng wyth hynd) many a worthy  
 knyght.  
 They haue be proved in many a fyght.  
 The kyng of Ingelond, thow he be  
 ferre,  
 Wot) be as sone here as he that ys  
 nerre. 8840  
 He ys a ryghtwos man) and fuH sage ;  
 Somewhat he his copen) in age.

## Rawl. MS.

"Parto-Parto—" she seyde at onys,  
 And febiHly she seyde efte sonys : 8824  
 "Nopee," þat with voyse tremblyng.  
 And þer-with she fiH in swony[n]ge  
 Vppou) hir bede, and lay fuH stiH. 8827  
 And at þe laste, as was Goddes wiH,  
 Fro hir dysseyse she rose ayein).  
 FuH pettusly þen) seyde þis quene :  
 "In wrethe comyth þe kyng of  
 Fraunce,  
 And with hym bryngyth his alyaunce,  
 Grete nombre of erlis and barouns, 8833  
 For of Peyte and aH þe gascoynes.  
 The kyng of Breteyne eke here shaH be.  
 He is not right ryche, but yet shaH he  
 Brynge with hym many a worthy  
 knyght. 8837  
 They haue be prouyde in many a fight.  
 The kyng of Englonde, pough he be  
 ferre,  
 Wot) be as sone here as he þat is nerre.  
 He right a wyse man and a sage ; 8841  
 Som-what he is crope in age.

- Many a knyght hider wole he brynge,  
 That wele in chambre can daunse and singe. 8844  
 And as þe lyone ferse in the felde  
 Wele dare they fecht vnder shelde,  
 Semely men, curteyse and plesaunt,  
 Though they of hem-self make none avaunte. 8848  
 There shaþ be eke þe Emperour  
 Of Spayne, þe noble turneour,  
 That worthy is and fuþ of beaute.  
 His hepen lay he wole leve for me. [leaf 112] 8852  
 Many knyghtis come in his company,  
 And many good hors þat be lusty.  
 The kyng of Navern, þe kyng of Valens,  
 The kyng of Garnat with hem of Palens, 8856  
 And moche folke þat take no wage,  
 And many moo kynges þat ben sage,  
 Of whome I can not wele þe name,  
 But Ermulus hem aþ teþ canð. 8860  
 But suster, ye asked also of me  
 If any knyghtis made shuld be  
 A-fore þe turnement, and þat ordre take
- as well as  
the Emperor  
of Spain,  
and many  
other  
knights and  
kings.  
  
Melior will  
to-morrow  
create more  
than a  
hundred  
knights.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Many a knyght hedyr wotþ he bryng.  
 That wyþ in chamber both daunse and  
 syng. [leaf 75, back] 8844  
 And as the lyon ferse in the feld  
 Wele dare they fyght vnder Sheeld.  
 Semely men, curteys and plesaunt,  
 Thow they of self make non abaunt. 8848

Here shaþ be eke the emperoure  
 Of Spayn, the noble turneoure.  
 That worthe ys and fuþ of beaute. 8851  
 His hethen lay he wold leve for me.  
 Many knyghtes come in his company.  
 And many goode hors that be lusty.  
 The kyng of Nauare, the kyng of  
 Valens.  
 The kyng of Granat wyth hem of  
 Palens, 8856  
 And moch folk that take no wage,  
 And many mo knynges that bene sage,  
 Of whom I can not weþ the name,  
 But Ermulus hem aþ teþ cane. 8860  
 But suster ye asked also of me  
 Yf any knyghtes made shuld be  
 A-fore the turnement, and that ordre  
 take

<sup>1</sup> Many a knyght heþer he wyth brynge,  
 That weþ in chambure can daunce and  
 syng. [leaf 74] 8844  
 And as þe lyon fers in fight and felde  
 Weþ dare þey fight vnder shelde.  
 Symly, courtesy and plesaunce,  
 Though þey of hem-selfe make non  
 avant. 8848  
 Here shaþ be eke þe emperore  
 Of Spayne, þe nobil conqueroure,  
 That worthy is and fuþ of beute. 8851  
 His hethyn lay he wyth leue for me.  
 Many knyghtes come in his company,  
 And many a good hors þat is lusty.  
 The kyng of Nauerne, þe kyng of  
 Valenue,  
 The kyng of Garmat with hem of  
 Palenue, 8856  
 And moche folke þat take no wage,  
 And many mo kynges þat beth sage,  
 Of whom I can not weþ þe name,  
 But Ermulus hem aþ teþ canð. 8860  
 Syster, ye askede also of me  
 Yef any knyght made shulde be  
 Afore þat turment and þat order take

There shall  
be seven  
judges.

Of myn hande. To-morowe I shaH make 8864  
Be tyme an hundred and many moo,  
So I am avised pat it shaH be do.  
And who shaH be Iuges of þe turnement,  
Thes lordes are chosen be myn assent : 8868  
The first is þe kyng of Affrike,  
For his grete witte and his retorik.  
He is wele lirned, and can many science,  
He moste nede gyve good sentence. 8872  
And what euer he speke, it moste be  
Shewed in faire termes, for certeynly he  
Hath witte ynow and grete discrec[i]on,  
[And fayre endyted shaH be his reson] 8876  
The toper shaH be [þe] kyng of Cartage,  
A rightwise man, for gretely in age  
He is ronne ; and anoþer shaH be  
Kyng Clarins ; grete werre hath he 8880  
Vpon þe saresynes yere be yere.  
Bernard of Grece shaH be his pere

8874. *perhaps* showed.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Of myn hond / to-morow I shaH  
make 8864  
Be tyme an hundred and many moo,  
So am I avysed that hit shaH be doo.  
And who shall be Iuges of the turne-  
ment,  
These lordes are chosyn be myn assent:  
The fyrst ys the kyng of Affryke, 8869  
For his grete wytte and his retoryke.  
He ys weH lerned and can many sciens,  
He must nedes gyfe goode sentens. 8872  
And what euer he spek hit must be  
Shewed in fayre termes, for certaynly  
he  
Hath wytt I-now and grete dyscrecion  
And fayre endyted shaH be his  
reson), 8876  
The other shaH be kyng of Cartage,  
A ryghtwes man), for gretly in  
age  
He ys ronne ; and a-nother shaH be  
Kyng Claryns ; grete werre hath  
he 8880  
Vpon the sarezyns yere be yere.  
Bernard of Grece shaH be his feere,

## Rarl. MS.

Of myne hond. To-morwe I shaH  
make 8864  
Be tyme an honderde *and* many mo,  
So am I avysede it shaH be do.  
And who shaH be Iugges of þat  
turment,  
These lordes are chosyn be myn assent:  
The firste is þe kyng of Aufreke, 8869  
For his grete wyte *and* his reteryke.  
He is weH lernede in many syennce,  
He moste nedes gyfe good sentence.  
What euer he speke, it moste be 8873  
Shewyde in fayre termes, for *sertenly*  
he  
Hathe wyte I-nowe *and* grete dyscre-  
sion),  
And fayre endytyde shaH be his  
reson), 8876  
The toper þe kyng of Targage,  
A Right-wyse man), gretly in age  
He is rone ; anoþer shaH be  
Kyng Claryns ; grete warre holdyth  
he [leaf 74, back] 8880  
Vppon the sarsons yere by yere.  
Barnarde of Gryse shaH be his fere,



He is now named þe þrid kyng ;  
 Of aH lawes he can moche þing. 8884  
 The fourte shaH be olde Genors,  
 The wise, þe hardy kyng of mors.  
 The v. shal be kyng Corsabre,  
 That hath þe kyngdome of Notabre. 8888  
 The vj shaH be of Getule kyng.  
 In his contre is fuH wonder þing :  
 It is fuH of apes, tigres, and beres,  
 Serpentes, wyuers, and eke lesers. [leaf 112, back] 8892  
 He hath no plente of casteH ne toures.  
 He is called kyng Amforus.  
 The vij. kyng hette Gondrede,  
 And his kyngdome is called Noemed. 8896  
 Thes kynges shaH be [chye]f Iugeoure ;  
 They shaH be with me in þe toure.  
 Olde Ermulus eke shaH be with me  
 To take hiede who is worþi degre. 8900  
 Now haue I tolde you, suster, truly  
 Of þe turnement þe avise by and by.  
 "Now," seith Wrake, "aH þis is wele ;  
 I can empugne it neuer a dele. 8904

They are  
 to sit in the  
 tower beside  
 Melior and  
 Ernoul.

Wrake  
 departs.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

1 He ys now nanyd the thrid kyng.  
 Of aH lawes he can mochi thing. 8884  
 The fourth shaft be old Genors,<sup>[leaf 76]</sup>  
 The wyse, the hardy of king of morse.  
 The fyft shaft be kyng Sorsabre,  
 That holt the kyndome of Nabre. 8888  
 The vj shaft be of Getule kyng.  
 In his contree ys fuH wondyr thyng :  
 Hit ys fuH of apys, tygres, and berys,  
 Serpentes, wyuers, and eke lesers. 8892  
 He hath no plente of castelle ne toures,

His ys callyd kyng Amfuors. 8894  
 The Seventh kyng hotheth Gondred,  
 And his kyngdame ys callyd Noemed.  
 These kynges shaH be chye]f Iugeoure ;  
 They shaH be wyth me in the toure.  
 Olde Ermulus eke shaH be wyth me  
 To take hede who ys worthy degre. 8900  
 Now haue I told yow, suster, truly  
 Of the turnement the avyse by and  
 by."

"Now," seyth Wrake, "aH this  
 wele ;  
 I can empugne her neuer a dele. 8904

## Rawl. MS.

He is nowe nanyde the iij<sup>te</sup> kyng,  
 Of aH lawis he conmeche thyng. 8884  
 The furthe shaft be þe olde Gornors,  
 The wyse, þe hardy kyng of mors.  
 The fite shaft be kyng Corsabir,  
 That hathe þe kyngdom of Netabir.  
 The vj<sup>te</sup> shaft be of Getale kyng. 8889  
 In his contre is fuH worthy thyng :  
 Hit is fuH of apis, tegres, and beris,  
 Serpentes, wyneres, and eke lyseres.  
 He hathe no plente of castelles ne  
 toures. 8893

He is callede kyng Anferus.  
 The vij<sup>te</sup> kyng hight Gondrede,  
 And his kyngdome is callede Noemed.  
 These kynges shaH be chye]f Iuggoure ;  
 They shaH be with me in þe toure.  
 Olde Ermelus eke shaH be with me  
 To take hede who is worthy degre. 8900

¶ Here haue I tolde you, syst<sup>er</sup>, truly  
 Of þe turment þe vyse by and  
 by."—

"Nowe," seyth Wrake, "aH þis is  
 weH ;  
 I can empugne it neuer a deH. 8904

promising  
to come  
back the  
next morn-  
ing.

Now slepe I pray you hertly,  
For I wole go now fuH prively  
To shipp vnwetyng of any wight.  
Home I shaH come vpon þe nyght, 8908  
And if it like you, to-morow tyme  
I wole be with you hardely or pryme."—  
"I pray you, suster," þo seide þe queen,  
"Be tyme to-morowe þat ye bene." 8912  
In þis wise hath Wrak take her leve.  
Persewise anoone she toke [be] þe sleve,  
And into shipp̄e to-gedre they gone,  
And to her casteH they come anoone. 8916  
Then mette they with Partonope.  
With IoyfuH herte he[m] welcomeþ he.  
And Wrake hym [tolde] aH þe entent  
Of þe Emperesse and of þe turnement, 8920  
And how she shuld on þe morow make  
Knyghtes; and perfore faire Wrake  
That nyght of slepe toke liteH hiede.  
For besy she was, with-outen drede, 8924

Urake  
brings  
Partonope  
with her,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Now slepe I pray yow hertyly,  
For I wot go now fuH prevely 8906  
To Ship vn-wethyng of ony wyght.  
Home I shaH come a-ponð the nyght,  
And yf yt lyke yow, to-morow tyme  
I wole be wyth yow hardyly or pryme."  
"I p[r]ey you, suster," tho sayd the  
queen,  
"Be tyme to-morow here that ye  
bene." 8912  
In this wyse hath Vrak take her leve.  
Persewyse a-none She toke be the  
sleve,  
And in-to Ship to-gedyr they gone,  
And to her casteH they come a-nonð.  
Than mett they wyth Partonope. 8917  
Wyth IoyfuH hert hem welcometh be.  
And Vrak hym told aH the entent  
Of the emperesse and of the turne-  
ment, 8920  
And how she shuld onð the morow  
make  
<sup>1</sup> Knyghtes; and ther-for fayre Vrak  
That nyght of slep toke lyteH hede.  
For besy She was, wyth-outen  
drede [? leaf 76, back] 8924

## Rawl. MS.

Nowe slepe I praye you hertly,  
For I wiH goo nowe fuH preuely  
To shipe vn-wyttyng of ony wight.  
Home I shaH come on þe nyght. 8908  
And yef it lyke you, to-morwe be tyme  
I wiH be with yo[u] hardly ore  
pryme."—  
"I praye you, syster," seyde þe  
quene,  
"Be tyme to-morwe here þat ye  
bene." 8912  
In þis vyse hathe Wrake here leue,  
Percewyse anone she toke be þe sleve,  
And to shipe togeder þey gonð,  
And to þer casteH þey come anonð. 8916  
Then met þey with Partonope.  
With IoyfuH hert welcomede hem he.  
Wrake hym tolde aH þe entent  
<sup>1</sup> Of þe emperes and of þe turment,  
And howe she shulde on þe morwe  
make [? leaf 75] 8921  
Knyghtes; and þer-for feyre Wrake  
That nyght of slepe toke lytiH hede.  
For besy she was, with out drede, 8924

To arme hym in þe fressshiste wise.

And longe or þe soune gan rise,

To courte she brought Partonope,

[Her-self and Persewyse, and no mo meyne. 8928

And in-to a chambre where as she

Was wont to be herbourd, Partonope]

and hides  
him in a  
chamber.

Vnwetyng of any wight they hym lede.

And þere fuH prively vpon a bedde 8932

They made hym rest tiH it was day.

And right sone after, with-outen nay, [leaf 113]

The soune hir beames oute fresshe spredde.

It made þe vnluste to leue his bedde, 8936

And rise and clope hym fresshe and gay

For Ioy of þat IoyfuH, mery day.

To courte þo come ridyng fuH bright

Wele Iarmed þo þat ordre of knyght 8940

Shuld take of þis fayre Meliore.

And aH they light anoone atte dore

Of þe chambre where as Partonope

The young  
men who  
are to  
receive the  
order of  
knighthood  
arrive.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

To \*arme hym in the best wyse.

And long or the Sonne gan) aryse,

To Courte she broth Partanope,

Her-self, and Persewyse, and no mo  
meyne, 8928

And in-to a chambre where as she

Was wont to be herbourd, Partanope

Vn-wetyng of ony\* wyght they hym  
ledde. 8931

And there fuH pryvly vpon) a bedde

They made hym) rest tyH yt was day.

And ryght sone after, wyth-outen) nay,

The soune her bemes oute fresch  
spered.

Hit made the vnlust to leue his  
bedde, 8936

And ryse and cloth hym) fresch and  
gay

For Ioy of that IoyfuH, mery day.

¶ To Court tho come rydyng fuH  
bryght

WeH I-armed tho that ordre of  
knyght 8940

Shuld take of This fayre Melioure.

And aH they lyght a-none atte dore

Of the chambre where as Partanope

8925. MS. adds 11 before arme.  
8931. ony] MS. my.

## Rawl. MS.

To arme hym in þe freshe wyse.

And longe ore þe son gan) ryse,

To Courte she brought Partonope,

Her-selſe and Percewyse, and no mo  
meyne. 8928

And in-to chombir where þat she

Was wont to herberwe, Partonope

Vnwetyng of ony wight þey hym  
lede.

And þer fuH prevely vppon) a bedde 8932

They made hym reste tiH þe day.

And right sone after with-out nay,

The sone here bemys out freshe sprede.

Hit made þe vnlustly to lene his  
bede, 8936

And ryse and clothe hym freshe and  
gay

For Ioye of þat IoyfuH day.

¶ To courte come rydyng bright

WeH I-armed þat þe ordir of knyght

Shulde take of þis Melyore. 8941

And aH þey light anone at þe dore

Of þe chambir where as Partonope

	Was herborowed, and faste a-slepe was he,	8944
	For þrow þat chamber lieth þe wey.	
	Wrake anoone brought forth the key,	
	And þerwith she wakened Partonope.	
	To opyn þe dore streight goþe she.	8948
Partonope goes with them.	In come they aH, with-outen lese.	
	Partonope prively in þis prese	
	She maketh go with-outen more,	
	There as þis queen, faire Meliore,	8952
	In hir estate stonte fuH Royally.	
At that time it was the custom to appear all in arms.	Then was þe custome sikerly,	
	Who so euer shuld take þe ordre of knyght,	
	In stele he moste be armed bright,	8956
	Bothe hede and fote and aH in feere.	
The sword should hang round the neck till the ceremony of knighting take place.	Also þat tyme þis was þe manere,	
	His swerde aboute his neke shuld longe,	
	Were it shorte or were it longe,	8960
	TiH they it fro hym shuld take	
	That þerwith hym knyght shuld make.	
	þerfore aH þes yonge men bene	
Partonope stands	Fresshe yarmed be-fore þe queen).	8964

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Was herbourid, and fast a-slepe was  
he, 8944  
For thorow that chambre lyeth her wey.  
Vrak a-non brought forth the key,  
And ther-wyth She waked Partanope.  
To opyn the dore streight goth She.  
In come they aH, wyth-outen lese.  
Partanope pryvyly in this prese 8950  
She maketh go wyth-outen more,  
There as this queen, fayre Melioure 8952  
In her Estate stont fuff ryally.  
Than was the custome sykerly,  
Who so euer shuld take the ordyr of  
knyght,\* 8955  
In steele he must be armed bryght  
Both hede and fote and aH in feere.  
Also that tyme this was the manere,  
His swerd a-boute his neke shuld  
longe,  
Where hit short or were hit longe, 8960  
<sup>1</sup> TyH they hit fro hym shuld take  
That ther-wyth hym knyght shuld  
make. [1 leaf 77]  
There-fore aH this yong men been  
Fressh I-armed be-fore the queen. 8964

Was herberwede, and faste on slepe  
was he, 8944  
For þorwe þe chambir lyth her wey.  
Wrake anone brought furthe þe key,  
Ther-with she wakede Partonope.  
To oppyn þe dore streight gothe she.  
In come þey aH with-out lesse. 8949  
Partonope preuely in þis prese  
She maketh goo with-out more,  
Ther as þis quene, feyre Melyore, 8952  
In hir esstate stont Royally.  
Then was þe eostum sekerly,  
Who so euer shulde take þe order of  
knyght, 8955  
In stett he moste be armede bright,  
Bothe hede and foote and aH in fere.  
<sup>1</sup> Also þat tyme þis þe manere,  
His swerde aboute his nyke shulde  
longe, [1 leaf 75, back]  
Were it shorte ore were it longe, 8960  
TiH þey it fro hym shulde it take,  
And þer-with hym knyght shulde  
make.  
There-fore aH þis yonge men bene  
Freshe I-armed be-fore þe quene. 8964

ll. 8955-56 are inverted in MS.

Amonge hem stonte Partonope.  
 FuH hevy and thoughtfuH is he,  
 Be-holdyng þe beaute of his lady,  
 So fayre, so fresshe, and so semely, 8968  
 Stondyng be-fore hym gay arrayed.  
 No wonder pough he were dismayed  
 To þinke how lovyng to hym she had be,  
 And prow his deffaute aH loste had he. 8972  
 His heere gan warpe, his colour gan chaunge, [leaf 113, back]  
 Seyng his lady to hym so straunge,  
 That at his wiH was wonte to be.  
 Sore a-basshed on hir po loked he, 8976  
 Thinkyng how he had hir be-trayed.  
 Gretely perof was he dismayed.  
 Yite neuer þe latter, with-uten lese,  
 To þis lady he gan to prese 8980  
 Forto haue prayde hir of mercy and grace  
 Before aH folke in þat place.  
 Wrake aspied wele be his manere  
 And be þe chaungyng of his chere, 8984  
 He was a-boute to play foly.

among the  
others before  
the Queen,  
thoughtful  
and sad.

He is on  
the point  
of asking  
his Lady's  
pardon  
publicly,

in spite of  
Urake's  
warning.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

A-monge hem stont Partanope.  
 FuH hevy and thoughtfuH ys he,  
 Be-holdyng the beaute of this lady,  
 So fayre, so fressch, and so semely, 8938  
 Standing be-fore hym gay a-rayed.  
 No wondyr thought he were dysmayed  
 To think how loveng to hym she had  
 be,  
 And throw his defaunte aH lost had  
 he. 8972  
 His hert gan qwappe, his coloure gan  
 change,  
 Seyng his lady to hym so straunge,  
 That atte hys wyH was wont to be,  
 Sore a-basshed on her loked he, 8976  
 Thenkyng how he had her be-trayed.

Gretely there-of was he dysmayed.  
 Yet neuer the latter, wyth-uten lese,  
 To this lady he gan to prees 8980  
 For to a prayed her of mercy and grace  
 Be-fore aH folk in that place.  
 Vrak aspyed weH be hys manere  
 And be the chaungyng of his cherr,  
 He was aboute to play foly. 8985

Amonge hem stont Partonope.  
 FuH heuy and þoughtfuH is he,  
 Be-holdyng þe beute of his lady,  
 So feyre, so freshe, and so symly, 8968  
 Stondyng be-fore hym gay arrayde.  
 No wonder pough he were dyssmayde  
 To thyne howe lonyng to hym she  
 hade be,  
 And þorwe his defaute aH loste hade  
 he. 8972  
 His hert gan whape, his coloure  
 chaunge,  
 Seynge his lady to hym so stronge  
 That at his wiH was wont to be.  
 Sore abasshede on here lokede he, 8976  
 Thynkyng howe he hade here be-  
 trayede.

Gretly þer-of he was dysmayde.  
 Yet neuer the later, with-out lese,  
 To þis lady he gan to prese 8980  
 To praye here of mercy and grace  
 Before aH folke in þat place.  
 Wrake aspyde in his manere  
 And be þe chaungyng of his chere, 8984  
 He was aboute to play foly.

8984. or chongyng.

Vpon a stole she dressed hir hye,  
 And hoved ascaunse : " Take heede of me,  
 And pinke what I haue charged þe." 8988  
 But aH for nought he toke noone heede  
 Of hir counseylle, ne of hir rede,  
 But was in purpose his lady fully  
 Of his trespass *þer* to aske *mercy*, 8992  
 And openly *þere* to haue know be.  
 But yite it happed þat lette was he :  
 Hir beaute so highle gan encrese  
 In aH *þe* sight of þis grete prese, 8996  
 That they so pikke a-boute hir stode,  
 þoughe Partonope for love had ben wode,  
 He myght not hir come to in no wise.  
 His felawes hir beaute gan so devise, 9000  
 Takyng grete heede of hir semely-hede,  
 Vpon a benche an highe as she stode,  
 Euen *þere* vp right atte deyse,  
 That aH men þat were in *þe* paleyse, 9004  
 Of hir myght haue fuH *þe* sight,

But he can-  
 not press  
 through the  
 crowd.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Vpon) a stoole She dressed here hygh.  
 And hoved a-scaunse : " Take heede of  
 me, 8987  
 And thenk what I haue charge[d] the."  
 But aH for noght he toke none hede  
 Of her counsay H, ne of her rede,  
 But was in purpose hys lady fully  
 Of his trespas there to aske *mercy*, 8992  
 And openly there to haue know be.  
 But yet hit happed that lett was he :  
 Her beaute so hyghly ganne enorese  
 In aH the syght of this grete prese, 8996  
 That they so Thykke a-boute her  
 stode  
 Thoght Partanope for love had bene  
 wode,  
 He myght not here come to [in] no wyse.  
 His felaws her beaute So gan) devyse,\*  
 Takyng grete hede of her semely-  
 hode, [leaf 77, back] 9001  
 Vpon) a bench an hygh as she stode,  
 Even) there vp ryght at the deyse,  
 That aH men) that were in the paleys,  
 Of her myght haue fuH the syght, 9005

ll. 9000-01 inverted in MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Vppon) a stole she dressede hir hye,  
 And houyde as-scaunce : " Take hede  
 of me, 8987  
 And thynke what I haue chargyde the."  
 But aH for nought he toke none hede  
 Of here counseH, ne of here rede,  
 But was in *porpose* his lady fully  
 Of his trespas *þer* to aske *mercy*, 8992  
 And oppynly *þer* to haue knowe be.  
 But yet it happyde þat let was he :  
 Here beute so highly gan) encrese  
 In aH *þe* sight of þis grete prese 8996  
<sup>1</sup> That þey so thyke aboute here stode  
 Though Partonope for loue hade be  
 wode [leaf 76]  
 He myght here come to [in] no wyse.  
 His felowis here beute so gan devyse,  
 Takenge grete hede of here symlyhede,  
 Vppon a benche an hye she stode 9002  
 Evyn) vpright at *þe* doyse  
 That aH men) þat were in *þe* plase  
 Of her myght haue fuH *þe* sight, 9005

Erle, baron, squyer, and knyght.

Clopes of golde a-boute hir were sprede ;

Hir to be-holde eiche man was gladde.

9008

The Queen is  
wonderfully  
dressed,

Now wole I tell you how she was cladde :

A mantiſt honerable vpon she hadde

Of rede satyn full good cremesyn,

Furred wele with fyne Ermyne. [leaf 114.]

9012

A kyrtiſt of þe same she hadde vndre.

Hir to be-holde was grete wondre,

That with beaute euer nature

Wolde so enbelice ony oo creature.

9016

For þat euer longed to full beaute,

In hir persone a man myght se.

It nedeth not of array more to tell,

When þat of beaute she was þe beſt.

9020

and her  
beauty has  
no equal.

In myrroure to loken hadde she no nede

Ne of fresshe atyre, with-outen drede.

For were she slepyng or elles a-wake,

Of beaute had she no make.

9024

AH þis while stant Partonope,

Of his lady be-holdyng þe beaute.

Partonope is  
so agitated

9025. or stont !

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Erle, baron, Squyer, and knyght,  
Clothis of gold a-boute her were  
sprede :

9007

Her to be-hold eche man) was gladd.

Now wolt I telle yow how She was  
cladde :

A mantiſt honerable vpon) she had,

Of red saten full good cremesyn,

Furred weſt wyth fyne Ermyne, 9012

A kyrtiſt of the same She had vndre.

Hir to be-hold was grete wondre,

That wyth beaute euer nature 9015

Wold so enbelyce ony oo creature.

For that euer longed to full beaute,

In her persone a man myght see.

Hit nedyth [n]ot of aray more to telle,

Whan) that of beaute She was the beſt.

In merroure to love had She none nede,

Ne of fressh a-tyre, wyth-outen) drede.

For were She slepyng or elles a-wake,

Of beaute had she no make. 9024

Alle this while stont Partanope,

Of his lady be-holdyng the beaute.

PARTONOPE.

*Rawl. MS.*

Erle, baron, Squyre, and knyght. 9006

Clothis of golde aboute her were  
sprede ;

Her to be-holde iche man) was glade.

I wiſt tell you howe she was clade: 9009

A mantiſt honorabiſt on here she hade

Of rede satyn full good crymsyne,

Furrede weſt with fyne Ermyne. 9012

A kertiff of þe same she hade vnder.

Hir to be-holde was grete wonder,

That with beute euer nature

Wolde so enbesiſt ony o cature. 9016

For þat euer longyde to full beute,

In here persone a man) myght see.

Hit nedyth not of array more to tell,

Whan) þat of beute she was the beſt.

In myrroure to loken hade she no nede,

Ne of freshe atyre with-out drede.

For were she slepyng ore elles awake,

Of beute hade she no make. 9024

AH þis while stont Partonope,

Of his lady be-holdyng þe beute.

B B

No new love but olde remembraunce  
 Maketh hym stonde in such a traunce, 9028  
 That sodenly he was brought in such a case,  
 He wist not wele where he was.  
 And of þis haue ye no mervaylle.  
 For aȝ his felawes, with-outen fayle, 9032  
 Were so highly caught with hir beaute,  
 That nye in þe same plyte were he.  
 What for shame and basshednes  
 Partonope darre not prow the prees 9036  
 Passe to his lady þe ordre to take.  
 Who was þen wo but good Wrake ?  
 So with grete feere atte laste  
 A-shamed to þe grounde his hede he caste, 9040  
 That Melior in no wise shuld se  
 How he, þat false Partonope,  
 What with shame and with grete fere,  
 To his lady he neghed nere. 9044  
 From his nekke she toke his swerde,  
 A-boute his medle þo it gyrded,  
 And in suche a wise hir girdyng he felte,

that he  
 scarcely  
 dares  
 approach  
 the Queen.

She takes  
 the sword  
 from his  
 neck and  
 girds him  
 with it.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

No new love but old remembraunce  
 Make hym stond in such a traunce  
 That sodenly he was brought in such  
 case, 9029  
 He wist not wele where he was.  
 And of this haue ye no mervayle.  
 For aȝ his felaws, wyth-outen nay, 9032  
 Were so highly caught wyth her beaute,  
 That nye in the same plyte were he.  
 What for shame and basshednes  
 Partanope dare not throw the prees 9036  
 Passe to his ladydy the ordy to take,  
 Who was than who but goode Vrak ?  
 So wyth grete fere att laste [leaf 78]  
 A-shamed to the ground his face he  
 cast, 9040  
 That Melioure in no wyse shuld see  
 How he, that false Partanope,  
 What wyth shame and wyth grete feere,  
 To his lady he neghed nere. 9044  
 From his nek she to[ke] his swerd.  
 A-boute his medlyȝ tho hit gerd.  
 And in such a wyse her gyrdyng he  
 felt,

## Rawl. MS.

No newe loue but olde remembraunce  
 Maketh me stonde in soyche traunce.  
 So sodenly he was brought in soyche  
 cas \* 9029  
 He wyste not weȝ where he was.  
 Of þis haue ye no marvett.  
 For aȝ hys felowis, with-out faith, 9032  
 Were so highly caught with here  
 beaute, [leaf 76, back]  
 That nye to þe same plyte were heye.  
 What for shame and basshedenes  
 Partonope dare not þorwe the prese  
 Passe to his lady þe order to take. 9037  
 Who was þen wo but good Wrake ?  
 So with grete fere at þe laste  
 Ashandyde to þe grounde his face he  
 caste, 9040  
 That Melyore in no wyse shulde se  
 Howe he, þat false Partonope,  
 What with shame and grete fere,  
 To his lady he nyghede nere. 9044  
 Fro his nyke she toke his swerde,  
 About his myddiȝ she it gyrded.  
 And in soyche wyse his gyrdyng he  
 felt,



- His herte as metalle þen gan melte. 9048 Partonope  
 When from hir departe shuld [he], goes away  
 And pough[t] it myght none *oper* wise be, sorrowful.  
 His Eyen on hir sorowfuH he caste,  
 And oute of hir *presence* he hiede faste. [leaf 114, back] 9052  
 This ladye toke heede of his chere. The Queen  
 She thought his porte and his manere thinks the  
 Likened moche to Partonope. knight  
 But ayeinward þen thought she : resembles  
 9056 Partonope.  
 "To pinke þis I haue grete wronge,  
 For sith he deyed it is go longe."  
 And *perwith* she turned hir to Wrake.  
 "Suster," she seide, "be Goddes sake, 9060 In mention-  
 This knyght truly, as pinketh me, ing it to  
 Resembleth of stature and beaute Urake she is  
 That worthy, þat semely—" and *perwith* she so troubled  
 Of speche stinted, for in no degre that she  
 9064 cannot even  
 His name to sowne had she no myght. pronounce  
 Hir herte so gretely was of þe sight his name.  
 Of hym distraught, þat as a lefe  
 With wynde yshake, so quoke \* hir brethe, 9068
9068. MS. quake.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- His hert as metalf than gan melt. 9048  
 Whan from her departe shulde,  
 And thought hit myght non other wyse  
 be,  
 His eyen on her sorowfully he cast, 9051  
 And oute of her presens he hyed fast.  
 This lady toke hede of his chere.  
 She thought his port and his  
 manere  
 Lekened moche to Partanope.  
 But a-yein-ward than thought She : 9056  
 "To thenk this I haue grete wrong,  
 For syth he dyed hit ys go longe."  
 And there-wyth she turned her to Vrak.  
 "Suster," she sayd, "be Goddes sake,  
 This knyght truly, as thenketh me,  
 Resembleth of stature and of beaute  
 That worthy, that semely—" and  
 ther-wyth she  
 Of speke stynted, for in no degre 9064  
 His name to sowne had She no myght.  
 Her hert so gretely was of the syght  
 Of hym dysstraught that as a lefe  
 Wyth wynde I-sake / so quoke her  
 breth. 9068
- His hert as metalf þen gan mylte. 9048  
 When from hir departe shulde he,  
 And þought it myght none *oper* be,  
 His eyen on hir sodenly he caste, 9051  
 And out of hire presence he hyede faste.  
 \* This lady toke hede of his chere.  
 She þought his port and his maner  
 Lykenede moche to Partonope.  
 But ayein-ward þen þought she : 9056  
 "To thyne þis I haue grete wronge,  
 For sethe he dyede it is goo longe."  
 There-with she turnede here to Wrake.  
 "Syster," she seyde, "be Goddes sake,  
 This knyght truly, as thynketh me,  
 Resemblyth of stature and of beute  
 That worthy, þat symly," and ther-  
 with she  
 Of speche styntyde, for in no degre 9064  
 His name to sowne hade she no myght.  
 Here hert so gretly was of þe sight  
 Of hym dysstraught þat at a lefe  
 Wyth wynde Ishake, so quoke here  
 brethe. 9068

Hir herte, hir lymmes eke so tremeled,  
 His name in no wise couþe she rede.  
 Thus stode\* þis lady amonge hem aȝ.  
 Ofte was she in wiȝ hym to caȝ, 9072  
 But o þing made hir stonde in drede :  
 It hadde ben ayeinst hir womanhede.

Partonope is  
 now gone to  
 his chamber.

Now is Partonope, þis new knyght,  
 Gone to his chambre, and haþ þe sight 9076  
 Of hir loste þat he now loveth beste.

His herte is sette in lytiȝ reste.  
 For olde love and new desyre  
 Hath sette his herte so hote on fyre, 9080  
 That aȝ his sprites with hym be  
 So troubled þat to bedde goþe he,  
 And leyth hym downe þer to reste.

Now may he þinke what hym liste. 9084

He longs  
 for the  
 tournament,

Many mervelouse pought þinketh he.  
 "Now, lorde God," seide he, "when shaȝ be  
 This turnement, þere as I myght  
 Prefe my-self to be a knyght? 9088

Lorde, wheþer I shaȝ lyve to þat day

9071. MS. This seide.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Her hert, her lymmes eke so tremeled,  
 His name in [no] wyse cowde she rede.  
 Thus stode this lady a-monge hem aȝ.  
 Ofte was she in wyȝ hym caȝ, 9072  
 But oo thing made her stond in drede :

Hit had bene a-yeinst her woman-hede  
 Now ys Partanope, this new knyght,  
 Gone to his chambre, and hath  
 the syȝt 9076

Of her lost that he now loveth best,  
<sup>1</sup> His hert ys sett in lyteȝ rest,  
 For old love and new desyre [<sup>1</sup> leaf 78, back]  
 Hath sett his hert so hote on fyre, 9080  
 That aȝ his spyrytes wyȝ hym be  
 So trobled that to bedde goȝ he,  
 And lyeth hym downe there to rest.  
 Now may he þenke what hym lyst.  
 Many mervayles thought thenketh he.  
 "Now, lord God," sayd he, "whan  
 shaȝ be 9086

This turnement, There a[s] I myght  
 Preve my-self to be a knyght? 9088  
 Lord, wedyr I shaȝ leve tyȝ that day,

*Rawl. MS.*

Here hert, her lymes eke so tremblyde,  
 His name in no wyse couthe she rede.  
<sup>1</sup> Thus stode þis lady amonge hem aȝ.  
 Ofte was she in wiȝ hym to caȝ, 9072  
 But o thyng made here stonde in  
 drede : [<sup>1</sup> leaf 77]

Hit hade ben ayein here womanhede.  
 Nowe is Partonope, þis newe knyght,  
 Gon to his chambir, and hathe sight

Of here þat he lonyth beste. 9077  
 His hert is set in lytiȝ reste.  
 For olde lone and newe desyre  
 Hathe set his hert so sore a fyre, 9080  
 That aȝ his sper[it]is wiȝ hym be  
 So troublede þat to bede goȝ he,  
 And leyde hym downe þer to reste.  
 Nowe may he þynke what he lyste.  
 Many a mervelus þough thynketh he.  
 "Nowe, lorde God," seyde he, "when  
 shaȝ be

This turment, þer as I myght  
 Prese my-selȝe to be a knyght? 9083  
 Lorde, where I shaȝ leve to þat day,

Then wote I wele, *with-uten* nay,

I shaH be at *pat* Turnement.

[leaf 115]

For herte and strength, *pat* God haH lente

9092

To me, I shaH spende, be I neuer so sore

Hurte; for wele I wote and knowe a-fore,

I shaH pere se my souereyn leche.

And hir beaute shaH so me refresshe,

9096

where he  
will see  
Melior.

That in armes me shaH teche,

Thoughe my stroke be harde or nesshe,

Of myn enemyes I wole not sette a risshe."

Thus lieth this knyght Partonope,

9100

Hym-self avaunting faire and fre,

And in presume[i]on falleth sore,

He weneth to haue pe degre perfore.

AH pis made love, I vndertake.

9104

To hym perwith come Wrake,

And to a priuere chamber hym ledde,

And pere hym made reste on a bedde.

There was he saufe and oute of sight,

9108

And pere a-bode tiH it was nyght.

Oute of pe halle gothe Meliore.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Than) wote I wele, wyth-uten) nay,

I shaH be at that turnement.

For hert and strength that God hath

lent

9092

To me, be I neuer so sore, I shaH spend

Hurt; for weH I wote and know a-fore,

I shaH there see my souerayn leche.

And her beaute shaft so me refriesch,

That in armys me shaft teche,

9097

Thought my stroke be hard or nasshe,

Of myn) Enmys this knyght wot not

not sett a ryth."

Thus lyeth this knyght Partanope,

Hym-sellf a-vaunting fayre and free,

And in presume[i]on) falyth sore,

He weneth to haue the gree there-fore.

AH this made love, I vndyr-take,

To hym) ther-wyth come Vrak,

And to a pryvyer chambere) hym) ledde,

And there) hym) made reste on a bedde.

There was he safe and out of syght,

And there he a-bode tyH hit was derke

nyght.

Out of the haH goth Melior,

*Rawl. MS.*

Then) wot I weH, with-out nay,

I shaH be at pis turment,

For hert and strenght, pat God hath

lent

9092

To me, I shaH spende, be I neuer so

sore

Hurt: for weH I wot and knowe afore,

I shaH per se my souerayne leche.

And here beute shaft so me refresshe,

That in armes me shaft teche,

9097

Though my stroke be harde ore nesshe,

Of myne enemyes I wiH not set a

russhe."

9099

¶ Thus lyeth pis knyght Partonope

Hym-sel)fe avautynge feyre and fre,

And in presume[i]on) fallyth sore,

He wenyth to haue the gre per-fore.

AH pis made loue, I vndertake.

9104

To hym per-with come Wrake,

And to a preuyere chambir hym lede,

And made hym reste vpon a bede.

¶ Ther was he safe and out of sight,

And per abode tiH it was nyght.

9109

[leaf 77, back]

But of pe haH gothe Melyore.

Melior  
leaves  
the hall,  
lovesick  
and afflicted.

Hir hede, she seide, oke fuH sore,  
With hem myght she no lenger bide. 9112  
She seide: "Wele mote ye aH be-tyde."  
And toke hir leve in curteyse wise,  
Better þen I can teH or devise.  
Love-seke she was, with-outen doute, 9116  
Grete grefe she felt aH a-boute.  
The fyres darte of love so smerte  
So prilled hadde hir meke herte,  
That flesshe and blode, bode and veyne 9120  
Was fullfilled with grete peyne.  
Therefore myght wele fayre Meliore  
Sey hir hede oke þan fuH sore.

Urake and  
Partonope  
go on board,

The day is paste, and now cometh Eve. 9124  
Of hir suster Wrake toke hir leve.  
Hir many metith with hir anoone.  
Partonope she Cleped, and forþe they gone  
To þe haven, where as þe shipp of flote 9128  
Was she founde redy, and þen a bote  
Hir many calle, and þat in haste. [leaf 115, back]  
The bote to hir they rowed faste.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Her hede, she sayd, ooke fuH sore.  
Wyth hend myght she no lenger  
a-byde. 9112  
She sayd: "Wele mote ye aH be-tyde,"  
And toke her leve in curteys wyse,  
Better than I can telle or devyse.  
Love-syke She was, wyth-outen doute,  
Grete greef She felt aH a-boute. [leaf 79]  
The fyres dart of love so smert 9118  
So threlled hadd her meke hert,  
That flesh and blood, bone and veyne

Was fuH-fyHed wyth grete payne.  
There-fore myght fayre Melior 9122  
Sey her hede ooke fuH sore.

**T**he day ys past, now cometh eve.  
Of her suster Vrak taketh leve.  
Her meyne meteth wyth her a-none.  
Partonope She clepyth, and forth they  
gone 9127  
To the haven, wherz as the ship aflote  
Was She fonde redy, and than a bote  
Her meyne eaff, and that in hast, 9130  
The bote to her they Rowed fast.

*Rawl. MS.*

Here hede, she seyde, oke fuH sore.  
With hem myght she no lenger abyde.

She seyde "aH mot ye weH be-tyde."  
And toke her leue fuH courtesly, 9114  
Better þen I con teH in fey.  
Loue-seke she was, with-out doute,  
Grete grefe she felt aH aboute. 9117  
The fers dart of loue so smerte  
So thrillede hade here meke herte,  
That fleshe and blode, senewe and  
veyne

Was fuH-fillede with grete payne. 9121  
There-fore myght weH feyre Melyore  
Sey here hede þen oke sore.

**T**he day is paste, and come is eve,  
Of hir syster Wrake taketh leue. 9125  
Hir meyne metyth with here anone.  
Partonope she clepyth, and furth þey  
gone  
To þe haunyn, wherz as þe schipe aflote  
Was she founde redy, and þen a bote  
Here meyne eaff, and þat in haste. 9130  
The bote to hir þey rowdie faste.

- The shipmen hir heylen with good chere, 9132  
 To shippe they rowe aH in fere.  
 The shipp when they were entred aH,  
 The maister maryner his men did caH  
 And bade hem faste þe ankere vp hale. 9136  
 The saile þerwith they made avale,  
 And forþe they sayle afore þe wynde.  
 A better saylere can no man fynde,  
 Then was þat shipp at my devise. 9140  
 With Wrake þer was Persewise,  
 That loved some folke þer fuH wele.  
 But so frowarde turned fortune his whele,  
 That was not be-loved agayne, 9144  
 þanked be fortune, so may we seyne.  
 For she þat I love with aH my herte,  
 Gifeth liteH forse how sore I smerte.  
 The shipp I spake of, was fuH good. 9148  
 FuH faste he sayleth prow þe floode,  
 So þat within a liteH while  
 They be come save into þe Ile  
 Of Salence with-out any affray, 9152  
 On morowe be þan it was day.

accom-  
panied  
by poor  
Persewis,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- The shypmen here heylyn wyth  
 good chere, 9132  
 To Shipp they Row aH in feere.  
 The shipp whan they were entred aH,  
 The mayster marener hys men dyd caH,  
 And bad hem fast the anker vp hale.  
 The sayle ther-wyth they made a-vale,  
 And forth the sayle a-fore the wynde.  
 A better sayler can no man fynde  
 That was that Ship at my devyse. 9140  
 That loved som folk there ryght wele,  
 But so froward turned fortune his  
 whele,  
 That was not be-loved ayen, 9144  
 Thanked be fortune so may whe seyn,  
 For she that I love wyth aH my hert,  
 Gyfeth lytett forse how sore I smert.  
 The Ship I spak of, was fuH goode.  
 FuH fast he sayleth thorow the floode,  
 So that wyth-yn a lytett while 9150  
 They be come safe in-to the yle  
 Of Salence wyth-outen ony affray,  
 On morow be than hit was day. 9153

## Rawl. MS.

- The shipmen her haith with good  
 chere. 9132  
 To shipe þey rowe aH in fere.  
 The schipe when þey were entyrde aH,  
 The master marener his men dyde caH,  
 And bade hem faste þe ankere vp hale,  
 The saith þer-with þey dyde avale. 9137  
 Forthe þey saith afore þe wynde.  
 A better saylere can no man fynde,  
 Than was þat shipe at my devyse. 9140  
 With Wrake þer was Percewyse,  
 That lonyde som folke þer right wet.  
 For so frowarde turnede fortune his  
 while,  
 That was not be-louyde agayne, 9144  
 Thankede be fortune, so may we seyne,  
 For she þat I loue with aH my herte,  
 Geuyth lytitt fors, bought I soresmert  
 The shipe I spake of, was fuH goode.  
 FuH faste she saylede þorwe þe floode,  
 So þat with-in a lytitt while (leaf 78)  
 They be come faste in-to þe Ile  
 Of Salence with-out ony fray, 9152  
 On morwe be þat it was day.

and return  
to Salence.

Oute gothe þe ankere, downe gope þe saile.  
 Wrake hath ouercome wele hir travaylle.  
 To bote they gone and streight to londe. 9156  
 The maryners they leve on þe stronde.  
 Wrake bade hem ofte fare wele,  
 And forþe she gothe to hir casteH.  
 With aH hir meany pere she mette. 9160  
 On knees lowly they hir grete,  
 And of hir comyng were fuH gladde.  
 To stonde vp-right hem aH she bade,  
 And into hir chambre streight she gothe. 9164  
 In shorte tyme after borde and cloþe  
 Was leide, for it drew faste to pryme.  
 Sone after Wrake come in to dyne,  
 And with hir brought Partonope; 9168  
 Of mete þere laked no deynte. [leaf 116]  
 Thus day be day they fare right wele.  
 But Partonope makeþ grete dole,  
 So longe comyng is þe day. 9172  
 His armes ofte dore he assay.  
 Vpon a day, soone after þe assenc[i]on,

One day  
Partonope

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Oute goth the anker, down) goth the  
 Sayle.  
 Vrak hath ouer-come wele her travayle.  
 To bote they gone and streight to  
 lond. [leaf 79, back] 9156  
 The mareners they leve on) the strond.  
 Vrak bad hym) ofte fare wele,  
 And forth She goth to her casteH.  
 Wyth alle her meyne there she mett.  
 On) kneys lowly the her grete, 9161  
 And of her comyng were fuH glad.  
 To stond vp-ryght hem) aH She bad,  
 And to her chamber streight She  
 goth. 9164  
 In short tyme after boord and cloth  
 Was leyde, for hit drew fast to pryme.  
 Sone after Vrak come in to dyne,  
 And wyth her brought Partonope;  
 Of mete ther lakked no deynte. 9169  
 Thus day by day they fare ryght wele,  
 But Partonope maketh moche dele,  
 So long Comyng ys the day. 9172  
 His Armys ofte doth he assay.  
 Vpon a day, soone after the assen-  
 cion.

*Rawl. MS.*

Out goth þe ankere, downe goth þe  
 saile.  
 Wrake hath ouer-come her travaiH.  
 To bot þey gon and streight to londe.  
 The mareners þey leue on þe stronde.  
 Wrake bade hem ofte fare weH, 9158  
 And furthe she gothe to here casteH.  
 With aH here meyne þer she mete.  
 On knees lowly þey here grete, 9161  
 And of here comy[n]ge were fuH glade.  
 To stonde vp-right she hem bade.  
 In-to here chambir streight she gothe.  
 In short tyme after borde and clothe  
 Was leyde, for it drewe faste to prime.  
 Sone after Wrake come in to dyne,  
 And with here brought Partonope;  
 Of mete þer lakede no deynte. 9169  
 Thus day be day þey fere right weH.  
 But Partonope maketh meche deH  
 So longe comy[n]ge is þe day. 9172  
 His armour ofte dothe he assay.  
 Vppon a day, soone after þe asseneion),

- When þe sonnes light hath foysonē  
 Of hete, after dynere faire Wrake 9176 goes alone  
down to the  
sea-shore.  
 Yode to hir chambre, and þought to take  
 Her reste, tiH þe hote were a-go,  
 And toke Persewise with hir and no mo.  
 But so did not good Partonope. 9180  
 Of any reste litiH heede toke he.  
 Were it be desteny or be sorte,  
 Vnwetyng of Wrake him to disporte  
 To þe see went, and toke a bote. 9184 There he  
takes a boat.  
 The see was fayre, þe weder was hote.  
 And forþe he sayleth vp in the see  
 A-fore þe wynde; but when þat he  
 Homward wolde a turned ayein, 9188 A violent  
wind carries  
him off to  
the isle of  
Tenedon.  
 The wynde was contrarie, it wolde not bene.  
 And þerto it blew so sturdely,  
 That perisshe hym dredde fuH hugely.  
 Shipmen seide they couthe not se 9192  
 But þat they moste serve þe see.  
 So hidously þo the wynde gan blowe,

*Univ. Coll. MS.**Rawl. MS.*

- Whan) the Sonnes lyght hath foyson),  
 Ofte hete, after dynyr fayre Vrak 9176  
 Yode to her chambrere, and thought to  
 take  
 Her rest, tyH the hete were a-goo,  
 And toke Persewyse with her and no  
 moo.  
 But so dyd not good Partanope 9180  
 Of ony rest lyteH goode he toke heede  
 Were hit be dystyny or be sort,  
 Vrak vn-wetyng of Vrak hym) to  
 dysport  
 To the see went, and toke a bote. 9184  
 The see was fayre, the wedyr was hote.  
 And forth he sayleth vp in the see  
 A-for the wynd; but whan) that he  
 Homward wold a turne a-yein), 9188  
 The wynde was contrayre, hit wold not  
 bene.  
 And therto hit blew so sturdely,  
 That peryseH he hym) drad fuH hugely.  
 Sypmen) sayd they cowde not see 9192  
 But they must serve the se.  
 So hidously tho the wynd gan) blow,
- When) þe son-light hathe foyson)  
 Of hete, after dynyr fayre Wrake 9176  
 Yede to here chambir, and þought to  
 take  
 Here reste, tiH þe hete were goo,  
 And toke Percewyse with here and no  
 moo.  
 But so dyde not gode Partonope. 9180  
 Of ony reste lytiH hede toke he.  
 Where it be desteny ore be sorte,\*  
 Vu-wytyng of Wrake hym to dys-  
 sporte  
 To þe se went, and toke a bote. 9184  
 The se was feyre, þe weder was hote.  
 Furthe he saylyth vppon) þe se  
 Afore þe wynde; but when þat he  
 Homwarde wolde a turnede ayein), 9188  
 The wynde was contrary, it wolde not  
 bene. [leaf 78, back]  
 And þer-to it blew so stordyle,  
 Then þer to be perisshe) he wende  
 verelye.  
 Schipmen) seyde þey couth not se 9192  
 But þat þey moste serue þe se.  
 So hedyusly þe wynde gan blowe,

9182. MS. forte.

	The coste on no side coupe they knowe.	
	So within a lityH while,	9196
	Magre her hede, into an Ile	
	They were dryve, where as they moste	
	Aryve, or elles they ben but loste.	
	This Ile was named <u>Tenodoen</u> ,	9200
	Where they aH arryved bene.	
	The lorde perof hight Armaunt,	
	A deviH and a cursed tyraunt.	
	Large was he of body and a worthy knyght.	9204
	His moste Ioy was euer to fight ;	
	To Iust and turney was aH his play.	
	Grete Ioy hadde he þen to assay	
	To sle or mayme whom euer he myght	[leaf 116, back] 9208
	And if it happed hym a worthy knyght	
	To hurte or sle or elles mayme,	
	þerat wolde he laughe, and was fuH fayne.	
	And if he put any man in prisone,	9212
	Oute shuld he neuer for no Raunsone.	
	When Partonope and his meany were	
	In þat londe aryved for grete feere	
	Of þe hidouse tempest on þe see,	9216
There lives Armant, a flerce tyrant, who has pleasure in slaying and imprisoning other knights.		
Partonope and his men are arrested and shut up in a tower.		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

The cost on) no syde cowde they know.  
 So wyth-in a lytell while, [leaf 80] 9196  
 Magre her hede, in-to an) yle  
 They were dryve, where as they must  
 A-ryve or elles they bene but lost.  
 This Ile was named Tenodoen), 9200  
 Where they aH aryved bene.  
 The lord there-of hyght Armaunt,  
 A devyH and aused tyraunt.  
 Large was he of body and worthy  
 knyght. 9204  
 His most Ioy was euer to fyght,  
 To Iust and turney was aH his play.  
 Grete Ioy had he than) to assay  
 To sle or mayne whom) euer he myght.  
 And yf that hit happed hym) a worthy  
 knyght 9209  
 To hurt or sle or elles mayne,  
 There-at wold he law, and was fayne.  
 And yf he put ony may in prysen),  
 Out shuld he neuer for no raunsoun).  
 Whan) Partonope had his meyne were  
 In that lond a-ryved for grete feere  
 Of the hydous tempest or the see, 9216

## Rawl. MS.

The coste in no wyse couthe þey knowe.  
 So with-in a lytiH while, 9196  
 Magre here hede in-to an Ile  
 They were dreve, where þey moste  
 Aryue, ore elles þey be but loste.  
 This Ile was nanyde Tenodone, 9200  
 Where þey aH aryvede ben).  
 The lorde þer-of hight Armant,  
 A deviH and a coursede tyraunt.  
 Large he was and a worthy knyght.  
 His moste Ioye was euer to fight. 9205  
 To Iuste and turney was his play.  
 Grete Ioye hade he to assay  
 To sle ore mayne whom he myght.  
 And yef it hapede hym a worthy  
 knyght 9209  
 To hurt ore sle ore elles manye  
 Ther-at wolde he laugh and be fayne.  
 And yef he put ony man) in preson),  
 Out shulde he neuer for no raunsoun).  
 When Partonope and his men) were  
 In þat londe aryuyde for grete fere  
 Of the hedyus tempeste of the se, 9216



And anoone in haste they arested be  
 Of men of þe contre, and forþe ladde  
 To pis Tyraunt; and þen fuH gladde  
 Of hem was he; and fuH despitously 9220  
 On hem he loked; and þen fuH sodenly  
 With-oute talkyng or speche more  
 Into a toure, where as fuH sore  
 They were fetered and stoked faste. 9224  
 On hem the dorres were shutte in haste.  
 Lo! how sodenly fortune her whele  
 Hath \* fro hym turned euery dele,  
 And chaunged wele into sorowe. 9228  
 Lytle wende he þat day be þe morowe  
 To haue sowped in prisone of þat tiraunte.  
 LyteH ought a man to make a-vaunte  
 Of wordly prosperite or þerof Ioy have, 9232  
 For he þat is destyned to be a knave,  
 Lyveth more in suerte þen dope a lorde.  
 This is sene aH day, and so gothe þe worlde.

9227. Hath] MS. and.

Fortune is  
inconstant.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And a-non in hast they a-rested be  
 Of men of the contre, and forth ladde  
 To this tyraunt; and than fuH gladde  
 Of hem was he / and fuH dyspetously  
 On hym he loked, and than fuH 9221  
 sodenly  
 Wyth-oute talkyng or spech more  
 In-to a toure were as fuH sore  
 They were and stokked fast, 9224  
 On hem the dores were shett in fast.  
 Lo! How sodenly fortune her whele  
 Hath fro hym turned euery dele,  
 And chaunged wele in-to sorow. 9228  
 LyteH wend he that day be the morow  
 To haue sooped in pryson of that  
 tyraunt.  
 LytyH ought a man to make a vanyte  
 Of wordely prosp[er]ite or ther-of loy  
 haue. 9232  
 For he that ys desteyned to be a  
 knowe,  
 Leveth more in sewirte than doth a  
 lord.  
 This ys seen aH day, and so goth the  
 world [leaf 80, back]

9219 MS. tyraunt.

## Rawl. MS

Anone in haste þey arestede be  
 Of men of þe contre, and furthe lede  
 To pis tyrant; and þen fuH glade 9219  
 Of hem was he; and fuH sputtuously  
 On hem he lokede; and þen sodenly  
 With-out talkyng ore speche more  
 In-to a toure, and þen fuH sore [leaf 79]  
 They were stokkede and fetherde faste.  
 On hym þe dores were barrede in haste.  
 Lo! howe fortune sodenly here while  
 Hathe fro hym turnede euery dette.  
 And changyde weH in-to sorwe. 9228  
 Lytitt wende he þat day be þe morwe.  
 Oþer prosperite ore Ioye þey haue. 9232  
 For he þat is dysstayned to be a  
 knaue,  
 Leayth more in suerte þen dothe a  
 lorde.  
 This is sene aH day, and so gothe þe  
 worde.

Urake and  
Persewis are  
in despair  
when they  
find that  
Partonope  
has disap-  
peared.

But now wole I tell of good Wrake 9236  
And of Persewy, þat now bene a-wake  
Fro slepe, and faste after Partonope  
Calle and clepe ; but where þat he  
Is become can no man sey. 9240  
Wrake for sorowe is poynte to dey,  
And Persewise also maketh moche moone.  
Hym forto seke is eiche man gone ;  
But aH for nought it wole not be. 9244  
Loste fro hem is now Partonope.  
With hem is hope Eve and morowe  
Wepying and wayling and moche sorowe  
For pis knyght þat þus is loste. 9248  
This life they endure vnto Pentecoste. [leaf 117]  
This lady queen Melior  
Wrake hir suster hape sent fore  
With hir to be at pis grete feste. 9252  
Hir commaundment ne her heste  
WiH she not breke, but maketh hir redy.  
And forþe she gothe, and also Persewy  
Taketh with, and forþe they wente, 9256

At Melior's  
bidding the  
two ladies  
repair to  
the court.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

But now woth I telle of goode Vrak  
And of Persewy, that now ben a-wake  
Fro slepe, and fast after Partanope  
CaH and clepe, but where that he  
Ys be-come can no man sey. 9240  
Vrak for sorow ys poynte to dey,  
And Persewys also maketh moche  
mone.

Hym for to seke ys eche man gone ;  
But aH for noght, hit woth not be. 9244  
Lost fro hem ys now Partanope.  
Wyth hem ys both even and morow  
Wepying and wayling and moch sorow

For this knyght that thus ys lost. 9248  
This lyfe they endure vn-to pentecost.

¶ This lady quene Meliore

Vrak her suster hath sent fore  
Wyth her to be at this grete fest. 9252  
Her comaundement ne her hest  
Woth she not breke, but maketh her  
redy.

Forth She goth, and also Persewy 9255  
Taketh wyth, and forth they went,

## Rawl. MS.

¶ But nowe wiH I tell of good Wrake  
And of Percewyse, þat ben awake 9237  
From slepe, and after Partonope  
Calle and clepe ; but where þat he  
Ys be-come can no man seye. 9240  
Wrake for sorwe is poynt to dye,  
And Percewyse maketh meche mone.

Hym for to seke is iche man gone ;  
But aH fore nought, it wiH not be. 9244  
Loste fro hem is nowe Partonope.  
With hem is bothe eyn and morwe  
Wepynge and weylunge and moche  
sorwe

For pis knyght, þat is þus loste. 9248  
This lyfe þey endure vnto pentecoste.

¶ This lady quene Melyore

Wrake here syster hath sent fore  
With here to be at pis grete feste. 9252  
Hir commaundement ne here heste  
WiH she not breke, but makyth redy

And furthe she gothe, and also Percewy  
Takyth with here and furthe she went,

Partonope gretely euer be-ment.

Hevy they were and duH of chere.

Meliore sawe wele be hir manere

They were in hevynesse, and þen pought she : 9260

" AH þis sorowe is now for me."

Therefore wole she make no question

Of hir disease, ne wete þe enchesone.

Fro þat day vnto þe turnement 9264

In wo her lyfe euer they despent.

Armaunt þat þus hath in prisone

Partonope, and pinketh for no Raunsone

He shaft neuer be delyuered oute, 9268

Faste maketh hym redy, with-outen doute,

To se þis turnement, þis grete feste.

And for he wole know atte leste

With hym he taketh speres xv<sup>en</sup> 9272

To gete hym prise, if it wole bene.

To shipþ he gothe, as I writen fynde.

The tide is fayre ; atte wiH he hath þe wynde.

In prisone feterid lieth Partonope. 9276

Armautes wife grete haste haþ she

Armaunt  
leaves to  
take part in  
the tourna-  
ment.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Partonope gretely euer be-ment 9257

Hevy they were and duH of chere.

Meliore saw wele be here manere

They were in hevynesse, and than  
thoght she : 9260

" AH this sorow ys now for me."

There-fore woth She make no questyon

Of her dysseste, ne wyth the echoson).

Fro that day vn-to the turnement

In wo her lyfe euer they dyspent. 9265

A Rmaunt that thus hath in preson)  
Partonope, and thenketh for no  
raunson)

He shaft neuer be delyuered oute, 9268  
Fast maketh hym redy, wyth-outen)  
doute,

To se this turnement, this grete fest.

And for he woth know at lest 9271

Wyth hym he taketh speres fyftene

To gete hym prise, yf yt woth beene.

<sup>1</sup> To Ship he goth, as I wryten fynde.

þe tyde ys fayre, at wylle he hath the  
wynd. [1 leaf 81] 9275

In prisone fetered lyeth Partonope.

Armautes wyfe grete hast hath she

## Rawl. MS.

Partonope gretely euer be-ment. 9257

Heuy þey were and duH of chere.

Melyore sawe weH be þer manere

They were in heuynes, and þen pought  
she : 9260

" AH þis sorwe is nowe for me."

<sup>1</sup> Ther-for wolde she make no questyon)

Of here desseyse ne the encheson).

From þat day vnto þe turment 9264

In wo þer lyues euer þey spent.

A Armaunt þatt þus hath in preson)

Partonope, and thynketh for no raun-  
son) [1 leaf 79, back]

He shaft neuer be delyuerde oute,

Faste makyth hym redy, with-out  
doute, 9269

To se þis turment, þis grete feste.

And for he wiH knowe at þe leste,

With hym he takyth speres xv 9272

To get hym pryse, yef it woth bene.

To schipe he goth as wretyn fynde.

The tyde is fayre, at wiH hath  
wynde.

In preson) feterde lyth Partonope. 9276

Armautes wyfe grete haste hath she

His wife  
goes to  
see the  
prisoners.

TiH þes prisoners she haue sey.  
The Iayler she biddeth bryng þe key,  
And in she gothe hym forto se. 9280  
She prayeth þen faste to Partonope  
To be of good comforte and of chere.  
To hir answerith þis prisonere :  
“Gladde in herte shaH I neuer be, 9284  
Sith pis turnement I may not se.”

She pities  
Partonope,  
and is  
willing to  
let him out  
of prison  
on bail.

This Gentil lady hadde grete pite  
Of his hevynesse, and þen seide she :  
“ My faire frende, ye wote wele how 9288  
Armaunt in prisone hape put you,  
And gif in charge highly to me [leaf 117, back]  
That ye be put in such suerte  
That when he is come home ayein, 9292  
In his prisone ye founde bene.  
Therefore I darre not lette you go  
In no wise, but it wer' so  
Ye myght me fynde good suerte, 9296  
Fro shame and harme to save me.”--

Partonope  
pledges his  
faith to

“Medame,” he seide, “I wole you swere  
Be þe ordre of knyghthode pat I bere,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Tylle this prisoner she haue sey.  
The Iayler she byddyth bryng the key  
And In She gothi hym for to se. 9280

To be of good comfort and of chere  
To her answeyth this prisonere :  
“Gladde in hert shaH I neuer be, 9284  
Syth this turnement I may not se.”

¶ This gentel lady had grete pyte  
Of his hevynes, and than sayd  
she : 9287

“ My fayre frend, yee wote wele how  
Armaunt in pryson hath put yow,  
And gyf in charg highly to me  
That ye be putt in such swert[e] 9291  
That whan he ys come home ayein,  
In his pre prison yee found been.  
There-for I dare not late yow goo  
In no wyse, but hit were soo  
Ye myght me fynd good sewyrt, 9296  
Fro shame and harme to saue me.”--  
“Madame,” he sayd, “I wot yow  
swere

Be the ordyr of knyght-hod that I bere,

*Rawl. MS.*

TiH þis prison she haue sey.  
The Iaylour she byddyth brynge þe key.  
And in she gothi hem to se. 9280

She preyseth faste Partonope  
To be of good comfort and of chere.  
To here answerde þis prisonere :  
“Gladde in hert shaH I neuer be, 9284  
Seythe þis turment I may not se.”

¶ This lentiH lady hade grete pete  
Of his hevynes, and þen seyde she :

“ My fayre frende, ye wot weH howe  
Armaunt in prison hathe put you, 9289  
And gyf in charge highly to me  
That ye be put in soyche suerte  
That when he is come home ayein, 9292  
In his prison ye founde bene.  
Ther-for I dare not let you goo  
In no wyse, but it were so  
Ye myght me fynde good suerte, 9296  
Fro shame and harme to saue me.”--

“Madam,” he seyde, “I wot yow  
swere  
Be þe order of knyghthode pat I bere

Gife I scape from þens on lyve,	9300	return to
Ayein to prisone I shaft come as blyve.		prison,
Oþer hostage fynde I ne can,		when the
But swere here to be your liege man."		tournament
And with þat worde he feH on kne.	9304	is over.
The lady of hym hadde grete pite,		
And wept fuH tendirly, and seide þo :		
"Sir, rise vp, for ye shuH go		Armant's
With-oute othe making or suerte.	9308	wife trusts
For ye seme truly forto be		him.
A gentiH man, whens euer ye come.		
Be your semelyhode a man may deme		
Your comyng ayein as my suerte.	9312	
I put aH in you. And if so be		
To prisone ye yelde you not ayein,		
Come Armaunt home, þen shaH I bene		
To-drawe or brente or elles slayne.	9316	
And siþ that I am now so fayne		
To do for you þat you may p lease,		
Do so agayne þat I haue no diseace,		
Ne lese me life ; for in his cruelte	9320	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Gyf I scape fro þens on lyve,	9300	<sup>1</sup> Gyf I scape fro þens on lyue,	9300
A-yen to pryson I shaft come as blyfe.		Ayen to prerson I shaft come blyue.	
Osther hostage fynd I ne canne,		Othir ostage fynde I ne can,	
But swere here to be yure leegemann."		But swere here to be your leyge	
		man)." [1 leaf 80]	9303
And wyth that word he fyH on knee.		And with þat worde he fitt on kne,	
The lady of hym had grete pyte,	9305	The lady of hym had grete pete,	
And wept fuH tendirly, and seyde		And wepte tenderly, and seyde þo :	
tho :			
"Syr, ryse vp, for ye shuH goo		"Sir, ryse vpe, for ye shaH goo	
Wyth-oute othe making or sewerte.		With-out othe makinge ore suerte,	
For ye seme trewly for to be	9309	For ye seme truly for to be	9309
A gentyH man, whens euer ye come.		A lentiH man, whens euer ye come.	
Be your semely-hode a man may		Be your synlyhede a man may deme	
deme			
Your comyng a-yen as my sewerte.		Your comy[n]ge ayen is my suerte.	
In putt aH in yow, and yf so be	9313	I put aH in you. And yef so be	9313
<sup>1</sup> To pryson ye yeld yow not a-yen,		To prerson you yelde you not agayne,	
Come armed home, than shaH I		Come Armant home, þen shaH I bene	
bene [1 leaf 81, back]			
To-drawe or brent or elles slayne.	9316	To-drawe ore brent ore elles slayne.	
And syth that I am now so fayne		And sethe þat I am now so fayne	
To do for yow that yow may please,		To do for you þat may you p lease,	9318
Do so a-geyn that I haue no dyssece,		Do so ayen þat I haue no dysseyse,	
Ne lese my lyffe / ffor in his cruelte	9320	Ne lese my lyfe ; ffor in þis crewelte	

and provides him  
with a steed,  
a silver  
shield  
and good  
arms.

He rekketh lityh þough I slayne be.  
At þis tyme for you þis woie I do.  
Arme you right wele, and lette you go.  
A stede ye shaft haue þat is so wight. 9324  
Be then ye knowe hym, grete delite  
Wiþ ye haue on hym to ride.  
A better stede may no man [stride].  
A sadyh to hym he shaft haue mete, 9328  
The brideh and þe croper with golde ybete.  
Of bright syluer shaft be your shelde,  
A better shaft noone come in þe felde. [leaf 118]  
A spere shaft ye haue, and þeron a getone, 9332  
Wele I-bete with siluer, þat passeth þe arsone.  
It shaft hange of þe sadyh þat ye in ride.  
A swerde ye shaft haue be your side,  
And for your love I wole [you] it lene, 9336  
Harde and pliaunte and eke right kene.  
And if God sende you þat grace  
Fro þe turnement on lyve into þis place

If Partonope  
does not

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He rekketh lyteh thogh I slayn be.  
At this tyme for yow this woþ I do.  
Arme yow ryght weþ, and late yow  
goo.  
A steede ye shaft haue that ys so  
wyght. 9324  
Be than ye knowe hym, in grete  
delyte  
While ye haue on hym to ryde.  
A better steede may no man stryde.  
A sadyh to hym he shaft haue mete,  
The Brydeh and the Cropor wyth gold  
I-bete. 9329  
Of bryght seluer shaft be your sheld,  
A better shaft none come in the feeld.  
A spere shaft ye haue, and there-on a  
geton, 9332  
Wele I-bete wyth syluer, that passith  
the arson.  
Hit shaft hang / of the Sadyh that ye  
in ryde.  
A swerd ye shaft haue be youre syde,  
And for youre love I woþ yow hit lene,  
Hard and pliant and ryght kene. 9337  
And yf God send yow that grace  
Fro the turnement on lyve in-to this  
place

*Rawl. MS.*

He rekketh lytiþ þough I slayne be.  
At þis tyme for you þis wiþ I do. 9322  
Arme you right weþ, and let you  
goo.  
A stede ye shaft haue þat is wight.  
Be þen ye knowe hym, grete delyte  
Wiþ ye haue on hym to ryde. 9326  
A better stede may no man stryde.  
A sadyh to hym ye shaft haue mete,  
The brydiþ and cropere with golde  
bete. 9329  
Of bright syluer shaft be your shelde,  
A better shaft none come in þe felde.  
A spere ye shaft haue and þer-on  
gytton, 9332  
Weþ bete with syluer, þt passeth þe  
arson.  
Hit shaft longe in sadyh þat ye in  
ryde.  
A swerde ye shaft have be youre syde,  
For youre loue I wiþ it you lene, 9336  
Harde and pliaunt and eke right  
kene.  
1 And yef God sende you þat grace  
Fro þe turment alyue in-to þis place  
[1 leaf 80, back]

Saufe and sounde to Retourne ayein,	9340	return in time, Armant is sure to kill her.
In my kepyng þen shaft ye bene.		
And be ye ones in disposic[i]on,		
I hope to gete you oute of prisone.		
And if in turnement ye happe to deye,	9344	
My loy is gone, þen may I sey,		
And Armaunt come home ayein,		
With his swerde he wole me slene.		
Thinketh what I do for your love nowe.	9348	
My life, my dethe lieth aH in you."		
Highly hir thanked þen Partonope		
But I can not wele sey where she		
Hath wisely done, or as elles a fole.	9352	
Sith he is þus passed þe Iayle		
His armour to hym delyuered hath she.		
In þe nyght to shipp streight goþe he,		
And to Chiefdoiere, where as þe turnement	9356	Partonope sails to Chef d'Oire,
Shuld be holde, pidder hath he ment		
To sayle; he was lothe to be by-hynde		
But wele with hym was not þe wynde,		
Whereof hym-self gan faste dismay.	9360	but the wind being un- favourable,
The shipmen seide they wolde assay		

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

Saue a sonne to retorne a-yein), 9340  
 In my kepyng than) shaft ye been).  
 And be ye onys in dysposicion),  
 I hope to gete yow oute of prison).  
 And yf in turnement ye happe to dye,  
 My loy ys gone, than) may I sey, 9345  
 And arment come home ayein),  
 Wyth this Swerd he wold me slene.  
 Thenketh what I do for youre love  
 now. 9348  
 My lyfe, my deth lyeth aH in yow."  
 Hyghly her thanketh than) Partanope.  
 But I can) not wele sey where she  
 Hath wysely done, or as elles a fole.  
 Syth he ys thus passed the laole, 9353  
 His armed to delyuered hath she,  
 In the nyght to Ship streyght goth he,  
 And to Chyef doyre, were as the turne-  
 ment {1 leaf 82} 9356  
 Shuld be hold, thedyr hath he ment  
 To sayle; he was loth to be by-hynde.  
 But wele wyth hym) was not the wynd,  
 Where-of hym-self ganne fast dysmaye.  
 The Shipmen) sayde they wold assay

PARTONOPE.

Safe and sounde to retorne ayein), 9340  
 In my kepyng þen) shaft ye ben.  
 And be ye onys in dyssposicion).  
 I hope to gete you out of prison).  
 And yef in turment ye hape to dye,  
 My loye is gon, þen shaft I sey, 9345  
 And Armant come home ayein,  
 With his swerde he wiH me slene.  
 Thynketh what I do for you nowe.  
 My-selfe, my deth lyeth in you." 9349  
 Highly hir thankele Partonope.  
 But I can) not weH sey where she  
 Hathe wysly don), ore eHes as a fole.  
 Sethe he þus passede þe gaoeth, 9353  
 His armour hym delyuerde hathe she.  
 In þe nyght streight gothe he,  
 And to Chife doyre, where þe turment  
 Shulde be holde, dethir hathe he  
 ment 9357  
 To saH; he is lothe to be by-hynde.  
 But weH with hym) was not þe wynde,  
 Where-of he gan) sore dysmay. 9360  
 The shipmen) seyde þey wold assay

C C

To Chief-doiere right wele hym bryng.  
 And if the wynde wolde for no þing  
 Serve hem wele to bryng hem þere, 9364  
 They wolde aryve then elles where  
 Fro þe turnement but x. myle,  
 Where he on londe in shorte while  
 He myght it ride, and þen Partonope 9368  
 Prayde hem aH it myght so be.  
 Of the lady hath he take leve ;  
 His hye troupe now wole she prove.  
 He sayled forþe, and or mydnyght [leaf 118, back] 9372  
 To þat porte he come fuH right,  
 Where as nedes he moste aryve.  
 He maketh no taryng, but as blyve  
 Gothe to londe, and armeth hym bright. 9376  
 Into his sadile he lepeþ fuH light.  
 The shipmen aH he biddeth fare wele,  
 And forþe he rideth armed in stele.  
 To\* Chief-doiere he hath ten myle. 9380  
 Be then he hadde riden but a while,  
 He was entred into þe foreste,  
 9380. To] MS. The.

he lands  
ten miles  
from the  
town.

As he rides  
through the  
forest which  
he knows  
so well,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

To Chyfe doyre ryght wele hym bryng  
 And yf the wynd wold for noþing 9363  
 Serve hem wele to bryng hem there  
 They wold a-ryfe thanne elles where  
 Fro the turnement by x myle, 9366  
 Where he in lond in short while  
 He myght hit ryde / and than Partanope 9368  
 Prayed hym aH hit myght so be.

Of the lady hath he take leve ;  
 His high trogth now wold she  
 prove.

He sayleth forth, and or mydnyght  
 To that port he came fuH ryght, 9373  
 Where as nedys he muste a-ryve.  
 He maketh a taryng, but as blyve  
 Goth to lond, and armed hym bright,  
 In-to his sadyH he lepeþ fuH ryght.  
 The Ship-men aH he byddeth fare wele,  
 Forth he rydeth armed in stele. 9379  
 To Chyfe doyre he hath ten myle.  
 But than he had ryden but a while,  
 He was entred in-to the forest

## Rawl. MS.

To Chyfe deoyre hym to brynge.  
 And yef þe wynde for noþyng  
 Serue hym to bryng hym þere, 9364  
 They wolde arryue elles where  
 Fro þe turment but x myle,  
 "Were ye on londe in short whyle  
 Ye myght it ryde," and þen Partonope  
 Prayed hem aH it myght so be. 9369  
 Of hir he hathe take leve ;  
 His trouthe nowe wiH she preue.  
<sup>1</sup> [leaf 81]

He saylede furth, and ore mydnyght  
 To þat port he come fuH right, 9373  
 Where as nedes he moste aryue  
 He makyth no taryng, but as blyve  
 Gothe to londe, and armede hym right.  
 In-to his sadyH he lepyth light. 9377  
 The shipmen aH he byddyth fare weH,  
 And furthe he rydyth armed in steH.  
 Then to Chyfe doyre he hathe x myle.  
 Be þen he hathe redyn but a wyle, 9381  
 He was enterdyde in-to þe foreste,



Where as he fuH many a beste  
 Was fuH wilde he hadde made tame. 9384  
 There-in to hunte was aH his game.  
 AH þat was, it is go fuH yore.  
 Therein he hath slei many a bore.  
 The way to þe casteH he knew þo wele. 9388  
 Yit hadde he in his herte boþe care and dole,  
 Thinkyng of þat was passed to-fore,  
 Which þrow his lewdnesse he hath lore.  
 Forth on his wey rideth Partonope, 9392  
 Hangyng his hede, as pough þat he  
 Of wordely Ioy had yove right nought.  
 And as he rode þus in a thought,  
 A knyght þat was fuH large of body, 9396  
 His lymmes wele shape and þat passyngly,  
 His heere was bloy, I-medled some dele  
 With white heeres, þat wonder wele  
 Be-come his visage, and þen he hadde 9400  
 A Rody berde and Eyen right gladde,  
 There as the way was somwhat turnyng,

he is over-  
 taken by  
 an elderly  
 knight,

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Where as he se fuH many a best  
 Was fuH wyld he had made tame. 9384  
 There In to hunt was aH his game.  
 AH that was / hit ys go fuH youre.  
 There-ynd he hath slaynd many a bore.  
 The way in-to the casteH he knew tho  
 wele, 9388

Thenkyng of that was past a-fore,  
 Which thorow his lewdenes he hath  
 lore,

**F**Orth on his way rydeth Partanope,  
 Hangyng his hede, as thogh  
 tha[t] he (leaf 82, back) 9393  
 Of wordely Ioy had yove ryght nought.  
 And as he rod thus in a thoght,  
 A knyght that was fuH large of body,  
 His lymmes weH shape and that pass-  
 yngly, 9397  
 His here was bloy, I-medeled somd dele  
 Wyth whytte heris that wondyr wele  
 Be-come his vysage / and than he  
 hadde 9400

A rody berd and yend ryght gladde,  
 There as the way was som-what turn-  
 yng,

*Rawl. MS.*

Where as he fuH many a beste,  
 That was wyld he made tame. 9384  
 There-on to hunt was his game.  
 AH þat was agoo fuH yore. (leaf 81)  
 Ther-in he hathe slayne many a bore.  
 The way to þe casteH he knewe weH.

Yet hade he in his hert bothe care and  
 dote, 9389  
 Thynkyng on þat was paste afore,  
 Which þorwe his folye he hathe lore.

**F**urthe on his wey rydyth Partonope,  
 Hangyng his hede, as pough þat he

Of worldly Ioye hade gyf right nought.  
 And as he rode þus in a þought,  
 A knyght þat was fuH large of body.  
 His lymmes weH shape and þat pass-  
 yngly, 9397  
 His here was bloy, I-medellede somd-  
 eH With grete heris, þat wonder weH  
 Be-come his vesage, and þen he hade

A rody berde and eyen) glade, 9401  
 Ther as he was som-what turny[n]g,

	On a gray stede he come fresshe ryding.	
	In pis maner wise arrayed is he,	9404
	As he come coursyng with his meany,	
	On stedes trapped fuH fressh and gay.	
	Eiche hadde in honde, with-uten nay,	
	A spere aH rede depeynted wele,	9408
	A getone peron of rede sendele,	
	Wele beten with golde of his devise.	
accom-	After hem came ridyng squyers of prise,	
panied by	Fyve, and eiche man bare a shelde,	[leaf 119] 9412
his squires.	So fresshly depeynted pat aH þe fælde	
	Enlymed was of þis fresshe array.	
	Thus rideth pis knyght toward this tournay.	
	So ffresshe in his wey forþe rideth he,	9416
	TiH atte laste he had of Partonope	
	A sight and goodly he seide	
The knight	To his squyers: "Ye moste a-byde,	
comes	And ride softly; for yonder I se	9420
up with	A man Iarmed, what so euer he be.	
Partonope.	If I hym knowe wete wole I.	
	Loke ye come after fuH softly."	
	From his meany he prikked faste,	9424

## Univ. Coll. MS.

On a grey steede he come fresch rydyng.  
 In this maner of wyse a-rayed ys he,  
 As he came coursyng wyth his meyne,  
 On stedes trapped fuH fresch and gay.  
 Eche had in hond, wyth-uten nay,  
 A spere aH reddy depeynted wele, 9408  
 A geton there of rede sendele,  
 Wele beten wyth gold of his devyse.  
 After hym came rydyng Squyers of  
 prise,  
 Fyve, and eche man bare a sheeld, 9412  
 So freschly de-paynted that aH the feld  
 Enlemyed was of this fresch a-ray.  
 Thus rydeth this knyght toward the  
 turney.  
 So fresch in his wey forth rydeth he,  
 TyH att laste he had of Partonope 9417  
 A syght, and goodely he sayd  
 To his Squyers "Ye must a-byde,  
 And ryde softly; for yonde I see 9420  
 A man I-armed, what so euer he be,  
 Yf I hym knowe wytte wot I.  
 Loke ye come after fuH softly."  
 From his meyne he pryked in hast,

## Rawl. MS.

On a grey stede he come rydyng.  
 In þis maner wyse arrayde was he, 9404  
 As he come coursyng with his meyne,  
 On stedes trappede freshe and gay.  
 Eche hade in honde, with-out nay,  
 A spere aH rede depentyde weH, 9408  
 A gyttyn peron of rede sendeH,  
 WeH betyn with golde of his devyse.  
 After hym come rydyng squyeres of  
 prise,  
 Fyve, and iche man bare a shelde 9412  
 So freshe depentyde pat aH þe fælde  
 Enlemyde was of þe freshe array.  
 Thus rydyth þe knyght towarde the  
 turney. [1 leaf 81, back]  
 So freshe in his wey rydyth he, 9416  
 TiH at þe laste he had of Partonope  
 A sight, and þen goodly he seyde,  
 To his squyeres he seyde: "Abyde,  
 And ryde softly; for yender I se 9420  
 A man I-armed, what euer he be.  
 Yef I hym knowe wyte wiH I.  
 Loke ye come after fuH softly."  
 Fro his meyne he prekede in haste, 9424

And to Partonope he come in haste.  
 He be-helde his persone right wele  
 But he knewe hym neuer a dele,  
 And then he seide: "Sir, wele ouertake!" 9428  
 And he pat aȝ þis worlde did make  
 Of nought þe save! and sir, tell me  
 Whens ye come, and whedir wole ye,  
 What man ye be, and what is your name?" 9432  
 Therof, thought Partono[p]e, myght rise grame,  
 My name to discouer now so hastily.  
 And forþe he rideth fuȝ soberly,  
 And eke he thought "right loþe were me 9436  
 To make a lesyng," and þen seide he:  
 "Sire, of ferre contre borne am I,  
 But þens þat I come is faste by  
 A place, where as I purchased me 9440  
 Hors and hareneys, as ye may se.  
 Thow I be not fresshe and gay,  
 Yite fayne wolde I se þis toureny.  
 My name is cleped Partonope. 9444  
 What is your name now telleth me."

He salutes  
him, and  
asks him  
who he is.

Partonope  
gives an  
evasive  
answer.

but discloses  
his name.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And to Partanope he come as fast.  
 He be-held his persone ryght wele, 9426  
 But he knew him) neuer a dele.  
 And than) he seyde: "Syr, wele a-take!  
 And he that aȝ this wrold dyd make  
 Of noght, the save! and syr, telle me  
 Whens ye come, and wedyr wolt yee,  
 What man) ye be, and what ys youre  
 mane." [leaf 83] 9432  
 There-of, thought Partanope, myght  
 ryse grame,  
 My name to dyscouer now so hastily.  
 And forth he rydeth fuȝ soberly,  
 And eke he though[t] "ryght loth  
 were me 9436  
 To make a lesyng," and than) sayd he:  
 "Sir, of ferre contre borne am I,  
 But thens that I come ys fast by  
 A place, whe[r] as I purchased me 9440  
 Horse and harneys, as ye may see.  
 Thow I be not fressh and gay,  
 Yet fayne wold I see this turnay.  
 My name ys cleped Partanope. 9444  
 What his youre name now tell me."

## Rawl. MS.

And to Partonope he faste.  
 He be-helde his persone right weȝ,  
 But he knewe hym neuer a deȝ. 9427  
 And þen) he seyde: "Sir, weȝ atake!  
 And he þat aȝ þis worlde dyde make  
 Of nought, þe saue! and sir, tell me  
 Whens ye come, and wheþer wilt ye,  
 What man) ye be, what is your  
 name." 9432  
 Ther-of, þought Partonope, myght ryse  
 grame,  
 My name to dyscouer so hastily.  
 And furthe he rydyth fuȝ soburly,  
 And eke he þought "lothe were me 9436  
 To make a lesynge," and þen) seyde he  
 "Sir, of ferre contre borne am I,  
 But þens þat I come is faste by  
 A place, where as I þpurchasede me 9440  
 Hors and harnes, as ye may se.  
 Though I be not freshe and gay  
 Yet fayne wolde I se þe turney.  
 My name is elepyde Partonope. 9444  
 What is your name tellyth me."

The stranger  
knight says  
his name is  
Gaudin le  
Blois.

"Sir," seide the knyght, "truly  
Gaudyns le Bloys called am I.

Of huntynge and hawkyng I can skiſt. 9448

Amonge lordes and knyghtes I am know wele.

He was born  
in Spain.

Borne am I of Spayne and of Castile,

That is hens full many a myle,

Sone I am, *with-outen* nay, [leaf 119, back] 9452

To a Riche man, but on Cristes lay

His father  
was a  
heathen ;

He leveth not, and gone it is

More þen xxx wynter Iwisse

That I toke þe ordre of knyght. 9456

And streight into Fraunce þo I me dight,

For þere was werre þat tyme so stronge,

There was I a sawdioure longe.

but he him-  
self was  
christened  
at Tours.

At Toures, in þe mynster of seynt Martyn, 9460

Ther fore-soke I Mahounde and Appollyne,

And Cristendome toke in þe fonte stone !

Of my kynnes men there made I my foone.

And sith I haue lyved as a sawdeoure, 9464

A pore man, but no purchasoure.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

"Sir," sayd the kyng, "truly  
Gaudyns the bloys called am I,  
Of huntynge and hawking I can skille,  
A-mong lordes and knyghtes I am  
know wele. 9449

Borne am I of Spayne and of Castyle,  
That ys hens full many a myle.

Sone I am, wyth-outen naye, 9452

To a rych man / but on Crystes lay

He leveth not / and gone hit ys

More than xxx wentyr I-wysse

That I toke the ordre of knyght. 9456

And streight in-to Fraunce tho I me  
dyght,

For there was werre that tyme stronge.  
There was I a Sowdyor long.

At Toures, in the mynstyr of seynt  
Martyn, 9460

There fore-sooke I Mahound and  
Appollyon,

And crysten-dome toke in the fonte  
stone.

Of my kynnes-men ther made I my  
foon. 9463

And syth I haue lyved as a sowdyor,

A poure man, but no purchasoure.

*Rawl. MS.*

"Sir," seyde þe knyght, "truly,  
Gandens le bloys callede am I.  
Of huntynge, hawkyng ean I skiſt.  
Amonge lordes I am knowe weſt. 9449

Borne am I of Spayne and of Castell,  
That is hens many a myle.

Sone I am, *with-out* nay, 9452

To a Cryche man, but on Crystes lay

He leuyth not, and agon it is

More þen xxx<sup>ti</sup> wynter I-wis

That I toke order of knyght. 9456

And streight in-to Fraunce I me dight,

<sup>1</sup> For þer was warre þat tyme stronge.

Ther was I a sowdyre longe. 9459

At Toreyn, þe mynster of sent Martyn,

Ther fore-soke I Mahombe and Ap-  
polyon, [1 leaf 82]

And crystyndom toke of þe fontestone.

Of my kennysemen þer made I my  
foone. 9463

And sethe I haue leuyde as a sowdyre,

A poure man, but no porchasoure.

- And now am I toward pis turney,  
 Here be-hynde comes myn array.  
 With aH myn herte I am gladde nowe 9468  
 That I haue ouertaken you.  
 For mery it is to haue company,  
 And it semeth to me fuH truly  
 That ye be a man of worshiḡp ; 9472  
 þerfore of you wole I take kepe.  
 I haue a pore house here faste by  
 There as shaH be holde þe turney  
 þerfore I pray you, sir, þat ye 9476  
 Wole now herborowe with me,  
 And I wole be your bachelere,  
 With aH myn hert to do you please,  
 And be your servaunt day be day, 9480  
 As longe as shaH laste þis turney."—  
 To hym tho answerd Partonope :  
 " With aH myn hert I thanke the  
 And eke þat lorde þat made vs mete. 9484  
 Your Company in no wise wole I lete.  
 Youre knyght to be is myn entent,  
 I am at your commaundment."

He is now  
on his way  
to the  
tournament.

He has a  
house near-  
by, where  
he will be  
pleased  
to show  
Partonope  
hospitality,  
at the same  
time offering  
to be his  
bachelor.

Partonope  
thanks him,

## Univ. Coll. MS.

And now am I toward this turney.  
 Here be-hynd comes myn a-ray.  
 Wyth aH myn hert I am glad nowe  
 That I haue ouer-taken yow. 9469  
 For mery hit ys to haue Company,  
 And hit semyth to me fuH truly  
 That ye be a man of worshiḡp ; 9472  
 Ther-fore of yow woH I take kepe.  
 I haue a powere hous here fast by,  
 There as shaH be hold the turney.  
 There-fore I pray yow, syr, that ye  
 WoH now herborow wyth me.  
 And I wol be youre bachelere, 9478  
 Wyth aH myn hert do yow plesure,  
 And be youre seruaunt day by day,  
 As longe as shaH last this turnay."

To hym tho answeryth Partonope :  
 " Wyth aH myn hert I thank  
 thee, [leaf 83, back] 9483

And eke that lord that made vs meete.  
 Your company in no wyse wole I lete.  
 Youre knyght to be is myn entent,  
 I am at youre comaundment."

## Rawl. MS.

And now am I towarde pis turney.  
 Here be-hynde comyth myn array.  
 With aH my hert I am glade nowe 9468  
 That I haue ouer-take you."

To hym answerde Partonope :  
 " With aH my hert I thanke the 9483

And eke þat lorde þat made vs mete.  
 Your company no wyse will I lete.  
 To be your knyght is myne entent,  
 I am at youre comondement." 9487

and they  
ride forth.

Then forþe to-gedre they ride in fere, 9488  
Eiche to oper maketh good chere,  
TiH they come in a right fayre vale,  
Fayre with floures to make shorte tale,  
There as they bope herborowed shaH be. [leaf 120] 9492  
From hors þen lighteth Partonope.  
They wolde not herborowe in house ne towne.

Their men  
pitch a  
pavilion.

Her men pyght vp a pavylone  
Enbrowded with golde bope fresshe and gay, 9496  
Right faste be the felde þere as the turney  
Shuld be holde, with-outen faile.

They hadde plente of good vytaile,  
Her men were besy hem to glade, 9500  
And eiche to oper good chere made.  
To soper they gone and sitte to reste.

Early the  
next morn-  
ing they  
hear mass,

On morow when þe sonne in þe easte  
Hir gan shew as rede as fyre, 9504  
Thes two knyghtis pat had desyre  
To se worshipp and grete manhede,  
Risen, and in þe ffreshest wede

## Univ. Coll. MS.

Thanne forth they ryde to-gedyr in  
feere, 9488  
Eche to other maketh good chere,  
TyH they come in a right fayre vale,  
Fayre wyth floures to make Short tale,  
There as they both herbourd shaH  
be. 9492  
From hors than lyghteth Partanope.  
They wold not herboure in hous ne  
town.  
Her men) plyght vp a pavelon),  
Enbrowdyd wyth gold both fressh  
and gay, 9496  
Ryght fast by the feld there as the  
turney  
Shuld be hold, wyth-outen) fayle.  
They had plente of goode vytayle,  
Her men) were besy hem) to glade, 9500  
And eche to other goode cheyre made.  
To soper they gone, and sett to rest.  
On morow, whan) the sonne in the  
east  
Here gan) shew as rede as fyre, 9504  
To se two knyghtes that had desyre  
To se worshipp and grete manhede,  
Rysen), and in the fresshest wede

## Rawl. MS.

Then furthe þey ryde in fere, 9488  
Eche to oper maketh good chere,  
Till þey come in a feyre vale,  
Feyre with floures to make short tale,  
Ther as þey bothe herberwe shaH. 9492  
Fro hors þen) light Partonope.  
They wolde herberwe in house ne  
towne.  
Hire men pight vp a pavelon),  
Enbrowderde with golde freshe and  
gay, 9496  
Right faste be þe felde where þe turney  
Shulde be holde, with-out faill.  
They hadde plente of good vetail),  
Her men) were besy hem to glade, 9500  
And iche to oper good chere made.  
To supper þey gon and sethe to reste.  
On þe morowe, when) þe son in þe este  
Hir gan) shewe rede as fere, 9504  
This ij knyghtes pat hade desyre  
To se worchipe and manhode  
Resyn, and in þer fresheste wede 9507

That longeth to armes they ben dight.	9508	
And forþe they yede anoone right		
Masse to here with good entent.		
Her <i>oper</i> many <i>þere</i> whiles went		
To make redy aȝ her array.	9512	
When masse was done, <i>þe</i> soþe to say,		
Toward <i>þe</i> turnement they ride,		and then
Fresshe y-armed at <i>þat</i> tide.		ride towards
Her squyers be-fore hem he sente	9516	the place of
Into <i>þe</i> place of <i>þe</i> turnement,		tournament.
Ledyng her stedes trapped wele		
In mayle made of fyne stele.		
Grete speres they bere and helmes bright.	9520	
Of hem it was a good sight.		
After come <i>þes</i> knyghtis softly ridyng,		
And of <i>þis</i> tur[ne]ment prively talkyng,		
Where they with-oute shuld first be gynn[ed].	9524	
Or elles they <i>þat</i> be with-in.		
Vpon the toure of Chief-deoire		Mellor sits
Ouere <i>þe</i> brigge sitteth Meliore,		in the
The fayre, the ffresshe, <i>þe</i> goodliest	9528	tower, with
That was in hir tyme, and eke <i>þe</i> beste,		Crake and
		Persevis.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

That longeth to armes they bene  
dyght. 9508

And forth they yode a-non ryght  
Masse to here wyth goode Entent.

Her other meynee there whiles went  
To make redy aȝ her aray, 9512

Whan masse was done, the soth to say,  
Toward the turnement they ryde.

Fressh and armed at that tyde.  
Her squyers be-fore hem they sent

In-to the place of the turnement, 9517  
Ledyng her stedes trapped wele

In mayle made of fyne steele. [leaf 84]  
Grete speres they and helmes bryght.

Of hem hit were a good syght. 9521  
A-fter come this knyghtes softly

rydyng,  
And of this turnement pryvely talkyng,

Where they wyth-oute shuld fyrst be-  
gynne, 9524

Or elles they that be wyth-Inne.

Vpon the toure of Chief deore  
Ouer the brygge sytteth Meliore,

The fayre, the fresch, the goodelyest  
That was in her tyme and eke the best

That longyth to harnes þey be dight.  
[leaf 82, back]

And furthe þey rede anone right  
Messe to here in good entent.

Here *oper* meyne *þer*-whiles went  
To make redy aȝ *þer* aray, 9512

Whan messe was don, *þe* sothe to sey,  
Towarde *þe* turment *þey* ryde,

Freshe I-armede at *þat* tyde.  
Hir squyeres be-fore þey sent, 9516

Into *þe* plase of *þe* turnent,  
Ledyng *þer* stedes trapped weȝ

In maȝt made of fyne steȝ.  
Grete speres þey bere and helmus bright,

Of hem it was a good sight. 9521  
After come þese knyghtes rydyng,

And of *þis* turment prively talkeynge,  
Where þey with-out shulde begyne,

Ore elles þey *þat* be with-Inne. 9525  
¶ Vpon *þe* toure of Chife doyre

Ouer the bryge sitte Melyore,  
The feyre, *þe* freshe, *þe* goodlyeste 9528

That was in here tyme we *þe* beste,

And with hir Wrake and Persewise.  
 Of hir beaute now in no wise [leaf 120, back]  
 Canne I speke, for hope they be 9532  
 In grete sorowe for Partonope.  
 They haue so wept, they be aH pale.  
 Forþe wiH I now teH my tale.  
 A-bove in the toure with Melior be 9536  
 The seven lordes þat þe degre  
 Of þis turnement moste give algate ;  
 Lordes they ben of grete state.  
 Thes be her names with-uten more : 9540  
 Corsout, Gernalz, Claryns, Genor,  
 Cursabir, Anffrons, and Goundred,  
 And olde Arcus, with-uten drede.  
 Thes sitte to-gedre be-holdyng þe felde, 9544  
 Many a bright helme and many a shelde,  
 Freshly depeynted with grete bendes.  
 Knyghtes come ridyng with many þousandes.  
 Into companyes departed they be. 9548  
 Two fayre reynes ordeyned han he,  
 Wherein þes lordes shuH turney.

With her  
are also the  
judges

and the old  
Ernoul.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And wyth her Vrak and Persewyse.  
 Of her beaute in no wyse  
 Thanne I speke, for both they, be 9532  
 In grete Sorow for Partanope.  
 They haue so wept, they be aH pale.  
 Forth wyH I now teH my tale.  
 A-bove aH in the toure wyth Melior  
 he  
 The seven lordes that the degre 9537  
 Of this turnement most gyff aH-gate ;  
 Lordes they be of grete state.  
 These be here namys wyth-oute more :  
 Corsoul, Gernalz, Claryns, Genore, 9541  
 Cursabyr, Anffrons, and Goundred,  
 And old Arcus, wyth-uten drede.  
 These sytte to-gedyr be-holding the  
 feld, 9544  
 Many a bryght helme and many a  
 sheeld,  
 Freshly depeynted wyth grete bendes.  
 Knyghtes come rydyng wyth many  
 thousandes, [1 leaf 84, back] 9547  
 In-to companyes de-parted they be.  
 1 Two fayre Reynes ordeyned haue he,  
 Where-in these lordys shuld turneye.

*Rawl. MS.*

And with here Wrake and Persewyse.  
 Of hir beute in no wyse  
 Con I speke, for bothe þey be 9532  
 In grete sorwe for Partonope.  
 They haue so wepte, þey be aH pale,  
 Furihe wiH I now teH my tale.  
 Aboue in þe toure with Melyore be  
 The seyn lordes þat þe degre 9537  
 Of þis turment moste gyfe algate ;  
 Lordes þey ben of grete esstate.  
 These ben þer namys without more :  
 Curslot, Gormake, Claryons, Gynore,  
 Cursabir, Anffrons, and Gundrede, 9543  
 And olde Arcus, with-out drede.  
 These sat to-geder be-holdyng þe felde,  
 Many a bright helme and many  
 a shelde,  
 Freshly depeynted with grete bendes.  
 Knyghtes come rydyng with þou-  
 sondes. [1 leaf 83]  
 In ij companyes departyde they be, 9548  
 1 To feyre Renges ordeynede haue he  
 Where-in þis lordes shaft turne.



Lette se who shaß begynne þe play.

Now Gaudyn þat is to Partonope

9552

Gaudin says  
they ought  
to be the  
first in the  
lists.

Boþe servaunt and felawe, now þinkeþ he,

For who so ever þe turnement be-gynne,

Be he *withoute* or *within*,

They wiß hym fyrst assaille,

9556

This is Gaudyns first counseyle.

Also they thought þat they wolde bene

First in þe felde to be wele sene.

Therefore anoone her stedes they take,

9560

On with her helmes and redy hem make.

Vp afore hem her speres borne be,

And after cometh Gaudyn and Partonope,

Into þe Reynes ridyng avisely.

9564

Kyng Corsoul þat on þe toure an hye

Sate as a Iuge be fayre Melior,

Aspied þes knyghtis ferre afore

Or any of his felawes þat sate hym by.

9568

And þan he seide: "Sires, truly,

Yonder I se come knyghtis tweyn

[leaf 121]

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Late se who shaß be-gynne the playe,

Now Gaudyn that ys to Partanope

Both felaw and *servaunt*, now thynketh

he, 9553

For who so ever the turnement be-

gynne,

Be he wyth-oute or wyth-Inne,

They wyß hym fyrst assayle, 9556

This ys Gaudyns fuß counseyll.

Also they thought that they wold

been

Fyrst in the feld to be wele seen).

There-fore a-non her stedes they toke,

On wyth her helmes and redy hem

make. 9561

Vp a-fore hem herz speres born be,

And after cometh Gaudyn and Par-

tanope

In-to the Reynes rydyng a-vysely. 9564

Kyng Corsoul that on the toure and

hye

Sate as a Iuge be fayre Meliore,

Aspyed these knyghtes ferre and fror,

Or any of hys felaws that satt hym

by, 9568

And than seyde: "Syres, truly,

Yonder I see come knyghtis tweyn)

*Rawl. MS.*

Let se who shaß begyn þe play.

Nowe Gaudyn þat is to Partonope

Bothe felowe *and servaunt* nowe

thynketh he, 9553

Who so ever the turment be-gyne,

Be he *with-out* ore *with-Inne*,

They wiß hym fyrst assaiß, 9556

This is Gaudyns counseß.

Also þey bought þat þey wolde bene

Fyrste in þe felde to be weß sene,

There-for anone þer stedes þey toke,

On wyth þer helmes *and* redy hem

make. 9561

Vpe afore hem þer speres borne be,

And after come Gaudyn *and* Partonope,

In-to þe Renges rydyng avysely. 9564

Kyng Curslot þat on þe toure on hye

Sat as a Iuge before Melyore

Asspyede þis knyghtes ferre afore

Ore any of his felowis þat stode hym

by, 9568

And þat he seyde: "Siris, truly,

Yender I se come knyghtes tweyne

	That in her hareneis hem faire demene, And better þen many oþer þat I se.	9572
	Worship-fuH knyghtis þei seme to be. Of hem first lette vs take hiede In þe begynnyng how they spede. If they do wele, þen wole we	9576
	Do axe what knyghtis they be." Now sitte they stiH, and sey no more, But se how men fuH harde and sore	
The combat begins.	In þe Reynes her horse to renne assay Vnder Trappurs with golde bete fuH Gay. And soone after into þe felde Aþ þe worlde is come in helme and shelde. And then þe Iuges with-outen doute	9580 9584
The outer party do not seem to be as strong as the inner.	Thought þat they þat were with-oute Were not so stronge as they with-in. Harde were for hem to be-gynne. They within, [with]oute lese, On hem with-oute faste ganne prese. That se þei that were with-oute.	9588

## Univ. Coll. MS.

That in her harneys hem) fayre demene,  
And better than) mayny other I see.

WorshipfuH knyghtes they seme to be.  
Of hem) fyrst late vs take hede 9574  
In the be-gynnyng How they spede.  
Yf they do weH, than) woH we 9576  
Do axe what knyghtes they be."

Now sett they styH, and sey no more,  
But se how men) fuH hard and sore

In the Reynes hors to renne assay 9580  
Vndyr trapures wyth gold bete fuH

gay.  
And sone after in-to the feld

AH the word ys come in helme and  
sheeld.

And than) the Iuges, wyth-outen)  
doute, 9584

Thought that they that were wyth-  
oute

Where not so strong as they wyth-  
Inne,

Hard were for hem) to be-gynne. 9587

<sup>1</sup> They wyth-Inne, wyth-oute lees,  
[<sup>1</sup> leaf 85]

On) hem) wyth-oute fast ganne prese.

That sey they that were wyth-oute.

## Rawl. MS.

That in þer harnes hem fayre demene,  
And better þen many an oþer þat I  
see.

WorshipfuH knyghtes þey seme to be,  
On) hem firste let vs take hede 9574  
In þe be-gynny[n]ge howe þey spede.  
Yef þey do weH, þen wiH we 9576  
Do axe what knyghtes þat þey be."  
Nowe sit þey still, and sey no more,  
But se howe men fuH harde and sore  
In þe renges rynne þer hors to assay  
Vnder trappoures of golde betyn gay.

And sone after in-to þe felde 9582

AH þe worlde is come in helme and  
shelde.

Then þe Iugges, with-out doute, 9584

Thought þat þey þat were with-oute

Were not so stronge as þey with-Inne.

<sup>1</sup> Harde were with hem to begyne.

They with-In, with-out lese, 9588  
[<sup>1</sup> leaf 83, back]

On hem without gan faste prese.

That sey þey þat were with-out.

They thought for aH þe grete route  
 That was *with*in, they wolde a-bide, 9592  
 And fresshly to hem they gaune to ride,  
 And manly putt hem In a-ye,   
 Then seide Gaudyn to Partonope :  
 "Go we hens, no lenger wole we abide." 9596 The two  
friends make  
an assault,  
 Into þis prese þen gan they ride  
 As faste as here hors myght hem bere.  
 Eiche hadde in honde a grete spere.  
 Throw the prese *with*oute lette 9600  
 Her hors hem bare, and þen they mette  
 With tweyn, and Gaudyn smote þe tone,  
 That from his hors he voyded anoone, and each  
of them  
throws his  
adversary to  
the ground.  
 And flatte feH vpon þe grounde. 9604  
 Partonope in þe same stounde  
 With his felawe so sore mette,  
 That oute of his sadiH *with*oute lette  
 Atte spere poynte he hym smote, 9608  
 That to þe grounde wele I wote [leaf 121, back]  
 He feH flatte. [What] wole ye more ?  
 This cours he Ranne so faste and sore,  
 His spere brake, it myght not laste. 9612 Partonope  
breaks his

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

They thoght for aH the grete rowte  
 That was wyth-Inne they wold abyde,  
 And fresshly to hym they ganne ryde, 9594  
 And manly put hem In a-ye.   
 Than sayd Gaudyn and Partanope :  
 "Go we hens, no lenger wolt we  
 a-byde." 9596  
 In-to this prese than ganne they ryde  
 As fast as her hors myght hem bere.  
 Eche hadd in hond a grete spere.  
 Thorow the prese wyth-outen lete 9600  
 Her hors hem bare and than they mette  
 Wyth tweyne, and Gaudyn smote the  
 tone,  
 That from his hors he voyde a-non),  
 And flatt fyH vpon the ground. 9604  
 Partanope In the same stound  
 With his felaw so sore mett,  
 That out of his sadyH wyth-outen lett  
 At spere poynt he hym smote, 9608  
 That to ground weH I wote  
 He fyH flatt. What wolt ye more ?  
 This course he ranne so fast and sore,  
 His spere brak, hit myght not last. 9612

*Rawl. MS.*

They bought for aH þe grete route  
 That was *with*-in, þey wolde abyde.  
 And fresshly to hem þey gon ryde, 9593  
 And manly put hem in a-ye.  
 Then seyde Gaudyn to Partonope :  
 "Goo we hens, no lenger we abyde."  
 Into þe prese þen gon þey ryde 9597  
 As faste as þer hors myght hem bere.  
 Eche hade in honde a grete spere.  
 Thorwe þe prese *with*-out let 9600  
 Here hors hem bare, *and* þen þey mete  
 With ij, *and* Gaudyn smote þat one.  
 That from his hors he voydede anoone.  
 And flat fiH on þe grounde. 9604  
 Partonope in þe same stounde  
 With his felowe so sore he mete,  
 That out of his sadiH *with*-out let  
 He fiH flat : what wilt ye more ? 9610  
 The course he ran so faste *and* sore.  
 His spere brake, it myght not laste.

spear, and  
lays about  
him with  
his sword.

The tronchone away fro hym he caste,  
And therwith he pulled oute his swerde,  
And as a fiers lyon þen he ferde,  
And leide on þicke hym rounde a-boute. 9616

Partonope  
and Gaudyn  
have the  
victory of  
three others.

Thre to hym assayled of þe route,  
And hew on his helme and on his sheelde.  
But oone of hem into þe felde  
Oute of his sadyff he made lepe, 9620  
It was no tyme for hym to slepe.

The tother two on hym leide faste,  
But þrowe the Reynes from hem he paste,  
Gaudyn smote oone of þe þre, 9624

That from his hede he made þan fle  
His helme of stele bourned bright,  
And forþe he passed þrow þe fight,  
And to Partonope streight he went. 9628

They that be-gann þis turnement,  
Seide þe knyghtis hadde wele do.

And a while breþen hem tho.

Cursolt is  
pleased to  
see how well  
they fight.

“LO,” seide Cursoule, “I wist wele 9632  
Thes two knyghtis couþe good skiH

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The tronchon a-way fro hym he east,  
And there-wyth he pullyth oute his  
swerd,  
And as a ferse lyon than he ferd,  
And leyde on thyk hym rounde  
a-boute. 9616

Thre to hym sayled of the rowte,  
And hew on his helme and in his sheeld.  
But one of hem in-to the feeld  
Oute of his sadyff he made lepe, 9620  
Hit was no tyme for hym to slepe.  
The todyr two on hym leyd fast,  
But throw the Reynes for hem he past.  
Gaudyn smote one of tho thre, 9624  
That from his hed he made than fle  
His helme of steele boorned bryght,

And fforth they passed throw the  
fyght. [leaf 85, back] 9627

They that be-ganne this turnement  
Sayd the knyghtes had wele do,  
And a while brethen hem tho.

9631

“LO,” said Cursul, “I wist wele  
These two knyghtes coude  
goode skyH 9633

*Rawl. MS.*

The tronchon away fro hym he easte,  
And þer-with he pullyde out his  
swerde, 9614

And as a lyon þen he ferde,  
And leyde on thyke hym aboute. 9616

Ther to hym sayllede of þe route,  
And hewe on his helme and on sheelde.  
But one of hem in-to þe felde  
Out of his sadyff he made lepe, 9620  
Hit was no tyme for hym to slepe,  
The toþer ij on hym leyde faste,  
But þorwe þe renges fro hem he paste.  
Gaudyn smote on of þe thre, 9624  
That made his hede he made flee  
His helme of steff burnede weH and  
bryght,

And furthe he passede þorwe þe fight,

And to Partonope streight he went 9628  
They be-gan þis turment. [leaf 84]

“Lo,” seyde Courselot, “I wyste weH  
These ij knyghtes couthe good skiH

On þis crafte ; so first seide I."

Tho seide þe queen : " Cousyn, truly,

So softly as they come In afore,

Now they haue hem wele ybore.

And namely he with þe siluer shelde

Fareth faire with his harenais in þe felde."

She thought she sholde knowe hym wele,

But she couþe not remembre neuer a dele.

Thinketh she wher þis be Partonope,

With his gouernance wele pleased is she.

Of turneyng now gynþ they reste.

And soone after they made hem preste

The turnement to be-gynn ayen.

The Emperour of Almaynþ per myht ye sene,

A manly cheveteyn in þe felde ;

[leaf 122]

With hym was many helm and sheld.

The soudan of Perce was pere also

With the Emperour, and they two do

Moche wo to hem pat be with-oute.

The soudan is fuþ proude and stoute.

9636

The Queen  
thinks much  
of the  
knight of  
the silver  
shield.

9640

9644

9648

The Em-  
peror of Ger-  
many and  
the Sultan  
of Persia  
do much  
harm to the  
outer party.

9652

The Sultan  
is a young

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Onþ this Craft ; so fyrst seyde I."

Tho sayde the queen : " Cosyn, truly,

So softly as they come In a-fore,

Now they haue hem wele I-bore.

And namely he wyth the siluer sheld

Fareth fayre wyth his harneys in the

feld."

She thoght she shuld haue knowe hym

wele,

But she coude remembre neuer a dele.

Thenketh She wherþ this be Partanope,

Wyth his gouernans wele plesyth ys

she.

Off turneyng gynne now they rest.

And sone after they made hym

prest

The turnement to be-gynne ayen).

The emperoure of Almaynþ ther myght

ye seen,

A manly Cheventeyn in the feeld ;

Wyth hym was many helme and sheld.

The Soudan of pyroq was ther also

Wyth the emperore, and they twey do

Moch wo to hemþ that he wyth-oute.

This soudanþ ys fuþ proude and

stoute.

*Rawl. MS.*

Onþ þis crafte ; so fyrste seyde I."

Tho seyde þe quene : " Cossyn, truly,

So softly as þey come In afore,

Nowe þey haue hem weþ I-bore.

And namly he with þe syluer shelde

Farethe fayre with his harnes in þe

felde."

She þought she shulde a knowe hym

weþ,

But she couthe remembre neuer a deþ.

Thynkethe she wherþ þis be Partonope,

With his gouernance weþ plesede was

she.

Of turny[n]ge nowe gynne þey reste.

And sone after made hem preste

The turment to be-gyn agayne.

The Emperour of Almayne þer myght

ye sene,

A manly chefteyne in þe felde ;

With hym was many helme and shelde.

The soudan of Pers was þer also

With þe emperour and þey two do

Moch wo to hem with-oute.

The soudanþ is fuþ proude and stoute.

9618

9652

and valiant  
knight.  
He loves  
Melior,  
and hopes to  
win her.

He is a lover,\* what wole ye more ?  
His souerayne lady is Melyore.  
On his manhede moste trusteth he, 9656  
And þerto he hape a grete meanye,  
That waiteth vpon hym euer-more.  
He wenyth to wyne faire Meliore.  
He is yonge, and darre wele fight, 9660  
Stronge, lusty, and a semely knyght.  
Oute of nounbre richesse bath he.  
He þinketh no man his felawe shuld be.  
And in þo dayes wele wote ye 9664  
Men wonne her ladies in dyuers degre,  
Some with manhode and chevalry,  
Some þrow beaute and curtesy,  
Some with faire speche and richesse, 9668  
Some þrow strength, some be largesse.  
Aȝ þat is go with-outen nay,  
The worlde is turned a-noþer way,  
For neyþer richesse ne beaute 9672  
Ne fayre speche in no degre  
May make a man his love to wyne,

In olden  
days ladies  
were won  
in various  
ways,

9654. MS. bover.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He ys a lover, what wold ye more ?  
His souerayn lady ys Meliore.  
On his manhode moche trusteth he,  
And there-to hath a grete meyne, 9657  
That vayteth vpon hym euer-mor  
He weneth to wyne fayre Melior.  
He ys yong, and dare wele fyght, 9660  
Strong, lusty, a semely knyght.  
Oute of nombre ryche hath he.  
He thenketh no man his felow shuld be.  
And in t[h]o dayes wele wote ye 9664  
Menne wonne her ladyes in dyverse  
degre,  
Som whyt manhode and chevalry,  
Som throw beaute and curtesy, 9667  
Som wyth fayre speche and Richesse,  
Som throw streynght, som be largesse.  
Aȝ that ys go wyth-outen nay, [1 leaf 86]  
The world ys turned a-nodyr way.  
For neyther Rychesse ne beaute, 9672  
Ne fayre spech in no degre  
May make a man his love to wyne,

*Rawl. MS.*

He is a lover, what witt ye more ?  
His souerayne lady is Melyore.  
On Mahombe moche trustyth he. 9656  
Ther-to he hathe a grete meyne,  
That waytyth vpon hym euer-more.  
He wenyth to wyn to fayre Melyore.  
He is yonge, and dare weȝ fight, 9660  
Stronge, lusty, and symly knyght.  
Out of nombir ryches hathe he.  
He thynketh no man his felowe shuff  
be.  
And in þo dayes weȝ wot ve 9664  
Man wonne her ladyes in denorse degre,  
Som with manhode and chevalrye,  
Som þowe beute and courtesye, 9667  
Som with feyre speke and rychesse,  
Som be strenght, som be largesse.  
Aȝ þat is gon with-out nay,  
The worlde is turnede anoper wey.  
For noþer rychesse ne beute, 9672  
Ne fayre speche ne degre [1 leaf 84, back]  
May make a man his loue to wyne,

They be so sore a-ferde to synne.		
Of fredame, curteisy, ne of largesse	9676	
They take noone hiede ; for holynesse		but now they are too religious and chaste.
Hath so caught hem in his service,		
Of wordly lustes now in no Wise		
Take they hiede, but only to wyrche,	9680	
þat they may please God and his chirche.		
For euery day yerly they rise.		
To chirche they gone to here servise		
Of God, and hardly þere they be	9684	
TiH it be noone ; for dame chastite		
Governeth now hem in such wise,		
From knelyng hem luste not ones to Rise.	9687	
To go to her dynere haue they none haste ;		[leaf 122, back]
They Reke neuer how longe they faste.		
Of ffresshe array take they none hiede ;		
They go cloped in homely wede.		
They wole not swere neuer an othe	9692	
But nay or yee, it is sothe.		
But in olde tyme ladies wolde		
Haue mercy on lovers þat in cares colde		
Loved, and for love had grete disease.	9696	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

They be so sore a-ferd to synne.	9675	They be so sore aferde to syne.	
Of fredand, Curteysy, ne of largesse		Of fredom, courtesye ne of largesse	9676
They take none heede ; for holynesse		They take none hede ; but holynesse	
Hath so caught hem in his service,		Hathe so caught hem in his seruyse	
Of wordly lustes now in no wyse	9679	Of þe worlde þey wiH in no wyse	9679
Take they heede, but onely to wirch,			
That they may please God and his			
chirch.			
For euery day erly they Ryse,	9682		
To chereh they gone to here seruice			
Of God / and hardly there they be			
TyH hit be none / for dame chastyte			
Gouerneth now hem in such wyse,	9686		
Fro knelyng hem lust not ones to ryse.			
To go to her dynere haue they none			
hast ;	9688		
They rekke neuer how long they fast.			
Of fresch aray toke they non heede ;			
They go clothed in homely weede.			
They wyH not swere neuer an othe	9692		
But nay or ye hit his soth.			
But In old tyme ladyes wold			
Haue mercy of louers that in cares cold			
Loued, and for love had grete dyssese.			

They will not have mercy on their lovers.	Some tyme ladies such folke wolde please ;	
	But in þes dayes it is no-þing so.	
	For be a loveſe neuer ſo wo,	
	His lady liſt not hym make chiere.	9700
	For his compleynt þei wole not here	
	Neþer be ſpeche neþer letter writyng,	
	They wole not rede it for no þing.	
	AH þat men ſey they take in grief ;	9704
	I trow chaſtite hath made hem defe.	
	Of þis matere ſpeke we no more,	
	But I wole now of Meliore	
	TeH forþe aH myn entent,	9708
	And of þis luſty turnement.	
The Sultan jouſts ſo well, and has ſuch a large retinue, that nobody dares to attack him.	The ſoudan is now in þe felde	
	Richely armed, þat of ſpere and ſhelde	
	Canne ſkiH ynowe, with-outen doute,	9712
	His meanye wele armed hym aboute.	
	He hath wele luſted with-outen nay,	
	Many a knyght þat ilke day	
	And ſquyer eke to grounde hath caſte.	9716
	To mete with hym men be agaste.	
	Bothe feeſe and crueH alſo is he	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rowl. MS.

Som) tyme ladyes ſuch folk wold pleaſe ;	
But in theſe dayes hit ys no-thing ſo.	
For be a lover neuer ſo wo,	9699
His lady luſt not hym) make chere.	
For his complaynt they wold not here	
Nether be ſpeech ne better wrytyng,	
They woH no rede hit for no thing.	
AH) that men) ſey take they in gryef ;	
I trow Chaſtyte hath made hem) defe.	
1 Off this mater ſpeke we no more,	9706
But I woH now of Melioure (1 leaf 86, back)	
TeH forth aH myn) entent,	
And of the luſti turnament.	
The Soudan) ys now in the felde	9710
Rychly armed, that of ſpere and ſheeld	
Canne ſkyH I-now, wythouten) doute,	
His meyne wele Armed that hym) a-	
boute.	9713
He hath wele luſted wyth-outen) nay,	
Many a knyght that ylike day	
And a ſquyer eke to grounde hath	
caſt.	9716
To mete wyth hym) men) be a-gaſt.	
Both freſch and CrueH alſo ys he.	
2 Of þis mater ſpeke we no more,	9706
But I wiH now of Melyore	
TeH furthe aH myne entent	9708
Of þis luſty turment.	
The ſoudan is nowe in þe felde	
Rychly armede, þat of ſpere and ſhelde	
Can) ſkiH I-nowe, with-out doute,	9712
His meyne weH armede hym aboute.	
He hathe weH luſtyde with-out nay,	
Many a knyght þat ilke day	4715
And ſquyre eke to grounde he caſte.	
To mete with hym men were agaste.	
But fers and crewelH alſo is he.	



- His men a-boute hym so thicke be  
 A-fore and be-hynde with-oute faile, 9720  
 That no man hym darre wele assaile.  
 The lordes þat I spake of be-fore, He is highly  
 þat on þe toure be Meliore praised by  
 the judges.  
 Sitte to gife þe Iugement, 9724  
 Prayse hym gretely by one assent.  
 This soudan, þus lusty knyght,  
 Enforceth his hert with aH his myght  
 To wyn his lady Meliore. 9728  
 A grete spere in hande with-oute more  
 He taketh, and in hys reste it caste. [leaf 123]  
 And þrowe þe Reynes he Ranne faste  
 As euer his stede hym myght bere. 9732  
 Men of hym þo had such fere,  
 And of þe meany hym aboute,  
 þat þe soudan þrow þe route  
 Rode to and fro; no man hym mette 9736  
 Of his Iustying hym ones [to] lette.  
 AH þis beheld Partonope,  
 And in his hert þo þought he : Partonope  
 encounters  
 the Sultan.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

- His men a-boute hym So thikke be  
 A-fore and be-hynde wyth-outen) 9720  
 fay[le].  
 That no man) wele dare hym) assayle.  
 The lordys that I spake of be-fore,  
 Syth to geyf the Iugement 9724  
 Preyse hym) gretely be one assent.  
 This Soudan), the lusti knyght,  
 Enforceth His hert wyth aH his myght  
 To wyne his lady Melioure. 9728  
 A grete spere in hond wyth wyth-  
 outen) more  
 He taketh, and in rest hit cast.  
 And thorow the Reynes he rast fast  
 As euer hys steede hym) myght bere.  
 Men) of hym) tho had she feere, 9732  
 And of the meyne hym) a-boute,  
 That the soudan) throw the Route  
 Rode to and fro; no man) hym)  
 mett 9736  
 Of his Iustying hym) ones to lett.  
 A H this be-heeld Partanope,  
 And in his hert than) thought he :
- His men aboute hym so thyke be 9719  
 Afore and be-hynde with-out fayH,  
 That no man) hym dare weH assaith.  
 The lordes þat I spake of afore,  
 That on) þe toure be Melyore 9724  
 Syt to gife þe Iugement,  
 Preyse hym gretly by on assent.  
 This soudan), þis lusty knyght,  
 Enforseth his hert with aH his myght  
 To wyn his lady Melyore. 9728  
 A grete spere in honde with-out more  
 He taketh, and in reste it caste.  
 And þorwe þe reuges he ranne\* faste  
 As euer his stede hym myght bere.  
 Men) of hym) þo hade soyeche fere, 9732  
 And of þe meyne hym aboute,  
 That þe soudan) þorwe þe route [leaf 85  
 Rode to and fro; no man) hym) mete  
 Of his Iustynge hym onys to lete. 9737  
 \* All þis be-holdyth Partonope,  
 And in his hert þo þought he :

9731. ranne] hole in vellum for a.

	" Be thow as prowde as Lucefere,	9740
	I shaft assay on þe my spere	
	To breke anoone, if þat I may."	
	And forþe he rideth in þat array ;	
	Of his course no man hym lette.	9744
	The saunden and he to-gedre mette.	
Their spears break.	So fiersly on peces her speres fle,	
	Yite þer was no man couþe se	
	Who hadde þe better, for her bakkes did bende,	9748
	And after opere speres anoone they sende.	
They take new ones, which also break.	Ayein to-gedre now do they go.	
	At þat course they mette so,	
	Eiche gafe oþer suche a stroke,	9752
	As though þer had ben an oke	
	With a Crakke had made a falle,	
	Such a noyse it made with-aþ.	
	Her speres to-braste, and they bope two	9756
	Kept her sadels right wele þo.	
	The soudan like a wilde beste	
	For angre Coupe haue no reste.	
In the third encounter, Partonope	And þerwith anoone in his hete	9760
	For a spere fuþ passyng grete	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

" Be thow as prowde as Lucifere, 9740  
 I shaft assay on the my spere  
 To brek a-non, yf that I may."  
 And forth he rydeth in that aray ;  
 Of this course no man hym lett. 9744  
 The sowdan and he to-gedyr mett.  
<sup>1</sup> So feersly / on peesys her speres fle,  
 Yet ther was no man coude see  
 Who had the better for her bakkes dyde  
 hend, [leaf 87] 9748  
 And after other speres a-none they  
 send.  
 A-yein to-gedyr now they go.  
 At that Course they mette so,  
 Eiche gafe other suche a stroke 9752  
 As though there had be a noke  
 Wyth a crakke had made a fall.  
 Such a noyse hit made wyth-aþ.  
 Her sperys to-brast, and they both  
 two 9756  
 Kept her Sadelles Ryght wele two.  
 The Saudon lyke a wyld best  
 For angre cow[de] haue no rest.  
 And there-wyth a-non in his hete 9760  
 For a spere fuþ passyng grete

## Roch. MS.

" Be þou as proude as Lucifere, 9740  
 I shaft assay on þe my spere  
 To breke anone, yef þat I may."  
 And furthe he rydyth in þat array ;  
 Of his course no man hym let. 9744  
 The soudan and he togeder met.  
 So fersly on peeces þer speres fle,  
 Yet þer was no man couthe se  
 Who hade þe beter, for þer bakkes dyde  
 bende, 9748  
 And after oþer speres anone þey sende.  
 Ayein to-geder nowe þey goo.  
 At þat course þey met so,  
 Eiche gaf oþer soych a stroke, 9752  
 As þough þer hade ben an oke  
 With a crake hade made fall,  
 Soych a noyse it made with-aþ.  
 Her speres braste, and þey bothe two  
 Kept þer sadilles right weþ þo. 9757  
 The soudan lyke a wyld beste  
 For anger couthe haue no reste.  
 Ther-with anone in his hete 9760  
 For a spere passynge grete

- He sente, and in his reste it caste.  
 Partonope *perwith* in grete haste  
 Of Gaudyn toke a grete spere þo. 9764  
 Therwith þe soudan he it so  
 Into þe vpper of þe shelde  
 That tissewe and boele into þe felde  
 Fley and aH to peces brake. 9768  
 The spere a fote þrow þe shelde stake.  
 The Soudan hym hit tho ayein, [leaf 123, back] but his own  
 þat his shelde he made flene is flung to  
 From his shuldre into þe layre. 9772 the ground.  
 Betwene hem be-gynneth a sharpe fayre.  
 Partonope hereof was shamefast,  
 The soudan gladed, and forþe passed  
 þrow þe reynes wele faryngly. 9776  
 Kyng Claryns in þe toure an hye  
 Seide the soudan þe better hadde.  
 Cursolote hym answered with wordes sadde :  
 "The white shelde is now at grounde, 9780  
 But his maister on hors is founde."  
 Cursolote at þat tyme seide but lite ;

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

He sent, and in his a-rest hit cast.  
 Partanope In grete hast  
 Of Gaudyns toke a grete spere tho. 9764  
 Ther-wyth the Soudan he hit so  
 In-to the vpper of the Sheld,  
 That tyssew and boele in-to the feeld  
 Fly and aH to peses brak. 9768  
 The spere a fote throw the Sheld stake.

The Sowdan hym hit so a-yein,  
 That this sheld he made flene  
 From the shuldre in-to the layre. 9772  
 Be-twen hem be-gynneth a sharpe  
 fayre.

Partanope her-of was shame-fast.  
 The Sowdan gladed, and forth past  
 Throw the Reynes wele faryngly. 9776  
 Kyng Claryns in the toure an hye  
 Seyd the Soudan better hadde.  
 Cursolot hym answeryth wyth wordes  
 sadde :

"The whitte sheld ys now at  
 ground, 9780  
 But his mayster on hors ys found."  
 Cursolot at that tyme sayd but lyte ;

*Rawl. MS.*

He sent, and in his reste it caste.  
 Partonope *per-with* in grete haste  
 Of Gaudyn toke a grete spere þo. 9764  
 Ther-with þe soudan he hit soo  
 In-to þe vppere of þe shelde,  
 That tessewe and bokeH in-to þe felde  
 Fley, and al to peces brake. 9768  
 The spere as styte þorwe þe shelde  
 stake.

The soudan þo hym hit ayein,  
 That his shulder in-to þe layre. 9772  
 Betwene hem begynneth a sharpe feyre.

<sup>1</sup> Partonope here-of was shamefaste.  
 The soudan gladyde, and furthe paste  
 Thorwe þe renges faryngly, 9776  
 Kyng Claryons in the toure on hye  
 Seyde þe soudan þe beter hade.  
 Courselot answerde wordes sade : 9779  
 [leaf 85, back]

"The wyte shelde is nowe at grounde,  
 But his maister on hors is founde."  
 Curslot at þat tyme seyde but lyte ;

	For after he thought he wolde quyte Kyng Claryns, when Partonope	9784
	Hadde mette þe Soudan in such degre, That he were quytte amyð þe felde. Melior hym herde, and eke be-helde The turnement and aH þe route.	9788
	LyteH Ioy þerof, withouten doute, She hadde, for fewe of hem she knewe. In lovyng her hert was euer trewe.	
Partonope gets a new silvery shield and a spear.	Parton[op]e asked a sheld in haste Gaudyn þat on hym lokeþ faste, FuH fressh y-paynted of siluer bright. It was right sure and þer-to light. A spere he toke bope grete and fyne.	9792 9796
He attacks Armant, and strikes him from his saddle.	Therwith he ranne to a saresyne, Armauns he hight with-oute more, Partonope to hym Ranne so sore, And in þe shelde so hym hitte, That in his sadile lenger to sitte Hadde he no power, but oute he flye, And feH to grounde, aHe men it se. This Armauns was holde a worpi man.	9800 9804

## Univ. Coll. MS.

For after he thought he wold quyte  
Kyng Clarins / whan Partonope 9784  
Had mett the Sowdan in suche  
degre, [leaf 87, back] 9785  
That he were quyte a-myde the feld.  
Melior hym herd and eke be-heeld  
The turnement and aH the rowte. 9788  
LyteH Ioy there-of, wyth-outen dowte,  
She had, for few of hem she knew.  
In loving her hert was euer trew. 9791  
**P**Artanope asked a sheld in hast  
Gaudyns that on hym loket fast,  
FuH fresch I-peynted of siluer bryght.  
Hit was ryght sure and ther-to lyght.  
A spere he toke both grete and fyne.  
There-wyth he ranne to a sarasyn,  
Armauns he hyght wyth-oute more.  
Partanope to hym ranne so sore,  
And in the Sheld so hym hytt, 9800  
That in his sadyH lenger to sytt  
Hadde he no power, but oute he flye  
And fyH to ground ; aH men hit sye.  
This army was hold a worthe  
man) 9804

## Rawl. MS.

For after he þought he wolde quyte  
Kynge Claryns, when Partonope 9784  
Hade met þe soudan in soych degre,  
That he were quyte amyde þe felde.  
Melyore hym herde, and eke be-helde  
The turment and aH þe route. 9788  
LytiH loye þer-of, without doute,  
She hade, for fewe of hem she knewe.  
In lonyng hert was euer trewe.  
Partonope askede a shelde in haste.  
Gaudyn on hym lokede faste, 9793  
FuH I-peyntede of syluer bright.  
Hit was right sure and þer-to light.  
A spere he toke grete and fyne. 9796  
There-with he ran to þe sarsyn,  
Armant he hit with-out more.  
Partonope to hym ran so sore,  
And in þe shelde so hym hit, 9800  
Than in his sadyH lenger to syte  
Hade he no poure but out he flee  
And fiH to grounde, aH men it see.  
Armant was a worthy man. 9804

Partonope forþe on hors-bak ranne		
Throw þe Reynes right to þe soudan.		
And þere he smote a knyght called Logan		He unhorses Logan, a friend of the Sultan's.
That þe soudan loved wele þan,	9808	
And to grounde gothe hors and man.	[leaf 124]	
Atte soudans fote aH þis was do.		
The soudan was wode for angre þo,		
And his spere þen toke in haste,	9812	The Sultan is furious, and rushes at Partonope.
And to Partonope rideth as faste		
þrow þe prese hym forto fynde,		
And throw the ventaylle in his necke be-hynde		
He hym smote with his spere þo,	9816	A terrible fight ensues.
That aH to peces it brake a-two.		
His swerde þerwith þo pulled he		
And smote vpon þe helme of Partonope.		
When he aspied þat it was he,	9820	
His swerde he pulled oute anoon Right.		
On hym he leide with aH his myght,		
And on his helme suche strokes gafe he,		
The rede fyre þer-of did oute fle.	9824	
And thus they hurle þrow þe prese,		

*Univ. Coll. MS.**Rawl. MS.*

Partanope forþ a bakk ranne		Partonope furthe on hors-bake ranne	
Thorw the Reynes ryght to the Sowdan).		Thorwe þe renges of þe soudan).	
And there he smot a knyght callyth Logan),		Ther he smote a knyght callede Logan),	
That the sowdan wele than),	9808	That þe soudan louyde weH þan).	9808
And to ground goth hors and man).			
Atte Sowdan foote aH this was doo.		At þe soudans foote aH þis was do.	
The Sowdan was wode for angre tho,		The Soudan was wode for anger þo.	
And his spere than) toke in hast,	9812	And his spere þen toke in haste,	9812
And to Partanope rydeth as fast		And to Partonope Rydyth faste	[leaf 86]
Thorw the prese hym) for to fynde.		Thorwe þe prese hym to fynde,	
And throw the ventayH in his nek be-hynd		And þorwe þe ventaiH in þe nyke be-hynde	
He hym) smote wyth his spere tho,	9816	He hym smote with his spere þo,	9816
That aH to pesys hit brak in two.		That aH to peecs it brake tho.	
His swerd there-wyth oute pullyth he,		His swerde þer-with pulled out he,	
And smote vpon) the helme of Partanope.		And smote on þe helme of Partonope.	
Whan) he aspyed that hit was he,	9820	When he asspyede þat it was he,	9820
His swerd he pulled oute anon) ryght.		His swerde he pulled out right.	
On) hym) he leyde wyth aH his myght,		On hym he leyde with aH his myght,	
And on) his helme suche strokis gafe he,		And on) his helme soyche strokes gaf he,	
The Rede fyre there-of dyd oute fle.	[leaf 88]	That rede fyre þer-of dyde out fle.	9824
And thus they hurle forth throw the prese,		Thus þey hurle þorwe þe prese,	

Partonope passes through the ground of the Sultan, and is attacked from all sides.	TiH Partonope, with-oute any lese,	
	Was passed þe Reynes of þe soudan,	
	So ferforth tiH þat he came	9828
	To þe walles of þe toure	
	Wherin sate faire Meliore.	
	And atte laste þen Partonope	
	Aspied how ferre passed was he	9832
	Throw þe strenght of þe soudan,	
	Tho hym to þinke he be-gan	
	How he hadde folyle ydo,	
But Gaudin comes to his rescue.	For many a saresyn on hym þo	9836
	Leide on right faste and blyve,	
	That it was wonder how he on lyve	
	Might passe þat grete þronge.	
	But Gaudyn of herte fuH stronge	9840
	Sawe at mysschief Partonope,	
	And in his reste his spere leide he,	
	And fiersly into þe prese he passed.	
	A saresyn from hors-bak he casted,	9844
	A worpi knyght þat hight Bry.	
Gaudin un- horses Bry and Armant.	The saresynes sette vp a deviH crye.	
	To þe morreis kyng he was a good poste,	

## Univ. Coll. MS.

TyH Partanope, wyth-oute any lese,  
Was passed the Reynes of the Sowdan),  
So fer-forth tyH that he came 9828  
To the walles of the toure,  
Where-in sate fayre Meliore  
And at the last than Partanope  
Aspyed how ferre past was he 9832  
Throw the strynght of the Sowdan).  
Tho hym to think he be-ganne  
How he had follyly I-do,  
For many a Sarasyn on hym tho 9836  
Leyd on ryght fast and by-lyue,  
That hit was wondyr how he on lyue  
Myght passe that grete th[r]onge  
But Gaudyns of hert fuH stronge 9840  
Saw at myschyf Partanope,  
And in his rest hys spere lyed he,  
And feersly in-to the prese he past.  
A Sarasyn fro hors-bak he cast, 9844  
A worthy knyght that hyght Bry.  
The Sarasyns sett vp on a devyH crye,  
To the morreys kyng he was a good  
post,

## Rawl. MS.

TiH Partonope, with-out lese,  
Was paste þe reinge of þe soudan,  
So ferre-furthe tiH þat he cam 9828  
To þe walle[s] of þe toure,  
Where-in sat feyre Melyore.  
And at þe laste þen Partonope  
Asspyede howe ferre paste was he 9832  
Thorwe þe strenght of þe soudan.  
To hym to thyneke he be-gan  
Howe he hade folyle do.  
For many a sarson on hym þo 9836  
Leyde on right faste and blyue,  
That it was wonder howe he on lyue  
Myght passe þat grete pronge.  
But Gaudyn of hert fuH stronge 9840  
Sawe at meschef Partonope,  
And in his reste a spere leyde he,  
And fe[r]sly in-to þe prese he paste.  
A sarson fro hors-bake he caste, 9844  
A worthy knyght þat hight Bry.  
The sarsons set vp an deviH crye  
To þe Morre Kyng was a good poste,

- For he was constable of his oste. [leaf 121, back] 9848  
 His spere brake, oute gothe his swerde ;  
 As a lyon fierse he ferde.  
 Armaunt he smote, anoper knyght,  
 So from his hors-bak he made hym light. 9852  
 His helme was pe ferst pat came to grounde.  
 Grete strokes he yave in pat stounde.  
 So manly at pat tyme soþely was he,  
 That rescowed was good Partonope 9856  
 With-oute mayne or grete wounde.  
 Wele quytte hym Gaudyn pat stounde.  
 But boþe achafed were right wele,\*  
 And many a stroke ganne þey fele.\* 9860  
 The soudan hurte was somdele.  
 That kyng Corsolot\* aspied wele,  
 And gladd is he of his declyne.  
 Thes wordes he seide to Claryne : 9864  
 "þe soudan hoveth as hevy as lede,  
 The toþe-ache I trow be in his hede.  
 Sir, be not wrope of pat I sey,  
 The white shelde pinketh not to dey 9868  
 9859. MS. wele right.  
 9860. MS. And grete strokes hadde many a knyght.  
 9862. MS. Corsolot.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

For he was Constable of his Ost. 9848  
 His spere brak, oute goth his Swerd ;  
 As a lyon feerse he feerd.  
 Armaunt he smote a-nother knyght,  
 So fro hors-bak he made hym lyght.  
 His helme was the first that come to  
 ground. [leaf 88, back] 9853  
 Grete strokes he yafe in that stound.  
 So manly at that tyme sothly was he,  
 That rescowed was good Partonope 9856  
 Wyth-oute mayne or grete wound.  
 Wele quyte hym Gaudyn that stound,  
 But both a-chased were ryght wele,  
 And many a stroke ganne they feele. 9860  
 The Sowdan hurt was som dele.  
 That kyng Cursolot aspyed wele,  
 And glad ys he of his declyne,  
 These wordes he sayd to Claryng: 9864  
 "The Sowden houeth as hevy as lede.  
 The tothe-ache I throw be in his hede.  
 Syr, be not wroth of that I sey, 9867  
 The white Sheeld thenketh not to dye

*Rawl. MS.*

For he was counstabill of his oste. 9848  
 His spere brake, out gothe þe swerde ;  
 And as a lyon fers he ferde.  
 Armaunt smote a-noper knyght,  
 Fro his hors-bake he made hym light,  
 His helme was fyrste þat come to  
 grounde. [leaf 86, back] 9853  
 Grete strokes he yaf in þat stounde.  
 So manly at þat tyme was he,  
 That rescowede was Partonope 9856  
 With-out mayne ore wounde.  
 Weþ quyte hym Gaudyn þat stounde,  
 But bothe achafede were right weþ,  
 And many a stroke gon þey fele. 9860  
 The soudan hurt was somdeþ.  
 That kyng Courslot aspyede weþ,  
 And glade is he of his declyne.  
 This wordes he seyde to Claryne : 9864  
 "The soudan houyth heuy as lede,  
 The tothe-ache I trowe be in his hede.  
 Sir, be not wrothe of þat I sey, 9867  
 The whyte shelde thynkyth not to dey  
 9856. rescowede] o like e.

King Cur-  
solt is glad  
that the  
Sultan has  
not got the  
better of  
the knight  
of the white  
shield.

The King  
of France  
observes to  
the Emperor  
of Spain  
that the two  
companions  
have proved  
the best  
knights that  
day.

At þis tyme in the soudans dette,  
For skillfully with hym hape he mette.”  
Gaudyn and eke Partonope  
From þe turney with-drawn be 9872  
Vnto an haue-thorne hem to avente ;  
Of gothe her helmes be one assente.  
The kyng of Fraunce be-helde hem wele,  
And then he knew hem neuer a dele. 9876  
To þe Emperour of Spayne þen seide he :  
“ These two knyghtis fuþ good men be,  
And beste in þe turney haue done þis day.”  
Seide the Emperour : “ þat is an easy assay. 9880  
In the be-gynnyng they peyn to faste.  
Comenly suche men mow not laste ;  
Prysaunteres such folke called be.  
þat allday men may soþely se 9884  
Such laste not but lytiþ while.—  
Therwith þe Emperour gan smyle— [leaf 125]  
But wole ye make a good assay,  
Take [hede] of hem þe prid day.” 9888

## Univ. Coll. MS.

At this tyme in the sowdans dette,  
For Skillefully wyth hym hath he  
mett.  
Gaudyn and eke Partanope  
From the turnay wyth-drawn be 9872  
Vn-to an haw-thorn hem to a-vent ;  
Of goth her helmes be one assent.  
The kyng of Fraunse be-heeld them  
wele,  
And than he knew hem neuer a dele.  
To the emperoure of Spayn than sayd  
he : 9877  
“ These two knyghtes fuþ goode men  
be,  
And best in the turnay haue done this  
day.”  
Sayd the Emperoure : “ That ys an  
assay, 9880  
In the be-gynnyng they payn to fast,  
Comenly suche men mow not last ;  
Prysaunteres suche folk callyth be.  
That aþ day men may sothly se 9884  
Suche last not but lytyþ while.—  
Therewyth the emperoure gan smyle.—  
But wole ye make a good assay  
Take of hem the thyrd day.” 9888

## Rawl. MS.

At þis tyme in þe soudans det, 9869  
For skifffully he hathe hym met.”



þe kyng of Fraunce answerde aye :

“ On þe prid day, how euer it be,

Of þis day they wole haue þe prise,

They moste nedes be myn averse.” 9892

Gaudyn and also Partonope

After her refresshyng hope be

Into þes reynes turned ayein.

Fresshe and lusty yarmed they bene. 9896

Eiche of hem toke hym his shelde,

Many a man þo hem be-helde.

Into þe Reynes they come fresshly,

Eiche hadde in hande a spere fuþ sturdy. 9900

They spare no man þat hem wole hyde,

They were right lusty at þat tide.

Fuþ wele they lust þat ilke day.

þere was no man durste hem assay, 9904

But of hym they hadde þe victory,

So sore her aduersaries they did wry.

The day gan faste drawe to an ende,

That eiche man þought home to wende, 9908

And turney no more as for þat nyght.

The kyng of Syre he made a fight,

Comyng in sodenly with his meanye.

A worthy and a noble knyght was he. 9912

When eiche man wende home forto go,

He and his meany despitously tho

On euery syde gan ley on faste.

Men toke her sheldes to hem in haste. 9916

Partonope  
and Gaudin  
re-enter the  
lists and  
carry all  
before them.

The King  
of Syria  
appears sud-  
denly with  
his retinue.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

The kyng of Fraunce answered a-ye :

“ On) the third day, How-euer hit be,

Of this day they wyth haue the prise,

They must 9892

Gaudyns and also Partanope

After her refresshyng both be

In-to the reynes turneth a-yein, 9895

Fresh and lusty l-armed they bene.

Eche of hem) toke hym) his shield,

Many a man) do hem) be-heeld. 9898

In-to the Reynes they come freschly,

Ech had in hand a spere fuþ sturdy.

They spare no man) that hem) woth  
a-byde. [1 leaf 89] 9901

They were Ryght lusty atte that tyde.

Fuþ weth they luste that ylike day.

There was no man) drust hem) assay,

But of hym) they had the victory.

So sore her aduersaries dyd they  
wrey. 9906

The day gan) fast draw to ende,

That eche man) thoght home to wend,

And turney no more as for that  
nyght. 9909

The kynght of Syre he made a fyght,

Comyng In Sodenly wyth his meyne.

As worthey and noble kyng was he. 9912

Whanne eche man) wend home for to  
go,

He had his meyne dyspetusly tho

On) euery syde gonne ley on) fast. 9915

Men) toke her sheeldes to him) in hast.

He un-  
horses  
Gaudyn,

but is in  
his turn un-  
horsed by  
Partonope.

Gaudyn cap-  
tures the  
king's steed,

while a Sara-  
cen leaps on  
Gaudyn's  
own horse.

Gaudyn anoone with spere and shelde  
Turned ayein into þe felde.

þe duke of Loreyn anoone hym mette ;

Eiche be oper fuH liteH they sette. 9920

Good knyghtis they were bope two.

But yite Gandyn myshapped þo.

For þe kyng of Syre in þat felde

So fiersly hym hitte in þe shelde, 9924

That from his hors he made hym light. [leaf 125, back]

When Partonope sawe þat sight,

That Gaudyn his frende was atte grounde,

With a spere bope grete and rounde 9928

He Ranne to the kyng þan of Syre,

And hym hitte with so grete an Ire,

Oute of his sadile he made hym lepe.

Gaudyn per-of anoone toke kepe 9932

And fresshly sesed the kynges stede.

But or he myght hym any firþer lede,

The kynges meany to hym so raught,

þat of hem many a stroke he caught. 9936

And in þis meane while a saresyne

Is leþt to þe hors of Gaudyn.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Gaudyn a-non) wyth spere and schyeld  
Turned a-yen) in-to the feeld.

The duke of Loryn) a-non) hym) mett ;

Eche be other fuH lyteH tho sett. 9920

Goode knyghtes they were both two.

But yet Gaudyns mys-happed tho,

For the kyng of Syre in that feld

So feersly hit hym) on) the Sheeld, 9924

That from) his hors he made hym) lyght.

Whan) Partonope saw that syght,

That Gaudyn) his fere) was to ground,

Wyth a spere both) grete and round, 9928

He ranne to the kyng than) of Syre,

And hym) hit wyth so grete an Ire,

Oute of his sadyH he made hym) kepe.

Gaudyn) ther-of a-non) toke kepe, 9932

And fresshly sesyd the kynges steele.

But or he myght hym) any further

leede,

The kynges meyne to hym) so rauth,

That of hem) many a stroke he cauth.

And in þis mene while a saresyn) 9937

Ys leþt on) the hors of Gaudyn).

*Roarh. MS.*

¶ Gaudyn anone with spere and shelde  
Turnede ayein in-to þe felde.

The duke of Loreyne anone hym met ;

Eche by oper fuH lytiH þey set. 9920

Good knyghtes þey were bothe two.

But yet Gaudyn myshappyde þo.

For þe kyng of Seyre in þat felde

So fersly hit hym on þe shelde, 9924

That fro his hors he made hym light.

When Partonope sawe þat sight,

That Gaudyn) his fere was at grounde,

With a spere bothe grete and rounde

He Ran to þe kyng of Seyre, 9929

And hit hym with so grete Ire

Oute of his sadiH he made hym lepe.

Gaudyn per-of toke good kepe, 9932

And fresshly sesede þe kynges stede.

But ore he myght hym) any forþere led,

The kynges men to hym so raught,

That of hem many a stroke caught.

In þis mene while a sarsyne 9937

Ys leþte on þe hors of Gaudyn). [leaf 87]

Partonope þat hym neuer fayled at nede, [Thought to gete ayen] his stede],	9940	
Leide on so faste rounde a-boute, He hathe hym rescowed from aH þe route, That harmelesse escapede bope they be. For besy is aH þe kynges meanye	9944	
Of Syre hym þrow þe place to lede On fote ; for loste he hadde his stede. A <sup>H</sup> folke herwith departed anoone From þe turnement and streight gone	9948	Night is coming on. The tourna- ment is over for the day,
To her loggeyng in grete haste. The nyght falleth on hem wonder faste. The herowdes crye : " A hosteH, a hosteH ! "		
Partonope and Gaudyn þat right weH In þe turnement haue bore hem þat day, To her loggeyng they ride in fresshe array. Cursolote sethe hem bope two	9952	and the two friends ride back to their lodgings.
To her loggyng harmelesse go. He seide : " God blessed þou be Bope my ffrendes yonder I se	9956	Cursolt says that the knight of

*Univ. Coll. MS.**Boyl. MS.*

Partanope that hym) neuer fayled at nede, Leyde on) so fast hym) rounde a-boute, He hath hym) rescowed from) the rowte, (leaf 89, back) That harmeles scapyth they be. For besy ys aH the kynges meyne 9944 Of Syre hym) thought the prese to lede On) fott ; he hath for lost his steede. Al folke her-wyth departe a-nond Fro the turnement, and streyght gone To her loggyng in grete hast. 9949 The nyght falleth on) hem) wondre fast. The herowdes crye aH : " HosteH, a hosteH ! "	Partonope hym not faillede at nede, Thought to gete ayen) his stede, 9940 Leyde ont so faste hym aboute, He hathe hym rescowede fro þe Route That harmeles escapede bothe þey be. For besy is aH þe kynges meyne 9944 Of Seyre hym þorwe þe prese to lede On fote for loste he hade his stede " A <sup>H</sup> folke with þis departede anone Fro þe turment and streight gone 9948 To þer logyng in grete haste The nyght fallyth on hem faste The heraudes crye an hosteH.
Partanope and Gaudyn) that ryght weH 9952 In the turnement haue bor) hem) that day, To her loggyng they ryde in fresch array. Cursolot seth hem) both two To her loggyng harmeles they go, 9956 He seyde : " God blessed thou be, Both my ffrendes yonde I se	Partonope and Gaudyn) þat right weH In þe turment haue bore hem) þat day, To þer logyng þey rede in freshe array. Curslot sethe hem bothe two To þer logyng harmeles goo. 9956 He seyde : " God blyssede þou be, Bothe my ffrendes yen I see.

the white  
shield has  
carried the  
day.  
 To her herborowe go saufe and sounde.  
 I wolde it hadde coste me an hundred pounde, 9960  
 Be so I wiste what they were.  
 But wele I wote, he þat doþe bere  
 The white shelde, be myn avise,  
 Of þis day is worthy þe prise." [Leaf 123] 9964  
 AH þo þat hym herde, seide not ones nay,  
 Save kyng Claryns ; for to his pay  
 In no wise þes wordes were seide.  
 "The þrid day shuH we knowe þe breide. 9968  
 Be þat tyme moche þing may falle.  
 Ye be to hasty now for to calle  
 Hym beste þat bereþ þe white shelde  
 Of aH þat were to-day in þe felde. 9972  
 FuH yore it is now ago  
 I haue herde sey, and oþer mo,  
 That who so yeveth hasty Iugement  
 Moste be þe first þat shaH repent." 9976  
 þerwith þes knyghtis boþe two  
 Of þes þinges more speke þei not þo.  
 But Partonope and gentiH Gaudyne

## Unic. Coll. MS.

## Rawl. MS.

To her herborw go safe and sound.  
 I woldd yt had cost me an hundred  
 pound 9960  
 Be so I wist what they were,  
 But weH I wote he that doth bere  
 The whitte Sheeld, be myn awyse,  
 Of this day ys worthie the pryse." 9964  
 All do that hem herd, seyð not onys  
 nay,  
 Saf kyng Claryns ; for to his pay  
 In no wyse these wordes were sayd.  
 "The thyrd day ShaH we knowe the  
 brayd. 9968  
 Be that tyme moch thyng may faH.  
 He and ye be to hasty now for to caH  
 Hym best that beryth the whyte Sheld  
 Of aH that were to-day in the feld. 9972  
 Full yor now hit ys a-goo  
 I haue herd sey, and oþer moo,  
 That who so yeveth hasty Iugement  
 Must be the fyrst that shaH repent."  
 Therewith these knyghtes both two  
 Of these thynges more spak they not  
 tho. 9978  
 But Partanope and gentyH Gaudyn

I wolde I wiste what þey were.  
 WeH I wot, he þat dothe here  
 Bere þe whyte shelde, be myne avyse,  
 Of þis day is worthy þe pryse." 9964  
 AH þat hym herde, seyde not onys  
 nay,  
 Saf kyng Claryns : for to his pay  
 In no wyse þis wordes were seyde.  
 "The iij day we shaH knowe þe brayde.  
 Be þat tyme meeche thyng shaH faH.  
 Ye be to hasty nowe to caH  
 Hym beste þat beryth þe whyte shelde  
 Of aH þat were to-day in feld. 9972  
 FuH yore nowe it is agoo  
 I haue herde sey, and oþer mo,  
 That who so yevyth hasty Iugement  
 Moste be þe fyrste þat shaH repent."  
 Ther-with þis knyghtes bothe twoo  
 Of þis thynges more speke þey þo. 9978

Arne at her soper and drynke þe wyne	9980	Partonope and Gaudyn go to supper.
As fresshe as to hem may be brought.		
Of her grete strokes they rekke nought.		
Gaudyn beholdeth wele Partonope,		
And gretely mervayleth of his beaute,	9984	
How semely he was, how longe, how brode.		
Hym to be-holde fuþ longe he stode.		
And he thought euer in his corage :		
He myght not be borne of pore lynage.	9988	Gaudyn wonders why his friend looks so sad,
And wele he sighe þat he was pensife,		
He þought his herte was in grete strife.		
Of þis grete mervaylle þo hadde he,		
What cause or what it myght be	9992	
That made hym in suche hevynesse.		
Hym thought he hadde cause of gladnesse.		
Hym to comforte in his herte he caste,		
And merely he brake oute atte laste,	9996	and tries to cheer him up.
And seide : " My ffrende Partonope,		
What is þe cause þat ye now be		
In hevynesse faþ so sodenly ?		
I trowe for ye haue so manly	10000	
Now borne you in þis turnement,		
Ye are aferde leste þe Iugement		
To haue þis lady shuld falle* on you. [leaf 125, back]		
Be gladde man, loke vpp lightly now,	10004	
And bere þe wele þe pryd day.		

10003. falle] MS. faste.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Arne at her Soper, and drynke the wyne	9980	What cause or what hyt myght be	9992
As fresch as to hem may be brouth. [leaf 90]		That made hym in such hevynesse.	
Of her grete strokys the rek nought,		Hym thought he had cause of gladnesse.	
Gaudyn be-holdeth wele Partanope,		Hym to comfort in his hert he cast	
And gretely mervaylet of his beawte,		And mervyly brak oute at the last,	9996
How semely he was, how longe and how brode.	9985	And sayd : " My frend Partanope,	
Hym to be-hold fuþ longe he stode.		What ys the cause that ye now be	
And he thought euer in his corage :		In hevynes faþ so sodenly ?	
He myght not be borne of pore lynage.	9988	I trow for ye haue so manly	10000
And wele he sygh that he was pynsyfe,		Now borne yow in this turnement,	
He thoght his hert was in grete stryfe.		Ye are a-ferd last the Iugement	
Of this grete mervayle tho had he		To haue this lady shuld faþ on yow.	
		Be glad man, loke vp lyghtely now,	10004
		And bere the wele the thyrday.	

	And þen I darre savely say Thou shalte haue hir and moche more."	
	Partonope <i>per</i> -with sighed sore,	10008
	And seide: "I were wele, hadde I þat!"	
They go to bed.	Gaudyn <i>per</i> with on his bedde sate, And made hym redy to take his reste.	
	To do þe same Partonope made hym preste.	10012
	To bedde they go for þat nyght.	
At sunrise they hear mass, and then ride to the tournament.	On morrowe as sone as þe sonne bright Ganne shewe her beames oute of her spere,	
	They ben rissen masse forto here.	10016
	And þen after arme hem be oone assent, And made hem redy to þe turnement.	
	Thidder be they come with her squyers Fresshly ryding vpon her dextres.	10020
	Into þe felde they do as they mowe.	
Cursolt remarks to Clarin that they are the first on the spot.	Curselote hem seeth, and then he lowe. And Claryn seide: "Lo, yonder I se Be the morowe now come be	10024
	Thes tweyn þat yestir-evyn fuþ late Caught þe laste stroke; and yite algate It semeth they wole þe first wyne.	
	Lette se who shaþ þis game be-gynne."	10028
The Sultan and Parto- nope charge each other.	TO felde is come þe fierse soudan, In his company many a lusty man, And faire reinge hem in þe felde.	
	Herawdes hem nombred a thousand shekl.	10032

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

And than I dare savely saye	10006	And made hem redy to the turnement.
Thow shalt haue her and moche more."		Thy therbe they come wyth her Squyers
Partanope there-wyth syghed sore.		Freschly rydyng vpon her dex-
And seyde: "I were wele/had I that!"		tre[r]ys [leaf 90, back] 10020
Gaudyn the[r]-wyth on his bedde sate,		In-to the feeld they do as they mow.
And made hym redy to take his rest.		Curselot hem seeth, and than he lowe.
To do the same Partanope made hym		And Claryn sayd: "Lo, yondre I se
preste.	10012	Be the morow now come be
To bed they go for that nyght.		10024
On morow as sone as the sone sonne		These twyn that yster-even fuþ late
bryght		Caught the last stroke; and yet algate
Ganne shew her bones oute of her		Hyt semyth they wold the fyrst wyne.
spere.		Late se how saþ this game begynne."
They bene rysyn masse for to		To feld ys come the fresch Sawdan,
here.	10016	In his company many a lusty man,
And than after arme hem be oone		And fayre Renge hem in the feeld.
assent,		Herawdes hem nombre a thousand
		shekl,
		10032

- This sawdan, þis lusty knyght,  
 Taketh his shelde anoone right,  
 Sette helme on hede, and taketh his spere.  
 Partonope þat hoveth from hym ferre, 10036  
 Was redy anoone withouten lette.  
 This soone to-gedre they mette  
 FuH fresshly, men myght se, I trowe.  
 The soudan bare his spere to lowe. 10040  
 There he hadde wente to haue smytte Partonope  
 Amyddes þe shelde, it happed þat he  
 Smote his sadiH in þe fore arsone.  
 The spere so lowe dissended a-downe, [leaf 137] 10044  
 þat it into peces fley into þe felde.  
 Partonope hym hitte amyddle þe shekle  
 So sturdely in aH his myght,  
 That fro his hors he made hym light, 10048  
 And leide hym flatte þen in þe mede.  
 Partonope perwith sesed his stede,  
 But it was not for hym\* to abyde.  
 And þen he seide: "Who lust to ride 10052  
 Lepe on his bake, take hym anoone."  
 To þe rescowe come of þe sowdan  
 A thousand Knyghtes and many moo.  
 Who lust to laughe but Cursolote þo? 10056  
 And þen he seide to kyng Claryne:  
 "This game is be-gonne wele a-fyne."  
 FuH besy nowe aH þes knyghtes be  
 10051. MS. for hym not

The Sultan  
is over-  
thrown.

Cursolt is  
pleased.

*Unic. Coll. MS.*

- This Sawdan, that lusty knyght,  
 Taketh his Sheeld a-non) ryght,  
 Sett helme on) hede, and taketh his  
 spere. 10035  
 Partonope that houeth fro hym) ferre,  
 Was redy a-non) wyth-outen) lett.  
 Thus sone to-gydyr they mett  
 FuH fresshly, men myght se, I trow.  
 The sowdan) bare his spere to  
 low. 10040  
 There he had went smyt Partonope  
 A-myddys The Sheeld, hit happed  
 tha[t] he  
 Smote his sadyH in the fore arson,  
 The spere so low descendyd a-downe,  
 That hit on) peesis fly in-to the feld.
- Partanope hym) hit a-myde the Sheeld  
 So sturdly in aH his myght, 10047  
 That fro his hors he made hym) lyght,  
 And leyd hym) flatt than) in the med.  
 Partanope there-wyth se[s]lyth hissted,  
 But it was noght for hym) to abyde.  
 And than) he sayd: "Who lust to ryde  
 Lepe on) his bak, take hym) a-none."  
 To the rescow of the soudan)  
 A thousand knyghtes and many on)  
 mo. 10055  
 Who lust to laugh but Cursolot tho?  
 And than) he sayd to kyng Claryne:  
 "This game ys be-gonne wele a-fyne."  
 FuH besy now aH these knyghtes  
 be [leaf 91]

	Her maister to rescowe, and Partonope,	10060
	Seith to þe soudan he myght no more do.	
	The prese was so grete a-boute hym þo.	
Partonope presses bravely on,	He wele be-thought hym, and atte laste	
	Fresshly into þe prese he praste.	10064
	And a saresyn he yave suche a dynte,	
	To þe grounde he feH; he was but shent.	
	Partonope on hym no-þing a-bode,	
	But fiersly þrow þe prese he rode,	10068
	And manly þrow þe prese he paste.	
	Or he was warre, he come as faste	
till at last he arrives at the tower where Melior sits.	Vnto þe gate which was þe toure	
	Where as Meliore, þe fresshe floure,	10072
	Sate in a wyndowe and loked oute.	
	Anoone as Partonope with-oute doute	
	Aspied his lady and sawe hir þere,	
	He spared at þat tyme for no fere,	10076
	But salowed* his lady fuH piteously,	
	And seide: "Of your servaunte now haue mercy,	
	And take þis token now of me!"	
	And þer-with-aH good Partonope	10080
	Putt vp his spere and proffered his getone,	
	Seing þe felde and aH þe towne.	
	Vpon his getone she did loke,	
	And fro þe spere to hir she it toke,	[leaf 127, back] 10084
	And seide to hym: "TeH me ayein	
	10077. salowed] MS. folowed.	

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Her mayster to re[s]cow, and Partanope  
 Seyth to the Soudan he myght no  
 more do.  
 The prese was so grete about hym tho.  
 He weH be-thought hym, and at the  
 last  
 Freschely in-to the prese he tharst. 10064  
 And a Sarysyn he yafe such a dent,  
 To the grounde he fyH, he was shent.  
 Partanope on hym no-thing a-bode,  
 But freschly throw the prese he rode.  
 And manly throw that prese past. 10069  
 Are he was warre, he come as fast  
 Vn-to the gate which was the toure  
 Where as Melioure the fresch  
 floure, 10072  
 Sate in a wyndow and loked oute.

A-none as Partanope wyth-outen doute  
 A-spyed his lady and saw here there,  
 He spared at that tyme for no  
 fere, 10076  
 But salowed his lady fuH peteously,  
 And sayd: "Of youre servaunt now  
 haue merey,  
 And tak this token now of me!"  
 And there-wyth-aH goode Parta-  
 nope 10080  
 Put vp his spere and proferd his geton,  
 Seyng the feld and aH the towne.  
 Vpon this geton She dyd looke,  
 And fro the spere to her She hit  
 tooke, 10084  
 And sayd to hym: "TeH me a-yein"

10078 MS. servaūt.



- What ye seide and what ye meane.  
 I vnderstonde not, and þer-fore teH me."  
 But at þat tyme it myght not be, 10088  
 He was in grete pereH of his life sanz faile.  
 Thre men of armes did hym assayle  
 With grete speres on euery side.  
 It was for hym no lenger a-bide. 10092  
 His swerde he pulled oute delyuerly,  
 And bete aH þre fro hym fuH manly.  
 And forþe into þe Reynes he þraste,  
 And a-boute hym leide on faste. 10096  
 In pereH of his life nede moste he.  
 For in-myddes his Enemeyce fuH but was he,  
 And þrow the meany he moste nedes passe,  
 For aH his felawshipþ be-yonde hem wasse. 10100  
 Gaudyn seeth Partonope in grete doute,  
 And boldly loketh hym a-boute,  
 And feersly amonge hem In gothe he  
 And leide on faste, Ioy it was to se, 10104  
 As he that coupe wele of þat crafte.  
 And þus in helpe Partonope he rafte  
 From his Enemeyce hondes with-oute doute,  
 And harmeles are scaped þrowe þe route. 10108  
 This is wele, what wole ye more?  
 Lete vs speke of faire Meliore,  
 For she hath now take his getone

him to re-  
peat what  
he said.

But Parto-  
nope is now  
in peril of  
his life,  
being in the  
midst of his  
enemies.

Gaudin sees  
the danger,  
and helps  
him out of  
the press.

## Univ. Coll. MS.

- What ye sayd and what ye mene.  
 I vndyr-stond not, and there-fore teth  
 me. 10087  
 But at that tyme hit myght not be,  
 He was in grete pereH of his lyfe  
 sanz fayle.  
 Thre men of armes dyd hym assayle  
 Wyth grete sperys on euery syde. 10091  
 Hit was for hym no lenger to abyde.  
 His Swerd he pulleth oute delynerly,  
 And beete aH thre fro hym fuH manly,  
 And forth in-to the Reynes he tharst,  
 And aboute hym leyde on fast. 10096  
 In pereH of his lyfe nede must he,  
 For in-myddys his Enemys fuff but  
 was he, [leaf 91, back]  
 And thorw the meyne he must nedys  
 passe,  
 For aH his felaschip be-yond hem  
 was. 10100  
 Gaudyn seeth Partanope in grete  
 doute,  
 And boldely loketh hym a-boute,  
 And feersly a-monge hem In goth  
 he,  
 And leyde on fast, Ioy for to se, 10104  
 As he that coude wele on that craft.  
 And thus in help Partanope hym  
 rafte  
 From his enemys hondes wyth-oute  
 doute,  
 And are harmeles scapyd throw the  
 rowte. 10108  
 This ys wele, waht wole ye more?  
 Late vs speke of fayre Meliore.  
 For She hath now take his geton

Melior  
unties the  
flag from  
the spear.

Of Partonope, but what þe enchesone 10112  
Or cause he hadde it hir [to] take,  
She can not wete [ne] for whose sake.  
She wolde it hadde be a deviH wey  
þat she so lewde was in þat aray. 10116

On þe spere it was fastened,  
And she\* þer-fro it vndede,  
Wherof men speke þan dishonour,  
And seide þat man was hir paramour. 10120

The onlook-  
ers think  
that the  
man is  
her lover.  
But people  
are always  
inclined to  
speak ill of  
ladies.

Though a lady for þe best a þing do,  
Men haue such Ioy to lye so,  
They wole it turne aH for þe worste, [leaf 128]  
They haue no Ioy to sey the beste. 10124  
Suche mennes tonges gone euer on wheles.

This is þe cause, for moste with kelys  
Is her dalyaunce and her comenyng.  
And for they mowe hem lightly bryng 10128

To be foles at her commaundment,  
þerfore they gife suche Iugement  
On aH opere, and wene they were  
Of such condicions and suche manere. 10132

Of pes ladies it fareth not so :  
Chaungeable in love they be neuer mo,  
Of troupe in stablnes they bere þe floure,  
In hem is peynted gentilnes and honour. 10136

Therefore aH men þat be so light of tonge

10118. she] MS. sher.

*Univ. Coll. MS.*

Of Partanope, but what the encheson  
Or cause he had hire to take 10113  
She can not wytte, ne for whos sake.  
She wold hit had be a devyH a-wey  
That she so lewde was In that aray.  
On the spere hit was fastened, 10117  
And she there-fro hit vn-dede,  
Where-of men) spake than) dyshon-

[ou]re,  
And sayd that man) was here para-  
mour. 10120

THogh t a lady for the best a thing  
do,

Men) haue Suche Ioy to lye So,  
They wold hit turne aH for the werst,  
They haue no Ioy to say þe best, 10124  
Suche mennys tonges gone euer on)  
whelis,

This ys the cause, for must wyth kelys  
Ys her dalyaunse and her comonyng,  
And for they mow hem) lyghtly  
bryng 10128

To be foolis at her comaundment  
There-fore they gyfe suche Iugement  
On) aH other, and wene they were  
Of suche condycions and such man-  
ere. 10132

Of these ladyes hit fareth not so :  
Chaungeable in lone they be neuer mo.  
Of treuth in stabyH-nesse they bere  
the floure,

In hym ys peynted gentylnesse and  
honoure. 10136  
There-for aH men)

*Univ. Coll. MS. ends with this catchword.*

- That as a grete beH pat longe is ronge  
 Noyse her lesynges. God gife hem grace  
 Not amonge ladies to dweH any space. 10140
- Now lete [us] speke of faire Meliore,  
 That hath taken into pe toure  
 Partonopes geton from his spere,  
 That into pe felde was sene fuH ferre. 10144
- And eviH tonges perof speke faste,  
 And for pe worste they euer it caste,  
 And she wiste neuer what he was.  
 And if she hadde, she wolde haue percase 10148
- FuH gladde [be] to haue done hym eace.  
 For whome shuld a lady be glad to please  
 But hym on whome hir herte is sette?  
 For and they hadde be to-gedre mette, 10152
- No man wolde blame hir, as trow I,  
 Though she had pleased hym hertely.  
 For who so euer love, I you plight,  
 Of hym-self he hath but litiH myght. 10156
- Therefore, lordynges, as pinketh me,  
 In no defaute pan hadde she be,  
 Though she hadde shewed hym solace and game,  
 And he to hir do also pe same. 10160
- The emperesse Partonope not vndirstode.  
 But Wrake pat faste be hir abode,  
 Herde and wiste wele what he seide. [leaf 128, back]  
 And perwith sodenly pis faire maide 10164
- Chonged hir fressh colour rede  
 Into pale or wanne as ashes dede.  
 Persewise perof toke grete hiede.  
 Wrak with Persewise and no mo 10168
- Into pe batilment to-gedre go  
 In counsyale to haue her talkyng,  
 Where they spake many dyuers þing.  
 Atte laste seide Wrake to Persewise : 10172
- “ TeH me now fully your avise,  
 What man pat was pat right now late  
 Hoved on hors-bak here atte yate,  
 And profered my lady his gay getone? 10176
- What suppose ye was his enchesone?

Melior does  
not under-  
stand who  
offered the  
flag to her.

But Wrake  
knows.

She takes  
Persevis  
aside,

- and tells her  
that she has  
recognized  
Partonope.
- What seide he to my lady, herde not ye?  
 Serteyn,\* Persewise, it was Partonope,  
 Our \* ffrende, wolde God he were here 10180  
 Prively, pat we myght make hym chiere.  
 Thanne shulde we here of new tithinge,  
 Sith we se hym, where his a-bidyng  
 Hath be, and how pat he came here." 10184  
 Ye may axe me, lorde, what chere  
 Was with Persewise, pis faire maide,  
 When Wrake pes wordes hath seide,  
 And yite it shaH hir neuer avayle, 10188  
 Where she make it open or counsaylle.  
 Thus many a man his love be-sette,  
 To hym it were a grete dele bette  
 To be a recluse or elles a frere, 10192  
 Or elles be dede and leide on bere,  
 Where he shaH dwelle for euer-more,  
 Then hathe he an ende of his sore.  
 "Fayre suster," tho seide the queen, 10196  
 "Of counseylle to I not what I meen).  
 My wittes be destroubled in many wise.  
 For in my herte I can not devise  
 Who or what man it myght be, 10200  
 That armed atte wyndowe seide to me :  
 'Wo be pe tyme pat I euer you sighe.'  
 T[h]o wordes to my herte sitte so nyghe [leaf 129]  
 pat be aH-myghty God sitting above, 10204  
 They made me pinke vpon my love.  
 And perwith myn olde sekenesse toke me.  
 Me thought be his speche it shuld be he.  
 And pan to me he put vp his spere, 10208  
 Me thought pan I durst wele swere  
 It hadde bene he. Lewde fole pat I am,  
 And yete I knowe wele pat many a man  
 Wote wele he is dede, and I wote also. 10212  
 Allas, good suster, what shaH I do?  
 I ame but dede, my peynes be so sore."  
 Wrake po hadde pite of Meliore,
- The Queen  
(who has  
joined  
Urake) is  
anxious to  
ascertain  
he truth.
- Urake pities  
her sister,

10179. MS. inserts seide after Serteyn.

10180. Our] MS. Your.

- And thought þo she wolde teH euery dele, 10216  
 For to hir suster she had not quytte hir wele,  
 And seide: "Medame, I you beseeche and asks her  
 In louly wise and with herte meke pardon.  
 To forgife me þat I haue me mys-take 10220  
 To you my lady, for Cristes owne sake."—  
 "Sey on, suster," þo seide þis queen.  
 "Be-twene you and me shaH be no meane  
 But ye your-self; what euer be mysdo, 10224  
 I it you foryeve, and lette it go,  
 And eiche of vs lette oper truly trust.  
 Ye shuH fynde it for þe beste,  
 For I am to you boþe suster and queen. 10228  
 TeH me oute fully what ye meane."  
 "Medame," she seide, "not longe ago  
 I shope me with certeyn men to go  
 Vnto þe see forto disporte and play, 10232  
 And to Arderne I helde the streight way,  
 And vnder þat forest I did aryve.  
 Therin I yede and þen as blyve  
 Amonge þe wilde bestes þere I fonde 10236  
 Partonope crepyng on knees and honde,  
 The moste pitouse and vgly creature  
 That God gave to any fygure.  
 Herebes and grasse to seke for his levyng, 10240  
 Olde, roten and torne was his cloþing.  
 FuH bare his body, eich man myght se (leaf 129, back)  
 In þat ferefuH place, whereof I hade pite.  
 And ofte tyme he sighed wonder sore, 10244  
 And per-with he seide: 'Allas, faire Meliore !'  
 And nere I come of hym to haue knowyng.  
 But I couthe not knowe hym for no-þing,  
 TiH atte laste welny dede was he, 10248  
 Than me þought it shuld be  
 Be his persone þis Partonope.  
 And hadde I not seide to hym þat ye  
 Grete hym wele with aH your herte, 10252  
 He hadde suffred elles depes smerte.  
 Shorte to sey, I brought hym forþe with me  
 Home to Salence with fayre trete. and took  
 him with her  
 to Salence.

She brought  
him to court,  
and Melior  
herself  
girded him  
with his  
sword.

Afterwards  
he was lost.

Now she  
recognized  
his voice.

Melior dares  
scarcely  
believe it is  
Partenope.

- Hym haue I kept full tenderly. 10256  
 A Ioyfull man hym full ofte made I,  
 Seying to hym ye grete hym ofte wele.  
 That made his sorowe fro hym go euerydele,  
 And so was lusty as he euer was be-fore. 10260  
 Fayrere was he neuer sith he was bore.  
 Into your courte I brought hym prively,  
 And bade hym prese to you boldly  
 To be gyrde of you as oper were. 10264  
 Full ofte tyme chaunged þen his chere.  
 Amonge oper with swerde ye hym girde,  
 And þerwith me thought ye ferde  
 As thoughe ye hadde not be wele at eace. 10268  
 And þen truly, with-outen leace,  
 I voyded hym soone from your presence,  
 And he with me into Salence  
 Yode ayein, where as he come fro. 10272  
 ix dayes a-fore þe Assenc[i]on þan happed þo  
 He yede his way, where he be-come I nyste,  
 Wherefore I wepte full ofte, and wronge my fiste.  
 And sith I swere you be my fey, 10276  
 I sawe hym neuer tiþ þis same day  
 Ne wheper to go him to seche.  
 And now I knew hym be his speche.  
 For hym full ofte I haue wrought you wo, 10280  
 Now lieth in you mercy hym do.  
 I haue bore you on honde þe cove was wode, [leaf 130]  
 His peyn to avenge it did me good."  
 Lorde, and many a man hadde be pere, 10284  
 And of þese ladies sene þe manere,  
 As longe as I haue tolde my tale,  
 Some of hir colour should haue wex pale,  
 Hir wryngyng, hir grete wepyng. 10288  
 They couþe no place fynde of restyng,  
 But euer wandryng to and fro,  
 And many a sighyng euer put þer-to.  
 For trusteth as siker as any day 10292  
 In hote lovyng is but liteþ play.  
 And when Meliore shuld yeve answere,  
 She couþe in no wise for-bere

- But wept and sighed to and to, 10296  
 And seide : " Suster, grace ye me do !  
 TeH me truly if he it were,  
 þat at a windowe proffered his spere,  
 And me with his getone mercy asked so ? " \* 10300  
 Then seide Wrake : " Medame, so mote I go,  
 It was he, it nedeth not to swere þerfore. " —  
 " A lorde ! " seide þis queen, faire Meliore,  
 " What he is hardy, gentiH, and meke, 10304  
 þat prove his Enemyce þus wolde me seke.  
 The lorde above merveyles can wele done,  
 That can herborowe so in oo persone  
 A lyons herte and a lambes also. 10308  
 How louly cried he mercy me to  
 Of þat I haue to hym foule mysdo,  
 And put his life in pereH þer-to.  
 Who ever thinketh his lady to conquere, 10312  
 Go to my love ; for he can hym lere  
 How forto love ; myn herte can acorde,  
 For he hath conquered many a lorde.  
 O good God in heven ! where þat Partonope 10316  
 Of þis turnement shaH haue þe degre !  
 Trewly as yete he is not in þe felde  
 Proved so worthy vnder helme and shelde.  
 So seide kyng Cursolote yester-day, 10320  
 And troupe þerof he may wele say.  
 Go we, suster, to hym and that anoone, [leaf 130, back]  
 He canne wele telle how aH shaH gone. "   
 Now is þis lady risen from þe place 10324  
 Where as she sate, for in trouble ease  
 Be hir wittes, and in hevynesse  
 Stondeth hir herte and grete distresse.  
 Place she can none fynde in to a-byde. 10328  
 Hir trouble in no wise can she hide,  
 But to and fro she goþe and sometyme sitte,  
 In moche dyuersete stonde hir witte.  
 No wonder it is, for in grete dispayre 10332  
 Hath she be\* longe of hir loves repayre.  
 For she wende fully dede þat he were,

How  
courageous  
and gentle  
he is !

Would God  
the prize  
were award-  
ed him.

She rises,  
troubled  
at heart,

10300. MS. And gife me his getone with mercy asked so.

10333. be] MS. had.

	And now on lyve she may hym here.	
	Wetith wele * þat many a dyuers pought	10336
	The sight of hym hath in hir herte brought.	
	Atte laste to hir hir suster she toke	
	Be the hande, as seith þe frenssh boke,	
and goes to ask the opinion of the judges.	And forþe they yode boþe in fere,	10340
	TiH they [were] þere þe kynges were.	
	And right anoone, with-oute any more lettyng,	
	Be kyng Cursolote þis lady was sittingg,	
	For he was goodly, somwhat to hir entent.	10344
	Anoone she asked hym of the turnement,	
	Who turneth beste and who shaH haue þe prise.	
Cursolt holds that the knight of the white shield is the best.	“For soþe,” seide Cursolote, “as be myn avise,	
	He þat armed is vnder þe white shelde	10348
	Hath borne hym beste yite in þe felde.	
	Se how manly he doþe tournay,	
	And in [the] prese how brode he maketh wey.	
	Se how many he þroweth to grounde,	10352
	Se what strokes he leyeth a-boute hym rounde.	
	Me thinketh grete [Ioy] it is hym to se.”	
Clarín is for the Sultan,	Claryns sate stiH as he hadde be	
	Defe, or þat he hadde no luste to here	10356
	Cursolote þis prise, it semed to be his chere.	
	But þen seide Claryns : “I se be þe Soudan,	
	Amonge þe barbarens how he takeþ on).	
but admits that the other fights well.	Neuer þe lattere I sey he with þe white shelde	10360
	Dothe Inly wele amonge aH þe felde.” [leaf 131]	
	This faire queen, lady Meliore,	
	Of her talkyng toke hiede no more,	
	But fully purposeth to be-holde and se	10364
	How wele hir love dothe, Partonope.	
	Hym to be-holde was aH hir Ioy.	
	Now lete vs speke of Gaudyn le Bloy,	
	That euer was redy in aH degre	10368
	To waite wele vpon Partonope,	
	And he on hym with aH his myghtes.	
	Boþe they were fuH noble knyghtes.	
	Now cometh on faste þe þrid day	10372

10336. MS. wole.

After 10360. catchword Doþe Inly wele.



- That degre shuld be yeve of pis turney.  
 The kyng of Fraunce his spere hathe take.  
 Fresshe Iustes pinketh he to make,  
 He wolde make hem of hym to speke. 10376  
 Many a faire spere þo did he broke.  
 The Emperour of Almayne pis be-helde,  
 And in grete haste henge on his shelde,  
 And charged a certeyn of his men, 10380  
 Were it a dosen, twenty or ten,  
 That on her feithe and her liegeaunce  
 They shuþ sette on þe kyng of Fraunce,  
 And þrowe hym to grounde, if they myght. 10384  
 The Emperour hym-self anoone right  
 Vpon the kyng of Fraunce dope prese  
 With aH his meany in þat rese.  
 From hors they prew hym on þe grounde, 10388  
 Grete strokes on hym they leide rounde.  
 His state Royall wolde they not spare.  
 Anoone hereof Partonope was ware,  
 He cried Moun-Ioy with aH his herte. 10392  
 His spores made his stede to smerte.  
 Angre his herte so sette on fyre,  
 That to þe Emperour in grete Ire  
 He ranne, and with his spere hym hitte, 10396  
 That in his sadiH he couthe not sitte,  
 But from his hors he voyded anoone.  
 There was not panne a lyteH to done,  
 And Meliore þe queen þis wele be-helde. (leaf 131, back) 10400  
 There myght men se a besy felde  
 Of ffrensshe, Bretons, and eke normans,  
 Was besy to rescowe þe kyng of Fraunce.  
 After þes contrees made her assemble, 10404  
 Perelous and sharpe was þe medle.  
 The prese wes grete, men myght not se  
 Who was the beste in no degre.  
 But yite Partonope bare hym so, 10408  
 That aH men knew wele þo  
 That he was cause of þe kyng of Fraunce  
 Rescowe, where as in ballaunce  
 Lay his worshiþþ; wherfore pat he 10412  
 The King of France is now running couraes.  
 The Emperor of Germany assails him with his retinue.  
 and throws him off his horse.  
 Partonope sets up the war-cry of the French. He spurs his steed,  
 and unhorses the Emperor.  
 The King thanks him,

- Thanked fuH ofte Partonope,  
 And seide fuH ofte : " Sir, gramercy !  
 For þrow youre helpe rescowed am I."  
 And fuH softly answerd Partonope : 10416  
 " Ofter þan pis tyme so haue I be."  
 What he seide þe kyng Right witterly  
 Vnderstode [not], for he so softly  
 Tho wordes seide, þat noone shuld here, 10420  
 The ffrenssh-men to hym gan prese nere  
 Hym to be-holde, and aH eichone  
 Preised hym for a semely persone,  
 And seide a ffrensshe man myght [he] wele be. 10424  
 In grekes tonge þo \* answered he,  
 For he wolde þat they hym not knewe.  
 Gaudyn le Bloyse, þat was fuH trewe  
 To Partonope, þan he come anoone : 10428  
 " Me mervayleth gretely, be Seynt Ioĥn,  
 Why with pis folke ye hove here.  
 It were your worshiþþ to be elles-where.  
 What hove ye þus ? What is your entent ? 10432  
 Thinke ye to holde here a parlement ?  
 It were more worshiþþ to you, I gesse,  
 To asprie where any worþinesse  
 Were on handlyng, and þer to be."— 10436  
 " Ye sey me sothe," seide Partonope.  
 Gaudyn wolde not lette hym reste,  
 But into þe turnement amonge þe beste [leaf 132]  
 Made hym to go hye worshipp to wyne. 10440  
 He loved hym þo as he had be of his kynne,  
 For if he a-life wele wiste he  
 Might from þe turnement scape, shuld be  
 Chosen of aH persones oone of þe beste, 10444  
 The prise for to bere of þat feste.  
 Thes Ingeours, the kynges two,  
 AH pis doying be-helde wele þo,  
 How þat rescowed was þe kyng of Fraunce, 10448  
 There as his worshiþþ lay in ballaunce,  
 And how cause hereof was Partonope.  
 Euery wight þat myght wele se.

but Partonope will not make himself known.

Gaudin urges Partonope to continue fighting, instead of lingering with the French.

The Kings discuss the combat.

Tho seide Cursolote to kyng Claryne :	10452	
“ þis white knyght þat I cañ myne, Bereth hym wele. How pinketh ye ? ”		
Then seide Claryn : “ Right wele haþe he Borne hym truly at þis rescowes,	10456	
For þis medle was right perilous. But yite I shall it not sey That he is beste of this tourney.”		
Meliore to þis fayne wolde haue spoke.	10460	Clarín's indifference gives Melior pain.
Her herte for hete was on a smoke, That Claryn liste not better to say Of Partonope at þat day.		
His wordes made dede hir herte,	10464	
Love full sore maketh her smerte. Who chaunged colours but Meliore þo ? She durst not answere full þerto		
Añ as she þought, for womanhede.	10468	
For Eviñ tonges hadde she drede. Yite to hem seide þis lady þo :		
“ Sires, me pinketh, so mote I go, Who so hath do beste doþe right wele.	10472	
Liteñ wote we what they fele. The white shelde haþe do wele þis day, No man hym like, it is noo nay.”		
The kyng of Fraunce is right anguysshous,	10476	
With Partonope to speke eke desyrous.		
But Gaudyn wolde not lette hym sojourne,	[leaf 132, back]	Gaudin and Partonope are again carrying all before them.
But into þe turney made hym retourne, Where as he leide on so on euery side,	10480	
His Enemyce dare not hym a-bide. What shull we of hym more sey :		
Throwe þe thikest he maketh suche a wey, þat where were hundre[d]s he made pleyne.	10484	
Here-of despite hath þe Emperour of Almayne, And þought he wolde take vengeance.		
He sette his men first in ordenaunce, And hadde hem into a place of þe felde.	10488	The Em- peror of Ger- many thinks to take vengeance, and gathers his men around him.
A stronge man was he with spere and shelde. Gaudyn toke hiede of þis assemble. “ Be-holde,” he seide, “ my herte doþe tremble.		

	Yondre men pinketh to make array.	10492
	On hem * pou maiste þi-self wele assay."	
	Partonope, þis yonge lusty knyght,	
	Is so reioysed of þat faire sight,	
	And of his lady in þe hye toure,	10496
	That þere is neþer duke ne Emperoure	
	But þat he dare myghtely assaylle,	
	Be it in turnement or in bataylle.	
	The allmayns herewith made a crie,	10500
	And aȝ þe ffrensche with a voice defye,	
	And on hem at ones with a grete hete,	
	So oute of þe Reynes [þe] ffrensche-men bete.	
	Anoone with þis sawe Partonope	10504
	And Gaudyn his felawe, anoone they be	
	With-drawe a-side and toke her grounde.	
	Her meany aboute hem drowe fuȝ rounde.	
	Nowe is Gaudyn and Partonope	10508
	Faire bataylled in þe felde with her meanye.	
	Anoone as the Ermyns euer redy were,	
	Where þat þey sene þe ffrensche banere,	
	With aȝ her myght hem wolde assaile.	10512
	The duke of Bauoire þen wolde not faylle	
	Hem to helpe with aȝ his myght.	
	Partonope sette on hem anoone right,	
	And with þe duke so sore he mette,	10516
	With a grete spere on hym he sette, [leaf 138]	
	That to þe grounde he leide hors and man.	
	þat he lefte hym and forþe he ranne,	
	And with þe same course he hit Besone,	10520
	That of his sadiff he voyded þe arsone.	
	Nevew he was to the Emperour,	
	He hadde be þat day in many a shoure,	
	And bore hym wele and eke manly.	10524
	Gaudyn le Bloys sette on þo fiersly.	
	He mette with oone hight Franke le graunt.	
	He gafȝ hym a stroke þat made hym avaunt.	
	Fro hors to grounde he made hym light ;	10528
	His helme fley fro hym in aȝ her sight.	
	This Gaudyn and þis Partonope	

They chal-  
lenge the  
French,  
and drive  
them from  
their  
ground.

Partonope  
overthrows  
the Duke of  
Bavaria and  
Beson,

while Gau-  
din unhorses  
Frank le  
Grant.

Leide a-boute hem, Ioy it was to se.

Now cometh þe Soudan with aH his route

10532

The Sultan,  
invoking  
Mahomet  
and Apollin,

With many a gay shelde and spere stoute.

He a-voweth to Mahounde and Appollyne

Of þis medelere he wole make a fyne.

And forto holde his grete suerte

10536

In þe reste anoone his spere caste he.

To Gaudyn so fiersly he ranne þo,

And in þe shelde hym hit so,

He made hym voyde in haste his sete,

10540

rides at  
Gaudin  
and throws  
him to the  
ground.

And leide hym at Partonopes fete \*

Shamefaste, sory, and aH dismayed.

Partonope here-of was not wele paide.

He shope hym fiersly to þe Soudan ride,

10544

And with his spere amydde þe side

He hym hitt, with-ouen faille,

That oute of his sadiH he made hym saile

Amyddes his felowes \* and pat eichone.

10548

But they on hors-bake hym helpe anoone,

And Gaudyn despitously they haue take,

And fiersly ledde hym toward þe stake

Or to þe stondarte, where euer it be,

10552

That men wiste descomfite was he.

That is statute of þe turnemente.

Partonope aH þis sore lemente,

For neuer in oo day sith he was bore, (leaf 133, back)

10556

Was he so hevy neuer be-fore,

Ne neuer his herte brought in such care.

Tho to ley on he wolde not spare.

With his spere he ranne to a saresyne,

10560

That in his armes held faste Gaudyne,

And hym hadde leide ouerthwarte his hors nek.

Partonope herwith mode gan pekke.

Fersely to þe saresyne ranne he þo,

10564

And with his spere hym hit so,

That in his sadiH myght he not bide.

His spere hadde he loste in his side.

Therwith þe shafte aH to-refe;

10568

Of his grete Ire he made a good prefe.

10541. fete] MS. fote.

10548. felowes] MS. sorowes.

Partonope  
bears the  
Sultan down  
with his  
spear,

but the  
Sultan's  
men raise  
him up  
again, and  
lead Gaudin  
towards the  
standard.

Partonope  
rushes in  
among them  
to rescue  
Gaudin.

He deals  
huge  
strokes,  
but the press  
is too great.

Partonope in haste his swerde þo drowe,  
Harde, fayre, and bright, and sharpe enowe.

10572

Therwith he leide so faste a-boute,  
Tho þat he hitte were in grete doute.

For here lay oone and yonde anoper.

Of Iren and stele fuH many a foper

He made in shorte tyme lye atte erthe.

10576

As a lyon þat wode was he ferde,

That hongry was and lakked his pray,

So ferde he when þat he sey

He myght not rescowe gentiH Gaudyns,

10580

So pikke a-boute hym were þe saresynes.

But þan did he a mervelouse dede :

To þe Soudan fiersly he yede,

And aboute þe mediH hym caught.

10584

For aH þat þe Soudan couþe fight

Oute of his sadiH he hym lifte,

And aH his strength fro hym refte,

And on his sadiH-bowe hym be-forne

10588

He hym leide, in entente to haue hym borne

Hym a-wey, and þer-with anone

The saresynes lefte Gaudyn eichone.

To rescowe her lorde faste they wente.

10592

Gaudyn þe stede be þe brideH hente

Of þe Soudan, as yode astraye,

Iarmed and trapped fuH fresshe and gay,

And into þe sadiH lightly he lepe.

[leaf 134] 10596

Now is no tyme for hym to slepe.

Onte his swerde fiersly he caught,

Manly þer-with he did fight.

Then myght men sore fight pere se :

10600

Some smyte þrow þe legge, and some þe knee,

Some lay atte grounde gronyng fuH sore,

Many oone þer hadde his hors for-lore.

There was to-broke boþe helme and shelde.

10604

Many men did lye in þe felde,

Many to þe standarte were I-bore,

For they hadde that day her worshipp lore.

But speke we now forþe of Partonope.

10608

In grete pereH forsothe stante he.

In his  
despair  
Partonope  
rides at the  
Sultan, lifts  
him out of  
the saddle,

and is about  
to carry him  
off,

when the  
Saracens  
leave Gau-  
din, who  
then mounts  
the horse of  
the Sultan.

- He weneth þe Soudan a-way to bere,  
 On hym þere light many a spere.  
 Wherwith cometh in þe kyng of Fraunce, 10612 The King  
 And vnder his arme a myghti launce. of France  
 He come in helping of Partonope. arrives.  
 Knyghtly and manly bore hym he.  
 A proude Saresyne þo he slowe, 10616  
 Wherfore I trowe Partonope loughe,  
 For he was þe first þat he-ganne  
 To make rescowe vpon þe Soudan.  
 And ne hadde þe Soudan rescowed be, 10620  
 Dede hadde be þanne Partonope.  
 The kyng of Fraunce did right wele þo,  
 And a-fore eke þat it happed so  
 That his meany for wery *with*-drowe. 10624  
 The medle forþe on game wexe fuH rowe.  
 Yite blessed be God, Erle Partonope  
 Saufe fro aH pereH scaped is he.  
 Now are þe ffrensshe harde be-sette 10628 The French  
 And oute of þe felde aH to-bette. are beuten,  
 This be-helde wele þe kyng of Fraunce,  
 þat his men wente to mysehaunce.  
 Withoute counsaile allone stode he, 10632  
 And þan he drew hym to Partonope,  
 For he knew and wiste wele afyne  
 But if þe helpe were of Partonope and Gandyn, [leaf 134, back]  
 þe worshipp of Fraunce shuld come to nought. 10636  
 Therfore þe kyng Partonope be-sought,  
 And þat tyme he wolde be his comfortoure,  
 In Saluac[i]on of his grete honoure.  
 "With right good wiH," seide Partonope. 10640  
 His spere and his shelde to hym taketh he  
 Girde in amonge hem and cried "Mon Ioy!"  
 When þe ffrensshe herde erie þe kyngis worde,  
 To hym they feH by oone acorde. 10644 Hearing  
 Foure thousand and moo *with* þat erie the cry of  
 Sette on her aduersaries so hardely, Monjoie,  
 þat from her grounde they put hem to flight, the French  
 More þan a bowe-shote as to her sight. 10648 attack  
 To turney þei wolde aH new be gonne, vigorously,  
 and put  
 their  
 enemies  
 to flight.

The heralds  
stop the  
fight for  
the day,  
and the  
knights go  
back to their  
lodgings.

But weste so ferre was drawe þe sonne,  
That "al hosteH" þe herodes gan crie.  
Eiche man to his logyng þen gan hye. 10652

But Gaudyn and fresshe Partonope  
Laste in þe felde of aH wolde be,  
And first as so yerly by þe morowe.  
It neded not hem of manhode to borowe. 10656

Now fro þe felde go they to her loggyng.  
Of hem toke hiede Cursolote þat worþi kyng,  
Where as he Sate an hye vpon þe toure.  
God he þanked hyely of her honoure, 10660  
For in þe be-gynnyng alwey seide he :  
"Worþi men they seme forto be."

And namely þat bare þe white shelde  
He lyked best of any man in þe felde. 10664  
Many sey wele of hem þat wele haue do,  
And many oone hathe Envye þerto.

The good alwey liste wele to sey,  
And eviH tonges lust but Iape and play. 10668  
Of þis false worlde þis is þe gouernaunce,  
Good and EviH haue dyuers purvyance.

Melior sighs,  
seeing her  
lover depart.

But who trow ye sighed now so sore  
As did þis queen, faire Meliore? 10672

That hir love aH day wele be-helde,  
And now seeth hym go oute of þe felde, [leaf 145]  
And she may with hym neiþer speke ne se,  
Ne where his loggyng is wote not she, 10676  
Ne wheþer she shaH se hym ayein.

She stonte in cloute, and þus her spirites bene,  
As I suppose, in grete troublenesse.  
Ye ladies þat haue love, ye knowe, I gesse. 10680

For I deme and she hadde good leysere,  
With hym to speke, it [had] bene her pleasure,  
And elles mervayle\* me þinketh it had be,  
Sith for hir love so moche sorowe hath he, 10684

And his desyre is euer fresshe and newe  
Hir to serve and be fuH trewe,  
And put his body eke to grete laboure  
For hir sake to wyne worshipp and honoure. 10688



But as þe frensshe boke now telleth me,  
 Hevy and pensyfe and in grete care is she.  
 For when he departed oute of hir sight,  
 Hir coloure þat was wonte to be fresshe and bright, 10692  
 Was wexe\* pale and like a dedely hewe.  
 It semed þerby þat in love she was trewe.  
 Thes two kynges of hir toke leve anoone,  
 And she and they to her loggyng was gone. 10696  
 Gladde was she þat she myght be allone,  
 For she kept þat no wight hadde know hir moone.  
 And þen she seide: "Lorde God, of hevyn kyng,  
 Of þis arraye what shaH be þe endyng? 10700  
 Good lorde, haue ye now no pite  
 Of hem þat in grete hevynesse be?  
 Faire lorde, wole ye haue no mercy  
 Of folke þat in disese be, and þat am I? 10704  
 Haue ye no pite now of þat herte  
 That for love suffereth peynes smerte?  
 My feH herte hath so gouerned me,  
 What for wilfullnesse and his cruelte, 10708  
 When I my love myght haue hadde in peace,  
 Of aH my loy he made me a foule releace,  
 For on my love I founde suche noblenesse,  
 God yave neuer woman so hye a richesse 10712  
 As he yave me, while þat I hadde hym. [leaf 135, back]  
 What woman such one coupe wynne?  
 He and I were fully of oone acorde.  
 I helde hym for my souereyn lorde. 10716  
 Of aH worpi he is þe worpiest,  
 The semeliest, and also þe gentilest.  
 And alas! how tendirly he on me wepe\*  
 With his faire Eyen, and yite but liteH kepe\* 10720  
 I toke þer-of, and yite þis worpi also  
 Me mercy cried fuH mekely þerto.  
 Lo! þe vnstabilnesse of my vnkynde herte\*  
 Coupe not se what shuld falle hereof, alas. 10724  
 For now I can se and fele wele in my thought

She implores  
 God to have  
 mercy on all  
 who suffer  
 for love.

"No woman  
 ever had  
 such a  
 lover.

10693. MS. adds and after wexe. 10719. MS. wepte.

10720. MS. kept. 10723. MS. adds als after herte.

- That he hadde tresspassed liteH or elles nought.  
 But I arrette\* in hym gile and eke false treasone.  
 But now in þat I wote I hadde no reasone. 10728  
 So highely of me þat tyme rebuked he was,  
 That in wanhope euersith leved he was,  
 And þought vnable hym-self to haue Ioy of me.  
 Yite þrow his Enemeyce þe laste day come he, 10732  
 And of his spere proffered me þe getone,  
 As a prisoner þat gladly wold his raunsone  
 Yolde to his maister and his souereyne.  
 Wherfore my herte telleth me agayne 10736  
 He hopeth yite to stonde in my grace.  
 But where he is be-come or in what place,  
 Allas, it is vnknowe now to me.  
 And if it were my faire Partonope, 10740  
 I wolde yow sewe, and ones with you speke.  
 Allas, for wo my herte wiH to-breke.  
 And yite [I] wote, if I shuld hym sewe,  
 That were a thing done of þe newe. 10744  
 For womanhode wole not þat it be so,  
 And if it wolde, sone wolde I be a-go.  
 But allas it may no-þing so be.  
 For a woman þat paramour loveth," quod she, 10748  
 "Moste kepe counseyll, leste she falle in blame,  
 Hir priuey thoughtes for blemysshyng of hir name.  
 For þough she love a man with aH hir myght,  
 Of whate estate he be, lorde, squyer, or knyght, [leaf 136]  
 Of hir governaunce so wise she moste be, 10753  
 That no man espie þat she hath any deynte  
 More of hym þen of any oþer wight.  
 Thus moste she governe hir in memnes sight. 10756  
 And if þat fyre of love brenne hir so,  
 As ofte happeth, and if she þen any þing do  
 Be loke, or speche, talkyng, or be play,  
 So þat he þat she loveth pinke in any way 10760  
 He cane fynde cause of love to hir to speke,  
 And aH his herte þerwith to hir doþe breke,  
 And seith he loveth hir beste of any wight,  
 Though she wole þen swere and troupe plight, 10764
10727. MS. arreate or arrecte.

"But where  
is he now?"

"A woman  
cannot go  
and seek  
her lover."

"She must  
be reserved,  
lest she be  
blamed."

- She hadde neuer loy, be God pat sitteth a-bove,  
 Of any man pat speketh to hir of love.  
 For of such wordes take I neuer cure,  
 Though she love hym fuH hote oute of mesure. 10768  
 What maketh pis but verey shame?  
 She wolde for no-þing pat hindred were hir name.  
 But men forsoþe they live in grete eace. 10772  
 For þough love bryng hem in disease,  
 For shame they lette not, but goþe forþe boldly  
 To make compleynte to her souerayne lady,  
 And þat is dayle; hardely they do not cese. 10776  
 They spare not for tonges ne for prese,  
 Or elles letters sende day be day.  
 Thus besely her ladies wole they assay,  
 And go and come and euer mercy crie.  
 What woman is þat euer can denye? 10780  
 And on her ladies þus they crie and crave,  
 TiH atte laste aH her wiH they haue.  
 Men mowe speke and sende with penne and Inke  
 What they wole, and women mow\* but pinke. 10784  
 Men fuH hote of women loved haue be,  
 Which was neu'er spoke of in noo degre.  
 Why was pat? for they wolde neuer descouere  
 Her hevy thoughtes; wherefore I you ensure, 10788  
 Thought hath so encombred hir meke herte,  
 That they haue of dethe felte þe peynes smerte.  
 Allas, wretched caytife þat am I! [leaf 136, back]  
 That euer womane I was, wele-a-vey! 10792  
 How shaH I do? how shaH I love haue?  
 Where is he nowe I not, so God me save?  
 Wheþer I shaH go now my love to fynde.  
 That may not be; in pis case love is blynde. 10796  
 So now he moste nedes be fro me.  
 I am a woman, and aH men shuld se  
 My hye foly, and sey pat I were wode.  
 My love also perof shuld pinke no good." 10800  
 An hundred such wordes hap þus seide Meliore,  
 And þought an hundred þousand þoughtes more,  
 For in lovers herte mo þoughtes dwelle

“Men are  
at liberty  
to speak of  
their love.”

“A woman  
must love  
in silence.”

Such  
thoughts  
haunt Melior  
during the  
night.

- Then an hundred thousand tonges wele telle. 10804  
 Meliore is poughtfuH and hevy as iede,  
 And for sorowe she [is] nyhande dede.  
 But Wrake of hir þen toke good keþe.  
 That nyght she hadde but lytiH slepe, 10808  
 Ne Partonope, hir love, neuer þe moo  
 But þat he was ouer-travelid soo.
- A morowe yerly boþe risen now be,  
 Gaudyn le Bloys and Partonope. 10812  
 To Partonope þen seide gentiH Gaudyn :  
 "Of aH your labour now cometh þe fyne,  
 Ye haue wele be-gonne, with-oute faile,  
 But aH þat certeyn may liteH avayle, 10816  
 As sey þes olde men, but if þe ende  
 Be wele parfouremed in þe same kynde."  
 To hym þo answerde Partonope :  
 "Thes wordes ye seyn fuH trew they be, 10820  
 Thing wele ended is wele be-gonne,  
 To bene a maister and yonge men lere,  
 How they shuH governe her shelde and spere.  
 Here-of recorde bere wele may I 10824  
 That ye be a maister, and þat fuH sturdy,  
 Ye wole not suffre your prentise to be,  
 A cowarde in his crafte in no degree."
- Now they ben cloped and gone to messe, 10828  
 Her servauntes at\* wiH, boþe more and lasse,  
 AH þing make redy ayeins masse be do.  
 Then be they armed, and streight þei go [leaf 137]  
 To hors, and fressh rideth forþe to felde. 10832  
 Kyng Curselote in þe toure hem be-helde,  
 And knewe wele þat they hadde be euery day  
 The first in þe felde of aH þe array.  
 Meliore of hem toke good hiede also. 10836  
 Toward þe eastH come Partonope þo,  
 With his meany ridyng lustely.  
 Anoone as Meliore gan þat espie,  
 Hir herte in hir body gan to qwape, 10840  
 She rose and on hir fete gan to stappe.  
 Hir Ioy was hym to se algate.

Partonope  
and Gaudyn  
rise early  
the next  
morning.

They hear  
mass,

and ride to  
the field.

Melior's  
heart beats  
high,  
as she sees  
Partonope  
approaching  
the castle.

- He hoveth a-fore þe casteH yate.  
 It was þo shitte for yerly day. 10844  
 Anoone as ener Parton[o]pe say  
 The gates vndoyng wele aferre,  
 To hym he toke bope shelde and spere.  
 And happed þat Armans his mortaH fo 10848  
 First oute atte yate did go  
 Of aH oþer men, and þat in haste.  
 Partonope his spere in þe Reste caste,  
 And to þis Armans fiersly he rode, 10852  
 And fro þe stede þat he be-strode  
 Oute of þe SadiH he hym caste.  
 Partonope sesed his stede in haste.  
 Within þe casteH was do þis þing. 10856  
 For Partonope þere was noone abiding.  
 To þe gate þerfore turned he ayein.  
 On hors-bak armed þen knyghtes þer bene  
 The stede to lede oute hym forto lette. 10860  
 But Gaudy[n] le Bloys so with hem mette,  
 That magre her hedes þe yates passed he,  
 And þis is rescowed Partonope  
 Through Gaudyn his ffrende, þat worþi knyght. 10864  
 AH þis did Partonope in his loves sight.  
 Kyng Cursolote, oone of þe chief Iugeoure,  
 That with Meliore a-bove in þe toure  
 Sate first of aH men, þo seide he : 10868  
 "Thes men þat vnder þe white shelde be,  
 Certeys ben worþi, be myn avise, [leaf 137, back]  
 Of þis turnement to here þe prise."—  
 "Ye haste you to faste," seide kyng Claryn. 10872  
 "The prefe of aH wole be in þe fyn."  
 So eich man seide what hym lyste,  
 But Meliore þought he did beste,  
 She durst not speke, yite she wolde fayne, 10876  
 But Claryn wordes liketh she not certayne.  
 She loved better Cursolote, for aH-wey he  
 Like[d] wele ener gentiH Partonope.  
 StiH now sitteth Meliore, and dare not speke. 10880  
 To no man darre she hir herte breke,  
 But holdeth in hir þoughtes fuH prively.

Armant  
comes fast  
out of the  
castle gate.

Partonope  
couches  
his spear  
and unhorses  
him.

King Cursolt  
observes  
Partonope's  
deed of  
arms.

Melior is  
pleased to  
hear Cur-  
solt's words,  
but dares  
not speak.

Thoughts  
are free.

Therefore þis proverbe is seide fuH truly :

þought to a man is euer ffre ; 10884

What euer he luste þinke may he.

With-oute speche pat is an eace,

Yite there-while his herte is in disease.

The enpression of þoughtes of aH maner þing 10888

In mannes hert hap his abidyng,

Be it hote love or any þing elles.

To aH þes þoughtes þe chief ledere is

Thoughts are  
generated by  
the eye.

The Eye, and namely of lovers crafte. 10892

For þrowe þe sight is ofte rafte

Fro man bope herte, wisdame, and resone,

As longe as of þoughtes lasteth þe sesone.

Women are  
loved, some  
for beauty,  
some for  
other  
attractive  
qualities.

Some man loveth his lady for beaute, 10896

And if pat lak þat semely is she.

If thei lak beaute and semelyhode,

Yite may be loved, for they haue good.

And some for they be goodly with-aH to dele, 10900

And some for they can wele syng and reveH,

And some for her skynne and for her handes eke,

And some for they can wele loke meke,

And so for dyuers causes aH loved be. 10904

God for-bede pat aH men shulde sette hem in beaute,

For in the worlde þan shuld be moche to done,

Eiche man shuld be besy to love oo persone.

The Poet's  
lady  
possesses  
all these  
charms,

And I dare sey truly as for me, [leaf 138] 10908

I love oon in þe worlde, where euer she be.

Bounte, beaute, curtesy, and gentilnesse,

Estate, fredome, womanhode, and such richesse,

God hath departed with hir so habundauntly, 10912

That in þe worlde I dare sey sikerly

Anoper such one liveþ not as she is.

In hir can I se no-þing amysse,

Save oo þing, truly, þat liketh not me : 10916

In hir herte she can not fynde in noo degre

Me forto love as I hir truly do ;

Wherfore ofte she maketh me þinke so,

Which wole be cause hastely me to bryng, 10920

There as I shaH haue my longe abidyng.

BE-gonne wele now is þe turnement.

but she does  
not love him,  
as he loves  
her.

- Eiche man mervailleth of þe hardlyment  
 That is in þe persone of yonge Partonope. 10924  
 He lusteth, he turneyth, þat mervaylle is to se.  
 And Gaudyn also in þe tofer syde  
 To every man fiersly doþe he ride, 10927  
 That eiche man sey: "Be-holde yonder knyghtes twoo."  
 And with her fyngers show where they go.  
 And so hem govern forþ thilke day,  
 That of hem speket h aH þe hole turney.  
 Oute of þe casteH now is come Armaunt 10932  
 On hors-bak armed with proude semblaunt,  
 And to þe Soudan þo streight gothe he,  
 And hym salowed and seide: "Sir, se ye  
 Yonde proude maister with þe white shelde!" 10936  
 He seith hym-self he haþ scomfite þe felde.  
 The better of you he seith he hape also.  
 I herde hym sey þat with myn Eeres two.  
 Go we," he seide, "let vs avenged be 10940  
 On þat proude losseH, þat aH men now se  
 Oute of þe felde anoone he shaH be bete.  
 I my-self shaH yeve hym þe firste hete."  
 In þis wise answerd þe soudan Armaunt: 10944  
 "Sir, when herde ye hym make þis avaunt!  
 Of hym I trowe to-day atte casteH yate  
 FuH yerly he mette with you per-ate. [leaf 133, back]  
 Herde ye þes wordes with hym þo, 10948  
 When he oute of þe casteH ayein shuld go?  
 With hym I wote wele he ledde your stede.  
 Giffe ye hym now þis for his mede."  
 When Armaunt herde þe soudan hym scorne. 10952  
 Tho was he wolder þan he was be-forne.  
 He seide no more, but turned ayein  
 Fro þe soudan with aH his meane.  
 Amydde þe turnement is Partonope. 10956  
 Faire dedes of armes now doþe he.  
 Now he is In, and now he is oute.  
 Whome he euer mette of þe route  
 To grounde gothe oþer hors or man, 10960  
 Or elles boþe so fiersly he ranne.  
 Armaunt be-helde wele aH þis.

The on-  
lookers  
admire  
Partonope  
and Gaudin.

Armaunt  
tries to stir  
up the Sul-  
tan against  
the knight of  
the white  
shield,

but is only  
scoffed at.

Armaunt  
attacks

- "What me happe," he pought, "I-wisse  
 I wole me shape with hym to mete." 10964  
 His stede he sporreth þo *with* grete hete.  
 His grete malice may he not hide,  
 But shapeth fully on þe wronge side  
 Partonope on the wrong  
 side,  
 With a stronge spere to haue hit Partonope. 10968  
 Yite as God wolde, þer-of warre was he.  
 He bleynt a-side, and lete hym go by.  
 In his retourne Partonope fuH spitously  
 With Armaunt mette, and hym so hitte 10972  
 That in his sadiH he myght not sitte.  
 Throw aH his harneis and his shuldre-bone  
 throwing on  
 his enemy  
 he pierces  
 Armaunt's  
 shoulder-  
 bone and  
 throws him  
 to the earth.  
 His spere at þat course he made gone.  
 Partonope on hym þo turned ayein. 10976  
 Armauntes men so pik a-boute hym bene,  
 That of þis shorte tale now to make,  
 Her lorde they haue rescowed and take,  
 And with hym faste to his loggeyng wende. 10980  
 Partonope elles of hym hadde made an ende.  
 Now Armauntes wounde is serched and sought,  
 Wele tented and bounde aH for nought.  
 His wound  
 is bound,  
 and he  
 returns to  
 the field  
 riding on  
 an ambling  
 horse.  
 Armed in no wise myght he be. 10984  
 But on an aumblere now sitteth he.  
 In his loggeyng no lenger wole he bide, [leaf 139]  
 But into þe felde now doþe he ride,  
 And streight gothe to þe kyng of Sire, 10988  
 That Meliore to haue had grete desire.  
 Now seith Cursolote kyng: "Yit þinketh me  
 The white shelde is worthy to haue þe gre.  
 For soþe to sey now and not to lye, 10992  
 His felawe is not in þis company."—  
 "God save hem aH," þen seide Meliore,  
 And with þat she sighed fuH sore,  
 And to hir-self seide fuH softly: 10996  
 "AH-myghty God send hym the victory."  
 Now to felde is come þe kyng of Syre  
 And þe kyng of Meede, whos herte of fyre  
 Is sette fuH sore for Meliore sake. 11000  
 AH her retynewe anoone they take  
 Freshly in bataylle in þat felde.

The King  
 of Syria  
 and the King  
 of Media  
 arrange their  
 troops for  
 battle.



- And Gaudyn le Bloys hem faste be-helde,  
 And to hym he called Partonope, 11004  
 And þan he seide : " Be-holde and se  
 Which a meany stoute, faire in bataille,  
 My counseyll is not hem to assaille."  
 Anoone as Partonope þes wordes herde, 11008  
 As a wode lyon fiersly he ferde.  
 With hym þat tyme was noone a-bode,  
 In amonge thes meany fiersly he rode.  
 The kyng of Mede was armed in blewe. 11012  
 From his hors ferre he hym þrewe,  
 And as he turned in ayein,  
 He hit anoper which in certeyn  
 Was newewe to þe kyng of Sire. 11016  
 He hym hit þan with so grete Ire,  
 That of his sadiH he made hym voyde þe arsone,  
 The firste þat come [to] grounde was his crowne.  
 This be-helde welo aH þe kynges meane, 11020  
 On Partonope aH wode they be.  
 Now ley they on [on] euery side,  
 To Partonope fiersly they ride,  
 And with a spere oone so hym hitte 11024  
 Vpon þe side he myght not sitte (leaf 139, back)  
 In his sadiH, but downe he lepe.  
 Anoone here-of Gaudyn toke kepe.  
 He was so sory he wist not what to do. 11028  
 His swerde Partonope drew oute þo,  
 And leide so sore hym rounde aboute,  
 From hym he voyded aH þe route.  
 Now on fote is yonge Partonope. 11032  
 Armaunt for angre nye wode is he,  
 And on þe meany faste gan crie :  
 " What ayleth you fro hym so faste to hye ?  
 Turneth in ayein ! " and þerwith he 11036  
 Come prikyng nere Partonope.  
 Anoone Partonope knewe it was he,  
 His swerde anoone at hym lete flye,  
 And on þe hede on hye hym hitte, 11040  
 That hede and visage to þe shuldres slitte.  
 Fro his hors to grounde dede feH he.

Partonope  
unhorses  
the King of  
Meda and  
a nephew  
of the King  
of Syria.

but being  
attacked  
from all sides  
he is obliged  
to leap from  
his saddle.

He draws  
his sword  
and forces  
his enemies  
to retreat.

He cleaves  
the head of  
Armaunt.

He mounts  
Armant's  
horse  
and joins  
Gaudyn, who  
is in peril  
of his life.

On his hors þo lepe Partonope,  
And manly þo pryked þrowe aH þe route, 11044

And come to Gaudyn þat stode in doute  
Of his owne life, for sore faght he

To rescowe his frende Partonope.

Now is Partonope and Gaudyn mette, 11048

Eiche for oper haue be wele bete.

And now they hove hem to a-brethe

With aH her meany vpon þe hethe.

The Sultan  
comes to  
the field.

Now is þe soudan come to þe felde. 11052

He brought but few speres ne shelde,

LyteH ouer an hundred of archers and aH.

Partonope  
is disheart-  
ened at the  
sight of him.

Partonope to hym Gaudyn did calle :

" Lo, where yondere hoveth þe soudan, 11056

That so moche worþiness in armes can.

Of aH this turnement þe worþiest is he.

He wole from vs aH haue away þe gre.

He is so grete a lorde of valour,\* 11060

In armes can no man be his pere.

Therfore it semeth me verely

He shaH haue of vs þe victory."—

Gaudyn's  
reproaches  
rouse him.

" What ! " seith Gaudyn, " stonte þe wynde in that  
dore ? 11064

Is your herte wexe so pitouse and pore

That sodenly ye give it vp aH at ones, [leaf 140]

And sey so worthy a man here noone is ?

So moche leuer hadde I with hym to mete, 11068

Than for his manhode cowardly hym lete.

Who hath ouersette you of your worde ? I-wisse,

It semeth ye haue take with him truesse."

AH hevy and sory stante Partonope, 11072

11060. valour] MS. habour or perhaps halour.

*Rowl. MS.*

<sup>1</sup> Nowe is þe soudan come to þe  
felde. 11052

He brought but fewe spere ne shelde.

" He is so grete a lorde of valoure, 11060

In armes can no man be his pere.

Ther it semyth me verly [<sup>1</sup> leaf 87, back]

He shaft haue þe victory."

" What ! " seyde Gaudyn, " stont þe  
wynde in þat dore ? 11064

Ys youre hert wox so petuose and  
poure ;

That sodenly ye yeve it vp at onys,

And sey so worthy a man here non is ?

So meche leuer hade I with hym to  
mete 11068

Then for his manhode cowardly hym  
bete."

¶ Hevy and sory stont Partonope

When of his ffrewe scorned is he,  
And thought Gaudyn shuld knowe and so  
Esy truese betwene vs two be.  
He drewe hym toward þe Soudans side.  
“O course,” þought he, “to hym wole I ride.”  
In þe reste anoone he caste his spere.  
As faste as his stede myght hym bere  
Toward þis hethen lorde he ranne,  
And to hym as fiersly come þe soudan.  
And at her metyng it happed so,  
Of Partonope þe Soudan failed þo,  
And Partonope þan so sore hym hitte  
That power in his SadiH forto sitte  
Hadde he noone, but to grounde [fiH] flatte.  
And when Partonope was warre of þat,  
From his hors anoone he light,  
And halpe vp þe soudan with aH his myght,  
And be þe bridriH delyuered hym his stede.  
Men seide þat was a gentiH dede.  
On his hors þo lepe Partonope,  
And or in his sadiH downe set was he,  
The Soudans men with hym so metten,  
That of hem he was fuH sore beten.  
Gaudyn a-boute hym leide sore on þo.  
The hethen men mette with hym so,  
That aH to-elatred was his shelde:  
On peses it flewe into þe fælde.  
Right EviH and sore bothe bete they be.  
Grete thanke amonge her Enemeyce hape he.  
FuH amerouse and lusty is Partonope,  
The soudan stonte in þe same degre.

11076 He takes  
his spear  
and  
encounters  
the Sultan.

11080

11084 The Sultan  
is carried to  
the ground.

11088 Partonope  
helps him  
up again.

11092

11096

11100

*Revel, MS.*

When of his frende skornede is he,  
And bought Gaudyn shulde knowe  
    *and se* 11074  
Eyse trewes be-twene vs shaft be.  
He drewe hym to-ward þe soudan syde,  
    "A course," he bought, "to hym with  
    1 ryde." 11077  
In þe reste he caste his spere,  
As faste as his stede myght him bere  
To-ward þis helthyn lorde he razne,  
And to hym as feisly come þe soudan),

At þer metynge it happyde so, 11082  
Of Partonope þe soudan faylede þo,  
And Partonope so hym hyte, 11084  
That poure in sadif to sýt  
Hade he none, but to grounde fitt flat.  
When Partonope was ware of þat,  
Fro his hors anone he light, 11088  
And halpe vpe þe soudan with his  
myght.  
The soudan men) with hym so metyn  
That of hem he was sore betyn. 11095

- Love haþe hem sette in oo place boþe, 11104  
 Wher-fore ofte they haue be wroþe, [leaf 140, back]  
 And Meliore her lady, þe fresshe flour,  
 A-fore hem sitteth an hye in þe toure,  
 Which maketh her hertes boþe so lusty, 11108  
 That eche of hem to oþer is hardy.  
 Now they putt boþe two aH her myght,  
 Bothe Partonope and þe hethen knyght.  
 Eiche oþer assaille they fuH manly, 11112  
 Therfore to-gedre fuH despitously,  
 Noone of hem now doþe oþer spare.  
 In her hertes haue they grete care  
 That þe sonne westwarde doþe wende. 11116  
 The day fuH faste draweth to þe ende,  
 Which day is ordeyned be fuH assent  
 To make an ende of þe turnement.  
 Now as wode bores or lyons two 11120  
 Partonope and þe soudan gan go  
 With spere, with Gisarne, and with swerde.  
 As they hadde be wode boþe they ferde,  
 Now is [þe] turnement on eiche side meruelouse 11124  
 And to be-holde wonder perilouse,  
 For eiche man doþe nowe what he may.  
 Nyght cometh on, faste passeth þe day.  
 The myustralles pipen and sownen þe claryon. 11128  
 Fro þe hors into þe felde is he prowde downe.  
 In gone þe speres sadly vnder þe arme,  
 Many oone go to grounde and yite eache no harme,  
 The good hors men now fiersly they ride, 11132  
 Through hauberke gothe þe spere into þe syde,  
 Oute with swerdes a-boute helmes rounde,  
 He þat smytten from the hors lyeth on þe grounde.  
 Oute gothe þe mases, stirop, and þe gesarne, 11136  
 Some is broke þe shuldre-bone, and some þe arme,  
 Some is broken þe thye and lieth gronyng sore,  
 Some hath lusted freschly and may no more.  
 There come in stedes trapped aH in maylle, 11140  
 Faire with her felawes, þat bakward they do saile  
 And for wery of fight \* some are I-take

11142. fight] MS. foughten.

The pres-  
ence of Me-  
lior makes  
them fight  
like lions.

The combat  
rages all  
over the  
field.

- And magre her hede ben ladde to þe stake.  
 Ye wote wele of aH þing moste be an ende, (leaf 141) 11144  
 The Day is nye ydo, þe sonne doþe faste wende.  
 Herawdes faste "aH hosteH" now done erie.  
 The Soudan for aH þat fro felde wolde not hye.  
 In he prikketh faste and gyveth many a dynte, 11148  
 And þought he wolde begynne a newe turnement.  
 The kynges from þe toure be fayne to come downe.  
 Vnnethe þe turnement departe þei mowne.  
 Now hath faire Meliore made torches light, 11152  
 For fayne of Partonope wolde she haue sight.  
 Longe this lady Partonope be-helde.  
 She knew hym be no-þing but be his shelde,  
 That [is] for-clatred and so for-bete, 11156  
 þe moste dele þerof henge at his fete.  
 And when she hadde hym longe be-holde,  
 She thought in hir body hir herte gan colde,  
 That she ne myght with hym a spoke, 11160  
 þe hevynesse of hir herte fully to haue broke,  
 And if she wolde not to save hir honour,  
 And eke to nye hir stode þe Iuegour.  
 And with þis anoone departed be 11164  
 The Soudan and Partonope.  
 Within þe casteH is herborowed þe soudan,  
 And Partonope with-oute, wherfore a sory man  
 Is he; for after hym is shitte þe yate 11168  
 Of þe casteH; and þus scomfite and mate  
 Is he ridden vnto his logeyng.  
 He can haue loy of no maner þing.  
 His herte is so encombred with Ielousy, 11172  
 That aH his ymaginacions bene foly.  
 For þus in his herte he þinketh fully:  
 "In þis tur[ne]ment þe sowdan haþ do better þan I,  
 And he of astate is so grete a lorde, 11176  
 That aH hir counseylle be one acorde  
 Of þis turnement wole gyve hym þe degre.  
 Thus haue I loste my love," seide he.  
 And yite he þought a gretter foly. 11180  
 His herte in þis matere tolde hym pleylny  
 That þe Soudan she hadde chose to make,

Night is  
coming on,  
and the  
heralds pro-  
claim the  
close of the  
combat.

The Kings  
descend  
from the  
tower.

Melior  
stands for a  
long while  
watching  
Partonope.

The castle  
gate is  
shut, and  
Partonope  
rides to  
his lodgings  
sorry at  
heart.

He thinks  
the Sultan  
has proved  
himself  
the best  
knight,

and fears  
that Melior  
prefers him.

And he wiste wele þat he was for-sake. [leaf 141, back]  
 Also he demyd it was hir pleasire 11184  
 To parfourme aH þe soudans desyre,  
 And þat she loved hym in suche maner,  
 That lovely to bedde thei yode in fere.  
 þus was his herte enpressed with Ielousy, 11188  
 That aH his wittes were desposed to foly.  
 Ya wode and wors hardely was he  
 To pinke his souereyn lady shuld be  
 Of po condicions or such gouernaunce. 11192  
 Fye, me thinketh þis was a foule mysschaunce.  
 Therfore beste is to leue þis matere,  
 And of þe soudan lete vs now here.  
 Now is þe soudan to his herborow gone. 11196  
 He is so hevy þat what to done  
 He ne wote ; but þus demeth he  
 The prise of þe turney haþe Partonope,  
 And loste for euer is his lady bright. 11200  
 As for hym þus lieth he aH nyght  
 Sighyng, sorowyng, and wepyng sore.  
 And on þe toþer side queen Meliore  
 Thinketh þat neuer shaft she 11204  
 After þat tyme se Partonope,  
 Supposyng þat þe Iuggeours wolde deme  
 That she þat is so highe a queen  
 Shuld not agre hir to so pore a knyght, 11208  
 And eke what he was þere knew no wight,  
 Saue she and her suster good Wrake.  
 Thus she is aferde to lese hir make.  
 Castyng perelles many now to and fro, 11212

The Sultan  
believes that  
Partonope  
has won the  
prize.

Melior, on  
her side,  
fears that  
the judges  
will not  
award her  
to a poor,  
unknown  
knight.

*Rawl. MS.*

Here þe soudan is to his logyng gon  
 He is so hevy þat is to don 11197  
 He ne wot ; but þus demyth \* he  
 The pryse of þe turney hathe Parto-  
 nope,  
 And loste for euer is his lady bright.  
 As for hym þus lyth he aH nyght, 11201  
 Sigheyng, wepyng, sorwyng sore.  
 And on þat oþer syde þis queene  
 Meliore [leaf 88]  
 11198. MS. denyth.  
 Thinketh þat neuer shaft she 11204  
 After þat tyme se Partonope,  
 Supposyng þat þe Iugges witt deme  
 That she þat is so high a quene  
 Shulde not agre here to so poure a  
 knyght, 11208  
 And eke what he was þer knewe no  
 wight,  
 Saf she and her syster Ientiff Wrake.  
 Thus she is aferde to lese here make.  
 Castyng perelles many to and fro,

- This lady is aȝ nyght in care and wo.  
 A sory nyght haue now þes þre,  
 Meliore, þe soudan, and Partonope.  
 Aȝ nyght they lye faste musyng 11216  
 In whate plite fortune wiȝ hem bryng.  
 Lyteȝ reste þat nyght hap Partonope.  
 Therefore on morowe erly riseth he,  
 And Gaudyn fro slepe is now awake. 11220  
 Love hadde no power hym to make (leaf 142)  
 For-bere his slepe not half a nyght.  
 Partonope seide to hym anoone right :  
 "Myn owne broþer, gentiȝ Gaudyn, 11224  
 Sith of þis turney is made a fynne,  
 Me moste go vnto Tenedon\*  
 Agayne to yelde me þere to prisoun.  
 To Armauntes wife so I be-hight, 11228  
 To parfourme þis my troupe I plight.  
 I wolde for no good false holde be."  
 Here-to seide Gaudyn : "I me a-gree.  
 It were a shame þat a liteȝ sloug[t]ȝ 11232  
 Shuld make a knyght to breke his trouthe."  
 To hym þo seide this Partonope :  
 "Ye moste nedes go forþe with me  
 In hope I shaȝ þe better spede. 11236  
 To youre helpe I haue grete nede.  
 Through your mediac[i]on it may so be  
 þat of prisone she wil make me fre."  
 The wey they conne, it nedeth no gide,\* 11240  
 11226. MS. atonedoun).  
 gide] MS. nede.

In the  
morning  
Partonope  
tells Gaudin  
that he must  
go back to  
Tenedon  
and render  
himself  
prisoner.

He asks  
Gaudin to  
accompany  
him.

---

*Rawl. MS.*

- This lady is aȝ nyght in care and wo.  
 Partonope spake a-none Right  
 To his broþer þat Ientiȝ knyght :  
 "Myne owne broþer, Ientiȝ Gayndyn",  
 Sethe of þis turney is made þe fyne,  
 Me moste \* go to atone dome 11226  
 A-gayne to yelde me to þer prison),  
 To Armauntes wyfe, so I be-hight, 11228  
 To parfourme my trouthe þat I plight.  
 I wolde for no good false holde be."—  
 "Here-to," seyde Gaudyn, "I me agre.  
 Hit were shame þat a lytiȝ slouthe  
 Shulde make a knyght breke his  
 trouthe." 11233  
 To him she seyde þis Partonope :  
 "Ye moste nedes go furthe with me,  
 In hope I shaȝ þe beter spede. 11236  
 To youre helpe I haue grete nede.  
 Thorwe youre meditacion it may so be  
 That of prison she wil make me  
 fre."  
 The wey þey con no gyde, 11240

They set  
forth,  
and arrive at  
the Lady's  
castle.

Toward þe casteH to-gedre þe ride.  
Now thidder they bope comen be,  
GentiH Gaudyn and Partonope,  
And with þe lady soone they mette. 11244

Gaudin ad-  
dresses her,

To hir seide Gaudyn in pis manere :  
“ Medame, it is not to you vnknowe 11248

That gone it is but a liteH þrowe  
In þis londe þis knyght was take  
And brought to Armaunt þat is your make,  
And also lorde chief of þis contree, 11252

Which þrugh tiranny and his crueltee  
Causeles commaunded hym to prisone  
Perpetuelly, and not for raunsone.

When Armaunt was gone to þe turnement, 11256

That was your lorde, and yite be your assent,

Ye suffred þis knyght vpon his suerte

To go and þis turnement to se,

On pis condic[i]on he shuld not soiourne [leaf 142, back]

Long þere, but soone make retourne 11261

Ayein to prisone to yelde his body,

Leste Armaunt your lorde shuld sodenly

Be wrope with you, and þat wonder were. 11264

and informs  
her of the  
death of her  
husband.

He is now dede and lieth on bere.

And not for thy þis trew knyght

Is come to holde þat he be-hight,

He hopes  
she will  
allow Parto-  
nape to be  
ransomed.

That is now his body to prisoun 11268

Praying now þat for Raunsone

Delyuered fro prisone he may be,

As custome is of euery contree.”

The Lady  
gladly re-  
leases him,

“ Sir,” seide þis lady, “ God helpe me so, 11272

That he was prisoned I was fuH wo,

And þat he wote as wele as I.

*Rawl. MS.*

Towarde þe casteH þey gon ryde.

Nowe deþer þey comyn be,

GentiH Gaudyn and Partonope,

And with þe lady sone þey met. 11214

FuH goodly in langage do here grete.

She hem welcomyde with good chere.

To here seyde Gaudyn in þis manere :

<sup>1</sup> “ Madam, here þis trewe knyght 11266  
Ys come to holde þat he be-hight.”—

“ Sir,” seyde þis lady, “ God helpe  
me so, [leaf 88, back] 11272

That he was presonde I was fuH  
wo,

And þat he wot as weH as I.



- But, sir, I tell you full truly,  
 Sith he is now at my governance, 11276  
 God forbode þat cruelle or vengeance  
 In any woman founde shaft be ;  
 A foule illusion it were to se,  
 For in hem moste ever be mercy and roupe. 11280  
 And sith þis knyght hath kept his troupe,  
 And his fredanne stant all in me,  
 Of prisone I will þat ever he be fre.  
 For as a knyght he hath kept his heste. 11284  
 And þerfore, sir, where ever ye liste,  
 Ye shaft have leve to go for \* me."  
 And þerwith-all þis Partonope  
 Thanked hir hyely of hir good grace, 11288  
 And after þat they taried no space,  
 But toke leve of þat lady fre.  
 Full gladd and Ioyfull now bope they be.  
 Thei take her hors and homewarde thei ride, 11292  
 Eche of hem to oþer is true gyde.  
 And so within after dayes þre  
 Into þe forest come they be,  
 There as her \* loggeyng a-fore was. 11296  
 Right in a launde full grene of gras  
 Her men anoone þere pight her tente.  
 There they abide be oone assent  
 Of þe Iugement to here and se [leaf 143] 11300  
 To whome thei wole give þe degree  
 Of þis turnement, for they be swore  
 Who so hath þe prise shaft have Meliore.  
 At nyght to bedde bope gone be, 11304  
 11286. for] MS. fro. 11296. her] MS. his.

and the two  
 friends take  
 their leave.

Their men  
 pitch a  
 tent,

and they go  
 to bed.

## Rawl. MS.

- But, sir, I tell you truly, 11275  
 Sethe he is now at my govern-  
 nance,  
 God for-bede þat creweH ore vengeance  
 In any woman founde shulde be,  
 A foule Illision it were to se.  
 Sethe his freedom stont in me, 11282  
 Of preson I will þat he be fre,  
 For as a knyght he hathe kepte his  
 heste. 11284  
 There-fore, sir, where ever ye lyste,
- Ye shaft have leve to goo for me."  
 And þer-with-all Partonope  
 Thankede here of here good grace. 11288  
 And after þat þey taryede no space,  
 But toke leve of þat lady fre.  
 Full glade and Ioyfull bothe þey be.  
 They take þer hors and homwarde þey  
 ryde. 11292  
 Eche to oþer of hem is trewe gyde.  
 Wyth-in dayes after thre  
 To þe Iugement come þey be. 11295

Gaudyn and eke Partonope.

Thei hadde travailed, tyme was to reste.

Partonope is  
sighing and  
wailing all  
night for fear  
of losing his  
Lady,

Yite some of hem had litiH liste  
To slepe, and þat was Partonope. 11308

For aH nyght sighyng with sorowe was he,  
Turnyng and walowyng, caryng faste,  
For euer in herte he was a-gaste  
His lady to lese, þat he loveth so : 11312

He wote not what is best to do.  
Thus lieth þus man aH nyght wayling,  
TiH þat þe gray day ganne sprynge.  
And when he sey it was day-light, 11316

and is im-  
patient to go  
and hear the  
judgment.

Vpwarde he dresseth hym anoone right.  
He called Gaudyn and bade hym rise.  
To hym he seide þan in þis wise :  
“ Rise vp, broþer, and go we henne, 11320

Leste we be laste of aH menne.  
Go we and waite vpon þis Iugement,  
For in taryng vs myght repent.”—

Gaudin  
says it is  
too early.

“ What ! ” seide Gaudyn, “ how may þis be 11324  
That so yerly a risere\* becomen are ye ?

For as long as euer lasted the turney,  
I rose þan firste and called euery day,  
And now myn office on yow ye take. 11328

I holde me peide ye conne þis a-wake.  
Yite after my counseyllle doþe now a lite.  
Aþ-pough ye haue noone appetite  
Neiþer to slepe ne reste take, 11332

It his fuH yerly for vs to a-wake.  
This morowe give vs leisere to slepe,  
For I darre vndirtake to kepe

They had  
better ride  
to the place  
of  
tournament  
when  
all have  
assembled.

The tyme and þe houre of Iugement, 11336  
For when þe queen and lordes be present,  
For vs þan is tyme þidderwarde to ride.

We wole be sene on euery side. [leaf 143, back]  
When aH folke be come, þen come wole we, 11340  
We shaH þe better a grete dele sene be.

On hors we wole sitte armed bright,  
Oure spere in oure hande redy to fight.

11325. MS. arisere.

- For as a-fore we come to þe turnement, 11344  
 Right so wole we come to the Iugement.  
 For fresshe vpon oure hors wole we ride,  
 Oure meany a-boute vs on euery side.  
 Oure getons displayed betone so bright. 11348  
 And þerfore I pray you with all my myght,  
 Lette vs a while oure reste take.  
 And afterwarde when we bene a-wake,  
 We wole rise and masse here, 11352  
 And after we wole dyne in feere.  
 For firste to \* slepe and aftirward dyne,  
 With make þi coloure full fresshe and fyne\*  
 To a-pere, and shewe in thy visage 11356  
 Where þou be yonge or elles in age.  
 For many oone shaft on you loke and se,  
 Anoone as ye vnarmed be."  
 To Gaudyns counseyll good Partonope 11360  
 With all his herte a-greed is he.  
 As they haue seide right so they done.  
 When they haue dynded, forþe thei gone  
 Fresshly armed to þis Iugement, 11364  
 Where as thei fynde be-fore hem present  
 Mel[i]ore þe queen with all her counseyll,  
 Which that day with-outen fayle  
 Moste ordeyne what þe dome shaft be 11368  
 Of þis turnement, and how þe degre  
 Shaft be demenyd, and in what wise.  
 Full harde it were now to devise  
 How many dyuers thoughtes made þer be 11372  
 In þe herte of noble Partonope,  
 That hoveth on hors I-armed bright,  
 Full fresshly in his ladies sight.  
 In clothe of golde pat was all white 11376  
 His stede was trapped, and grete delite  
 All men hadde on hym to se.  
 Now of Gaudyn speke wole we,  
 That on hors sitteth full lustely (leaf 144) 11380  
 Trapped in clope of golde full fresshly,  
 That as scarlete as rose was rede,

If he takes  
his rest now,  
he will look  
all the  
better.

After a meal  
they proceed  
to the place  
where Melior  
is sitting  
with her  
council.

Who can  
describe  
Partonope's  
state of  
mind in the  
presence of  
his Lady?

- His helme of stele vpon his hede.  
 Now aH þe Iuges assembled be 11384  
 To-gedre, as thei mow se  
 Of aH þe felde þe fuH array.  
 Thei mow no firþer, þis is þe day  
 Assigned laste of aH þe dayes pere 11388  
 To gife Iugement, hope ferre and nere,  
 To hym þat haþ I-borne hym beste.  
 Now is þe soudan pere aH preste,  
 With huge peple hym a-boute 11392  
 To putt þe Iuges in feere and doute,  
 þat they shuld be fayne to gife þe gre  
 To hym, and yete forsothe stode he  
 Be-twene hope and drede his lady to lese, 11396  
 Or elles to haue hir if he myght not chese.  
 AH þe felde be-holdeth þe Iugeoure.  
 And Meliore þe queen is in a toure,  
 Where as she wepeth and maketh grete moone, 11400  
 For fere þat she shuld euer for-gone  
 Hir love, hir Ioy, hir erthly make.  
 And on þe toper side sighed Wrake,  
 And soroweth as moche as doþe she, 11404  
 For fere to lese good Partonope.  
 Thei canne in no wise her care with-drawe,  
 Of loves servauntes suche is þe lawe.  
 Cursolote the kyng beholdeth fuH wele 11408  
 Thes ij knyghtes armed in stele.  
 Be-fore he was fuH hevy and pensife.  
 The sight of hem hath apesid the strife.  
 He knew hem wele be herre array, 11412  
 For to þe turnement day be day  
 He se hem come in þe same wise.  
 Anoone from his chaire þo did he rise  
 And departed þe peple here and pere, 11416  
 And made þes knyghtes to come nere.  
 When þe peple departed was,  
 And they be comen into þe place, [leaf 144, back]  
 Where as Cursolote commaund hem be, 11420  
 From hors þan lighteth Partonope.  
 And Gaudyn also, his owne make.

The Sultan  
brings a  
numerous  
retinue to in-  
timidate the  
judges, but  
he himself  
vacillates  
between  
hope and  
fear.

Melior sits  
in the tower,  
shedding  
tears.

Cursolt is  
pleased to  
see his two  
friends  
again.

To her men her hors then thei take.

Thes lordes þat shaft give Iugement,

11424 The judges  
request  
Melior to  
descend  
from the  
tower.

They acorded be oone assent

þis faire queen, this fresshe flour,

Moste come downe oute of hir toure,

And sitte in place where as she

11428

May wele sene hem þat chose be

To hane the gre of þis turnement.

And on þe toþer party is redy present

This noble knyght called þe Soudan,

11432 Many kings  
who accom-  
pany the  
Sultan are  
willing to  
abandon  
their hea-  
then faith  
for Melior's  
sake.

And with hym many a worþi man.

With hym is come þe kyng of Sire,

That loveth ladies of ffresshe atire.

And with hym is of Eremeny þe kyng,

11436

That loveth faire ladies a-bove aH þing.

The kyng of Spayne, þe kyng of Libie

For love of ladies reche not deye.

There is also þe kyng of Valence,

11440

þat euer hath Ioy to be in presence

Of faire ladies fresshe and bright,

And þerto he is a worthi knyght.

The kyng of Meroby is þere also,

11444

þat love hath done fuH moche wo.

And eiche of þes wole leve her lay,

If Meliore liketh, þis is no nay.

Yite aH mow not be \* Iugement

11448

Haue þe degre of þis turnement.

Eiche leveth in drede, yite hope they wele,

And loke how fortune wole turne her whele.

Now cometh þe queen downe fro þe toure,

11452 The Queen  
descends.

Eiche man is gladd to do hir honoure.

She leveth in hope, yite hath she drede,

Leste of hir love she shuld not spede.

11448. mow not be] MS. now be not.

*Riart. MS.*

\* The lordes þat shaft yeve Iugement,

They acorde by on assent 11425

The feyre quene, þe freshe flour

Moste come downe out of þe toure,

And syt in plase where þat she 11428

May se hem þat chosyn be.

\* Nowe comyth þe quene out of þe toure,

Eche man is glade to do here honoure.

She leuyth in hope, yet hathe she

drede,

Lyste af hir loue she shulde not

spede.

11455

- Eiche man is gladde on hir to se, 11456  
 They mervaille gretely of hir beaute.  
 She is faire shapen and ffresshe cladde, [leaf 145]  
 Hir porte womanly, hir chere sadde.  
 This was sone after pat morow [gan] spryng, 11460  
 Men seide she was an hevenly ping.  
 It were Impossible, thei seide, prugh nature  
 Might be brought forpe suche a creature.  
 Therfore they seide to shew her coloure 11464  
 For hir love downe vnto þe toure  
 Were comen þe sonne from hir spiere,  
 Of kynne they supposed thei were right nere.  
 The cristens pat chose were for þe degre 11468  
 Speke myche þing of hir grete beaute,  
 And seide þere was neuer sene be-forne  
 In erth so faire a creature borne,  
 Safe only she pat was modir and maide, 11472  
 With whome þe trenyte was so wele paide,  
 He deyed to sende his blessed sone  
 Be þe holy goste in hir to wone.  
 Whan Gaudyn hir beaute hadde wele sene, 11476  
 In þe worlde he wende hadde noone such bene,  
 But after when he hadde sene faire Wrake,  
 The prise of Meliore gan faste a-slake.  
 In his hert,\* for þen pought he 11480  
 Hir suster Wrake was fairere þen she.  
 Lo, how sodenly love hath sette on fyre  
 His herte and put aH his desyre  
 Vpon Wrake, hir to serve a-bove aH þing. 11484  
 Now hoppe if he can, he is come to þe ringe.  
 There he be-forne hath slept fuH softe  
 He shaH now walow and turne fuH ofte.  
 Now cometh Meliore þrow aH þis prese, 11488  
 And on þe right side with-outen lese  
 She is ladde of Cursolote þe kyng,  
 Whome she trusteth of aH men levyng.  
 And on hir lifte side gothe kyng Claryn 11492  
 To lede hir to a place where tappett and eusshen  
 Of clothe of golde were faire yspred.

11480. his hert] *MS.* hert his.

Her beauty  
is marvel-  
lous.

The sight of  
Urake sets  
Gaudin's  
heart on fire.

Melior is led  
to her seat,

To preise hir beaute eich man is gladdle.		
In hir no defaute couthe men se,	11496	
Save þat she semyth pensif to be.		[leaf 145, back]
AH þis tyme stonte Partonope		while Partonope stands all trembling.
So of his lady be-holding þe beaute,		
That þe herte in his body swalt for wo,	11500	
For of þe Soudan he dredeth hym so,		
Leste he were chosen to haue the degre,		
And þat his lady loste hath he.		
Thus stondeþ he euer ymagynyng	11504	
þat from hete he falleth into a quakyng,		
As thoughe he were in þe fleuer agewe.		
Euery trow loue on hym ought to rewe.		
Partonopes wo now wole I lete,	11508	
And speke of Meliore þat to hir sete		
Is brought be-twene þe kynges two,		
And with-uten any wordes moo		
On þe benche thei downe hir sette,	11512	
And on knee eiche lorde hir faire grette.		
And on benches euery where a-boute		
Thei ben sette with-oute any doute,		
The kynges and þe lordes be oone assente	11516	
þat deme now þis turnement.		
Kyng Anferus þo speke first be-gan,		King Anfers begins speaking.
For of scole he was a lerned man,		
And þerto he was wele ronne in yeres.	11520	
Rody was his face, and white was his heeres.		
He was wele taught and þerto curteise.		
Next to þe queen he be-gan þe deise :		
"Medame, of your highe excellence	11524	He recalls the cause why the tournament was held.
And it like you þat in your presence		
I reherce what þe cause may be		
That here is now so grete assemble		
Of aH estates boþe riche and pore.	11528	

## Rawl. MS.

Anferus kyng speke be-gan),	11518	Nexste þe quene he be-gan þe doyse :
For af scole he was a lernede man),		"Madam, of youre high excellence
And þer-to he was weH rone in yeres.		<sup>1</sup> And it leke you þat in youre presenue
Rody was his fase, white were his		I reherse what þe cause may be [leaf 89]
heris.	11521	That here is nowe so grete assenble
He was weH taught and þerto courteyse.		Of aH estates bothe ryche and poure.

Medame, ye arne desyred so sore  
 What for your richesse and your beaute,  
 þat þrow þe worlde so named be ye.  
 Ye mow not lyve with-oute a lorde, 11532  
 Wherefore ye wote wele be aH þe acorde  
 Of your baronage in playne parlement  
 Was ordeyned to crie a turnement.  
 Who so euer þat worþiest hadde þe degre 11536  
 Your souereyn lorde shuld be.  
 And so be aH youre lordes avise [leaf 146]  
 They þat ben worþi to haue þe prise  
 Of pis worshipfuH turnement 11540  
 Here they stonde be-fore you present.  
 And as wissely God helpe me so  
 There is noone chosen of aH þo  
 For affecci[i]on of love ne of drede, 11544  
 I dare wele say, ne for no mede.  
 Now shaH I teH you what thei be  
 That are chosen to haue þe degre,  
 Whens they be bore, and of what lynage, 11548  
 And wheþer thei be yonge or elles of age,  
 And where they be bore to \* heritage or no,  
 And of what condie[i]on thei be also.  
 For what they ben I knowe fuH wele, 11552  
 The troupe I haue enquered euery dele.  
 When I haue tolde of meste and leste,  
 Whome euer your herte can like beste  
 Good reasone is þat ye hym chese. 11556  
 I trowe þat shaH be moste your eace.

"Those who  
 have been  
 found wor-  
 thy of the  
 prize stand  
 before the  
 Queen.

"They will  
 now be  
 enumerated,

and the  
 Queen may  
 choose the  
 one she likes  
 best.

11550. MS. adds her before heritage.

*Rawl. MS.*

Madam, ye are desyrede so sore,	11529	I dare weH sey, ne for no mede.
What for youre ryches and youre beute,		Nowe shaH I teH you what þey be,
Thorwe þe worlde so namyde ye be.		That are chosyn to haue degre,
Ye may not lene with-out a lorde.	11532	Whens þey be bore, what lenage,
Where-for ye wyte weH be aH þe acorde		Wheþer þey be yonge ore ettes in age,
Of youre baronage in pleyne parlement		Where þey be bore to erytage ore no,
Was ordeynede be playne turne- ment.	11535	And what condicion þey be also.
Here þey stonde you in present.	11541	For what þey be I knowe weH,
As wysly God helpe me so,		The trouth I haue enquerede euer deH.
There is none chosyn of aH þo		When I haue tolde meste and leste,
For affeccion of loue ne drede,	11544	Whom euer youre hert eon lyke beste,
		Good reson is þat ye hym chese.



- Lo, aH þes pat stonde on þis side,  
 The worlde to seke þat is so wide,  
 Worpier knyghtes can no man se, 11560  
 And þes be þe persones þat chosen be.  
 But of your counseylle þis is þe avise,  
 To vj. of þes they yeve þe fuH prise.  
 Of cristen men be chosen thre, 11564  
 And as many of hethen now þer be.  
 Of cristen þe names first I wole telle  
 And then her condicions, and where they dwelle.  
 þe first is þe kyng of Fraunce, 11568  
 If ye liste knowe of his alyaunce,  
 And ye wole þe sege of Troy rede,  
 There ye shaH fynde, with-uten drede,  
 þat he is of þe ligne of kyng Priam, 11572  
 That reigned in Troy; of hym he came,  
 Which kyng of Troy loste þe honour  
 For Parys, his sone, þat he did ffavour  
 In þe Ravesshyng of feire Eleyne, 11576  
 Which matere is declared fuH pleyne  
 In the boke called þe sege of Troy. (leaf 146, back)  
 And if ye liste ye may haue Ioy  
 The kyng of Fraunce to haue to lorde, 11580  
 I dare wele sey þrowe-oute þe worlde  
 Knoweth no man levyng a semeliere  
 Ne of condicions more gentillere.  
 Right-fuH, hardy and trew is he, 11584

"There  
 are three  
 Christians,  
 and three  
 heathens.

"The first  
 is the King  
 of France.

*Rawl. MS.*

- Lo, aH þese þat stont in þis syde, 11558  
 The worde to seke þat is so wyde,  
 Worthere knyghtes can no man se,  
 And þese be þe persones þat cosyn  
 be. 11561  
 Of youre counseil þis is þe avyse.  
 To vi of þese þey yeve þe pryse.  
 Of crystyn men be cosyn thre, 11564  
 As many of hethyn nowe þer be.  
 Of crystyn þe namys firste with I teth,  
 And þer condysions, and where þey  
 dwell.  
 The firste is þe kyng of Fraunce, 11568  
 Yef ye lyste to knowe of his alyaunce,  
 And ye with þe sege of Troy rede,  
 There ye shaH fynde, with-out drede,  
<sup>1</sup> He is of þe lyne of kyng Pryam, 11572  
 That reynede in Troy; of hym he  
 cam, (1 leaf 89, back)  
 Whiche kyng of Troy loste þe honoure,  
 For Paris, his son, þat dyde favure  
 In þe Reuershynge of feyre Elyne, 11576  
 Whiche mater is declared feyre and  
 pleyne  
 In þe boke callede þe sege of Troye.  
 And yef ye lyste ye may haue Ioye  
 The kyng of Fraunce to haue to  
 lorde, 11580  
 I dare weH sey þorwe-out þe wor[ld]e  
 Knoweth no man leuy[n]ge a symlyere,  
 Ne of condysion more Ientillere.  
 RightfuH, hardy and true is he, 11584

	MercifuH, louly to euery degre.	
	Richesse and youthe haþe withaH.	
	Kyng Lohers men do hym calle.	
"The second is Gaudin.	The toþer cristen is called Gaudyn.	11588
	LiteH prise of hym hath kyng Claryn.	
	Yite is he right worpi for the nones,	
	Semely he is and bigge of bones.	
	I can not wele teH of what lynage	11592
	He is come, but wele in age	
	He is ronne, as be his heeris,	
	He passeth more þen fifti yeris.	
	Pore man he is and borne in Castile.	11596
	He hath rid fuH many a myle	
	To se contrees and gete him honoure.	
	His leuyng he getith be his laboure,	
	For a worthy knyght he is of his honde,	11600
	He hath hym so preved in many a londe.	
	An hethen man borne was he.	
	Sith amonge cristen he hath be	
	Cherished and worshipped many a day.	11604
	That he hath forsaken hethen lay,	
	And be-come cristenyd, God blessed þou be.	
	Thus in þis wise come forþe is he	
"But he has a master to whom he gives all the honour that might fall to him.	Be his honde of worpinesse,	11608
	Whiche is more worship þen richesse.	
	But he hath a maister here and souereyn	
	Whome he hath fuH and pleyn	
	Gyven frute of his travaile and labour.	11612
	That what to hym shuld falle of honour	

## Rawl. MS.

MercifuH, lonyng in euery degre.	An hethyn man borne was he.	11602
Kyng Loheres men don hym call,	Sethe amonge crystyn he hathe be	
Ryches and youthe he dothe with- aH.	Cheryshede and worchipede many a day.	11604
The toder crystyn is callede Gaudyn.	That he hathe for-sake hethyn lay,	
Lyke pryse of hym hathe kyng Claryn.	And be-come crystynde, God blyssede þou be.	
Yet he is worthy for þe nonys,	Thus in þis wyse come furthe is he	
Symly he is and large of bonys.	Be his honde of worthynes,	11608
I con not weH teH of what lenage	Whiche is more worchipe þen Ryches.	
He is come, but weH in age	But he hathe a master and souerayne,	
He is ronne, as be his heres,	Whom he hathe gefen fuH and playne	
He passyth mo þen fyfty yeris.	The frute of his traveH and labure.	11612
Pourz he is and borne in CasteH.	What þat to hym shulde fall of honoure,	
He hathe rede fuH many a myle.		

- He foucheth safe his maister it have.  
 Wherefore me thinketh, so God me save,  
 It nedeth of hym to speke no worde ; 11616  
 But lete vs nowe speke of his lorde, (leaf 147)  
 Which was armed vnder a shelde  
 Of siluer bright, and in þe felde  
 Eiche day he was first of aH, 11620  
 And Partonope men do hym caH,  
 That in tur[n]ament many did greue,  
 And euer he in þe felde was laste at Eve.  
 A worprier knyght, be my savioure, 11624  
 Sawe I neuer in felde, ne better his honour  
 Couthe save þen he now hath do.  
 And of his tacches to speke also,  
 He is fre, curteys, gentiH and meke. 11628  
 There is no bounte in hym to seke.  
 And forto speke of his kynrede,  
 To þe kyng of Fraunce, with-outen drede,  
 He is nye cousyn, wete right wele, 11632  
 I haue enquired pis nowe euerydele.  
 And forto speke of his lifelode,  
 Two Erldomes he hath riche and good.  
 Of londe forsothe he hathe no more, 11636  
 But he is riche ynowe of tresoure.  
 Now haue I tolde you of þe cristens þre,  
 And I wole teH which þe hethen be.  
 The first of þe hethen is þe Soudan. 11640

"The third  
is the knight  
of the silver  
shield.

"His  
name is  
Partonope.

"The first  
of the  
heathens is  
the Sultan.

*Rawl. MS.*

- He foyche it safe his maister it haue.  
 Wherefore me thynke, so God me  
 saue, (leaf 90) 11615  
 Hit nedeth of hym to speke no worde.  
 But let vs speke nowe of his lorde,  
 Whiche was armede vnder a shelde  
 Of syluer bright, and in þe felde  
 Eche day he was firste of aH, 11620  
 And Partonope men do hym caH,  
 That in þe turment many dede greue,  
 And euer in þe felde laste at eve.  
 A worthyere knyght, be my sayoure,  
 Sawe I neuer in felde, ne beter his  
 honour 11625  
 Couthe saue þen he hath do.  
 And of his tecchis to speke also,  
 He is courtes, lentif, and meke. 11628  
 There is no beunte in hym to seke.  
 And to speke of his kenrede,  
 The kyng of France with-out drede  
 He is nye cossyn, wyt right weH, 11632  
 I haue enquered it euery deH.  
 And to speke of his lyfode,  
 To erldomes he hathe Ryche and  
 good.  
 Of londe for-sothe he hathe no more,  
 But he is Ryche I-nowe of tresoure.  
 Nowe haue I tolde you of crystyens  
 thre, 11638  
 And wiH teH you whiche þe hethyn  
 be.  
 "The firste of þe hethyn is þe soudan,

Mervaille it is þat ener any man  
 Might haue so hye a ffrende of nature.  
 For she hath done aH hir myght and cure  
 Of hir tresoure to gif hym so grete foyson, 11644  
 That þere is no man can sey be reasone  
 þat any þing lakketh in hym of wele,  
 For riche Enowe he is and trew as stele,  
 Semely of persone, stronge and yonge. 11648  
 Of faire shappe hym lakketh no-þing,  
 Light and delyuer, mery and gladdē,  
 And amonge his counseyle wise and sadde.  
 Of his be-hestē he is full stable, 11652  
 And in domes aH-way merciāble.  
 AH-pough in bataille he be chevalrouse,  
 To hem þat hym offende he ys \* despitouse.  
 And forto telle of his kynrede, [leaf 147, back] 11656  
 Loke which of you þe bible can rede,  
 And fynde who made þe arke of Noye,  
 Of his lyne come downe is he.  
 And of his nobley to make a fyne, 11660  
 AH is wele, save þat a saresyne  
 Is he borne, and yite seith he  
 To haue my lady christened wiH be.  
 þis lordes name is caHed Margarise, 11664  
 Of aH bountes \* he bereþe þe prise.  
 The seconde heþen is fresshe and yonge.  
 11655. ys] MS. nys. 11665. MS. bounteous.

" He is  
 willing to  
 become a  
 Christian  
 for the  
 Queen's  
 sake.  
 Margaris is  
 his name.

Alter him  
 comes Sades,

*Rawl. MS.*

Marvett it is þat ener any man 11641  
 Might haue a ffrende so high of nature.  
 For she hathe dou aH her myght and  
 cure  
 Of hir tresoure to geve hym so meeche  
 foyson, 11644  
 That þer is no man) can sey be reson)  
 That ony thyng lackede in hym of  
 weH.  
 For Ryche he is and true as stett, 11647  
 Symly of persone, stronge and yonge,  
 Of fayre shape he lackede nothyng,  
 Lyght and delyuer, mery and glade,  
 Amonge his counsett wyse and sade.  
 Of his be-hestē he is full stabill, 11652  
 And in donys mercy-abill. [leaf 90, back]  
 AH-pough in bataill he be chevalrus,  
 To hem þat hym offendydē he is dys-  
 spytuous.  
 And for to tell of his kenrede, 11656  
 Loke whiche of you þe bybill con  
 rede,  
 And fynde who made þe arke of Noye,  
 Of hys lyne downe come he.  
 And of his noble to make a fyne, 11660  
 AH is weH, safe þat a sarsyn)  
 Ys he borne, and yet seyth he  
 To haue my lady crystynde wiH be.  
 This lordes name is Margaryse, 11664  
 Of aH beute he berythe þe pryse.  
 " The seconde hethyn) is freshe and  
 yonge.

His name is Sades, of Syre þe kyng.		the King of Syria,
Semely he is, curteise and chevalrouse,	11668	
Rightfuþ, free, and passyng vertuouse.		
Of olde and gentiþ kynrede is he,		
As eiche kyng moste nedes be.		
But forto teþ of his alyauce,	11672	
So olde it is oute of remembraunce.		
The þrid hethen hight Anpatrys.		and Anpatris,
He is yonge, semely and right wise,		the King of Syria, who,
Lorde and kyng of þe londe of Noby.	11676	however,
With swerde he come to þat seignorye ;		claims
Wherefore hem þought it was þe beste,		nothing for himself.
Sith he wan þat reaume be conqueste,		
To haue hym her governour and lorde,	11680	
And so chosen hym kyng be one accorde.		
He is right worthy, of grete richesse,		
But of þe turnement, as I gesse,		
He loketh no-þing after þe degre.	11684	
To þe soudan his lorde hath he		
Gyve aþ his service and his laboure,		
For at þis tyme he is his soudyoure.		
Now, Medame, I haue you tolde	11688	"The choice
Of the vj chosen, which bene olde,		is thus
And which yonge, and how they be		limited
Borne of blode, and of what contre,		to four.
And what they be of condic[i]on,	11692	
And how thei bene of reputac[i]on,		
And how þat Gaudyn and Anpatrise		

## Rawl. MS.

His name is Sades, of Seyre kyng.		And so chose * hym kyng by ou acorde.
Symly he is, courtesye and chevalrus,		He is of right grete Rychesse,
Rightfuþ, fre, and fuþ vertuons.	11669	But of þe turment, as I gesse,
Of olde and lentiþ kenrede is he,		He lokyth noþyng after þe degre.
As iche kyng moste nedes be.		The soudan his lorde hathe he
But for to teþ of his alyauce,	11672	Gyf aþ his seruyse and labure,
So olde it is out of remembraunce.		For at þis tyme he is his soudyre.
The iiii hethyn hight Anpatryse.		Nowe, madam, I haue you tolde
He is yonge, symly and wyse,	11675	Of þe vi chosyn whiche be olde,
Lorde and kyng of þe londe of Nvbye.		And whiche yonge, and who þey be
With swerde he come to þat senorye ;		Borne of blode, and of what contre,
Where-for hym þought it is þe beste,		And what þey be of condicion,
Sethe he wan þat reime be conqueste,		And how þey be of reputacion,
To haue here gouernour and lorde,		<sup>1</sup> And how þat Gaudyn and Anpatrise

	Haue dismytted hem clene of þe prise, So of þe chosen yite foure þere be.	[leaf 148]	11696
	Wherefore I counseyle fully þat ye Of theire persones take good hede ; For I haue seide, so God me spede, Aȝ myn entent fuȝ and pleyne.		11700
	Now lete vs here anoþer certeyne." Thus hath Amphorns made conclusion Of his tale, but now to his reason)		
The judges seem all to be agreed that the prize shall be adjudged to the Sultan.	Of aȝ þes lordes answeare none, But stiȝ thei sitte as any stone. And so it semed be her chiere They were acorded aȝ in fere		11704
	þe Soudan shuld haue fully þe degre,		11708
Cursolt can do nothing, as nobody supports him.	Save only Cursolote, that Partonope Loved wele, but what myght he do ? Of aȝ þe Inegours þere were no mo That list hym forþer in any wise.		11712
King Clarin rises and says that the Queen must give the Sultan her love.	Kyng Claryn of aȝ first gan rise, And seide playnle þat þe Soudan He held of aȝ þe worpiest man, And beste hath deserved þis degre,		11716
	" Wherefore, medame," he seide, " moste ye Giffe hym your love and take hym for lorde. What is my cause in shorte worde I shaȝ you sey, for ayein the toþer þre		11720
	Sette his semlyhode and his bounte, And richesse he hathe of aȝ þing,		

## Rawl. MS.

Haue dyssmyttyde hem clene of þe pryse, So of þe chosyn yet foure þer be.	Safe only Courslot, þat Partonope Louyde weȝt, but what myght he do ? Of aȝ þe lugges þer were no moo That lyste hym forþer in ony wyse.	11696
Where-for I counseȝ fully þat ye Of þese persones take good hede : For I haue seyde, so God me spede, Aȝ myne entent fuȝ and pleyne.	Kyng Claryons firste ganȝ rise, And seyde playnly þat þe soudanȝ He helde of aȝ þe worthyeste manȝ, And beste hathe deseryyde þis degre,	11713
Nowe let vs here anoþer sertayne." Thus hathe Anferus made conclusion Of his tale ; but nowe to his resonȝ Of aȝ þis lordes answeare none,	" Where-for, madame, nedes moste ye Gyf hym youre loue. and take hym to lorde.	11718
But stiȝ þey syte as ony stone. And so it semyde by þer chere They were acordyde aȝ in fere	What is my cause, in short worde I shaȝ you sey, ayeȝ þat oþer thre Set his symlyhede and his beute, And Ryches he hathe of aȝ thyngȝ,	11707
The soudanȝ shuȝt haue fully degre,		

- More þen hath any oper kyng.  
 And þerto for your love wole he 11724  
 A-fore vs aH now cristened be,  
 And aH his peple saunȝ doutaunce.  
 þis were to God an hye plesaunce."  
 Now hath Claryn seide his wiH. 11728 *None of the  
judges con-  
tradict him.*  
 He sette hym downe, and þen fuH stiH  
 Sitte aH þes lordes and sey no worde.  
 It semeth they ben aH of oone acorde  
 Fully to parfourme Claryns entent, 11732  
 Forto do his dome thei be fully consent,  
 And no man hym contraried in no wise. [leaf 143, back]  
 Lorde, what herte couþe now devise *Meliore's  
despair  
knows no  
bounds.*  
 The grete sorowe þat hath Meliore? 11736  
 Within hir herte feleth she grete sore,  
 Sith aH hir lordes be oone assent  
 So fayne to gyve trew Iugement,  
 And she to lese euer hir love also. 11740  
 What mervaylle is it þough she were wo?  
 This lady hadde leuer to deye *She had  
rather die  
than submit  
to the  
award.*  
 þen Claryns Iugement to obeye.  
 For he Meliore it sheweth fuH wele 11744  
 That ladies in love be trewe as stele.  
 For she in no wise hir love wole lese  
 The worpiest knyght in þe world to chese.  
 Neþer for bounte nor for richesse, 11748  
 Ne fore aH his prise of nobilnesse  
 Wolde she haue þe Soudan of Perce.  
 Hir herte to hym is aH-wey perverse.

*Rowl. MS.*

- More þen hathe ony oper thyng.  
 There-to fore youre loue wiH he 11724  
 Afore vs aH now cristende be,  
 And aH his pepiH saunȝ doutaunce.  
 This were to God an high plesaunce."  
 Nowe hathe Clarins seyde his wiH.  
 He set hym downe, and þen fuH  
 stiH [leaf 91, back] 11729  
 Sat aH þis lordes and seyde no worde.  
 Hit semyth þey be aH of on acorde  
 Fully to parfourme Claryns entente.  
<sup>1</sup> For to his dome þey be fully assent,  
 And no man contraryede in no wyse.  
 Lorde, what hert conthe deuyse 11735  
 The grete sorwe þat hathe Melyore?  
 With-in here hert she felyth grete  
 sore,  
 Sethe aH her lordes be on assent  
 So fayne to gyf trewe Iugement, 11739  
 And she to lese euer here loue also.  
 What mervett is it þough she were  
 wo?  
 This lady hade leuer to dye  
 Then Clarious Iugement to obeye.  
 For he Melyore it shewyde weH 11744  
 That ladies in loue be true as steH.

- Now God, þat aH ladies hath made, 11752  
 Gyve hem grace in herte to be glade,  
 And þat aH tonges moved may be  
 That speke lightly of ladies in any degre.  
 Ernoul  
stands up,  
 Now Arnolfe þe olde, þat first in parlement 11756  
 Meved and styrred to haue þis turnement,  
 And ordeyned lordes domes-men to be,  
 Of which for certayne oone was he,  
 On his fote stode vp to sey his reasone, 11760  
 For þe toþer lordes sate aH downe.  
 Semely of stature for sothe was he,  
 His visage was manly on to se.  
 Worthie he was, and white was his heerys, 11764  
 Olde, right-wise, and þat askith such yerys.  
 For love ne hate wole he not leve  
 The troupe to sey, whome euer he greue.  
 and claims  
the right of  
speaking,  
 And þen seide he: "It is not vnknowe 11768  
 To aH you lordes, as I now trowe,  
 That in þe laste parlement  
 It was acorded aH be oure assent  
 Certeyne lordes chosen shuld be 11772  
 Of þis turnement to give þat degre, [leaf 149]  
 Which to-gedre now be here.  
 And though þat I vnworthy were,  
 Chosen I was to be one of þ[o]. 11776  
 Wherefore I thinke, so mote I go,  
 In þis matere pleynly to quyte me.  
 For ye aH, me thinketh, enclyned be  
 Fully to kyng Claryns sentence. 11780  
 Hym ye haue gyve fuH good audience,  
 And no man, me þinketh, answerith þerto.

11776. þo] hole in MS. after ].

*Rawl. MS.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Nowe Armelus þe olde, þat firste in<br>parlement 11756 | Holde right-wyse, þat asketh soyche<br>yeres. |
| Menyde and steride to haue þis tur-<br>ment,           | For lone ne hate wolde he not leve            |
| And ordeynede lordes domes-men to be,                  | The trouthe to sey, whom euer he greue.       |
| Of wheche <i>ser</i> ten on was he. 11759              | Then seyde he: "It is not unknowe             |
| His vesage was manly on to se. 11763                   | To aH yonder lordes, as I trowe, 11769        |
| Worthye he was, and whyte of heres,                    | That in þe laste parlement                    |
|  | Hit was acordyde be oure assent.              |



- This proverbe was seide fulh longe ago :  
 ' Who so holdeth hym stiH ~~do~~ assent.' 11784  
 But I wole sey nowe myn entent,  
 Wrofe *per*with so who ever be :  
 His dome in no wise pleaseth me.  
 Gaudyn and Anpatris ben put oute 11788  
 The gre to haue, þis is no doute.  
 Yite they haue bore hem fulh wele,  
 Better were neuer armed in stele.  
 And hope in þis wise acorded be, 11792  
 Though they hadde deserved þis degre.  
 To her lorde thei haue gyve her honoure,  
 þei holde hem paide of her laboure.  
 Now forto speke of þe kyng of Sire, 11796  
 I sey we owe aH forto desyre  
 He be put fully fro þis degre.  
 And þis is my cause þough þat he  
 Be fulh stronge, semely and desyrous, 11800  
 Yonge, hardy, and fulh corageous,  
 And in bataile neuer so chevalrous,  
 Yite oone vice shent aH, for he is despitouse,  
 That when he hath no werre but is in peace, 11804  
 To þe pore peple can he not cese  
 But ever do extore[i]on and tyrannye.  
 This is verrey soth, I wole not lye.  
 Neþer for love, drede, nor hate, 11808  
 He can not lyve with-oute debate.  
 Now forto speke of þe kyng of Fraunce,  
 Of kyn is he and grete alyauce.  
 But forto make hym oond of þe gre [leaf 149, back] 11812  
 I can not acorde þerto now, parde,  
 For þat moste nedes he for worpinesse,  
 Neþer for state ne for grete richesse.

Clarin's  
judgment  
does not  
please him.

"Gaudin  
and Anpa-  
tris do not  
complete  
with their  
lords.

"The King  
of Syria is  
tyrannous  
and cannot  
live without  
strife.

"The King  
of France  
has not  
proved  
strong  
enough in  
battle.

## Roul. MS.

- But he wrothe who so ever be, 11786  
 His dome in no wyse plesyth me.  
 Gaudyn and Anpatrise be put oute  
 The gre to haue, þis is no doute. 11789  
 Yet þey haue borne hem fulh weH,  
 Better were neuer armede in steth.  
 And bothe in þis wyse acordyde be,  
 Though hadde descruyde þis degre.  
 To þer lorde þey gyfe þe honoure,  
 They holde hem payde of þer laboure.  
 Nowe to speke of þe kyng of Seyre,  
 I sey we owe aH to desyre 11797  
 He be put fully fro þis degre.  
 This is my cause þough þat he

And forto make hym passyng worthy, 11816  
 I sey for me, I wote neuer whye.  
 For in bataille when he is a-bove,  
 His grete manhode þen wole he prove,  
 And when to hym turneth contrarie, 11820  
 That he is put of so myghtely,  
 And in any wise rebewked is he,  
 So gretely abasshed he wole be,  
 That aH his myghtes so hym faile, 11824  
 Of liteH defence is he in bataile.  
 þerfore to chese hym one of þe prise  
 Ye shaH not haue myn avise.  
 Of þe soudan now forto sey 11828  
 I can not fynde be no way  
 To teH of his tacches ne of his lynage,  
 Ne in bataylle more of corage,  
 þen Anphorus be-fore hath seide. 11832  
 Of his reasone I holde me wele peide ;  
 For on bataile he is fiers in assaylyng.  
 Though he be rebuked, yite in his deffendlyng  
 He is hardy, myghty, and wole not fle. 11836  
 So in knyghthode may no man be  
 Worpier alowed in no wise,  
 And in grete turnementis fuH ofte þe prise  
 Hath he hadde, þat wote I wele, 11840  
 A worpier was neuer armed in stele.  
 But here stonte armed a semely knyght  
 Vnder a shelde of siluer bright,  
 Whos name is called Partonope. 11844  
 Of þe Erldome of Bloys lorde is he.  
 And his condicions here to reherse,  
 I dare wele say the soudan of Perse,  
 Ne þe kyng of Syre, ne noone of aH, 11848  
 Be-gynne fro þe grettest vnto þe smaH,  
 Of condicions is more vertuouse,  
 Ne in armes more hardy and chevalrouse.  
 With-uten cause shaH he neuer-more [leaf 150] 11852  
 Be founde despitouse to riche ne pore,  
 And he is goyng into his best[e] age.

"The Sultan  
 is a worthy  
 knight,

but none  
 can be more  
 chivalrous  
 than Parto-  
 nope, earl  
 of Blois.

11854. best[e], a hole in MS. for e.

- And to speke of his naturaH [ly]nage,  
 In cristendome is none worpier kynrede 11856  
 Then he is come of, with-outen drede.  
 In many a mortaH bataille haþe he be.  
 In listes often eke fought haþe he,  
 And ever of his Enemye þe better hap hadde, 11860  
 In many grete perelles he hap be stadde.  
 For when he hath ben in so harde plite  
 That many of his meany hap be descomfite,  
 þen he his knyghthode haþe wele proved, 11864  
 For manly he hathe hem aH releved.  
 The ffrensse men know wele aH þis,  
 For it is not go fuH longe I-wisse,  
 Her kynges worshipp in aHoure sight 11868  
 Oft he saved, wherfore a knyght  
 Worpiest of aH proved is he  
 To haue every-where [þ]is degre.  
 What pougþ þe soudan [haue] more of prowesse, 11872  
 My lady nedeth not to his riches;  
 Of wordly goodes she haþe\* grete plente.  
 And if to-gedre they wedded be,  
 If hym luste to holde werre, 11876  
 He may not faile ynowe to conquere,  
 For I-nough he hath and haue shaH.  
 The soudans parte shaH be fuH smaH  
 þat he shaH haue of þis degre. 11880  
 Though Claryns sey þat he wole be  
 Cristened now for my ladies sake,  
 And aH his peple, wherfore we make  
 Of his proffre so grete deynte, 11884  
 It is but easy, as now pinketh me,  
 For eiche man may pinke in his thought  
 For Goddes sake it is right nought,  
 But onely for luste and covetise, 11888  
 And EviH shuld chief þat emprise  
 þat were not do for Goddes sake.  
 For when he hadde fuH possession take

" He has  
 shown his  
 courage  
 in many  
 a fight,  
 and always  
 got the  
 better of his  
 enemies.

" My lady  
 does not  
 need the  
 Sultan's  
 riches, and  
 if Partonope  
 wages war,  
 he will get  
 still more.

" The Sul-  
 tan's conver-  
 sion will not  
 be for the  
 sake of God,  
 and evil may  
 come of it.

11855. lynage] a hole in MS. for ly.

11874. haþe] MS. haue.

- Of lady and shepe aH in feere, [leaf 150, back] 11892  
 He wolde dresse aH ping on his maner,  
 And make vs Cristes lawe forsake,  
 Or sle vs, pis dare I vndirtake.  
 þerfore chese we Partonope, 11896  
 For vnder Cristes lawe bounde is he.  
 Be hym may faH no grevaunce.  
 And if it be my ladies plesaunce,  
 Lette hir wedde hym be oure assent, 11900  
 This is fully my Iugement.  
 I not where I deserve þanke or magre  
 Of my lady, but trewly þe gre  
 He hath beste deserved of þis turnement. 11904  
 The sothe I wole sey you, þough I be shent.  
 A semelier ne more worpi coupe ye not fynde,  
 Though ye sought hens into Ynde."  
 When Armulus hadde his tale tolde, 11908  
 Thes kynges \* thought he was to holde.  
 AH her ententes forto contrarie,  
 And from her Iugement to make hem vary.  
 But when Meliore herd þat he 11912  
 Nempned hir name, and seide þough she  
 Were wrothe or paide, he wolde be trewe,  
 More rody somwhat she wexe of hewe.  
 "Armulus," she seide, "I wote þat ye 11916  
 My desyre had neuer so in chierte  
 To leue a troupe and se[y] þe wronge,  
 11909. kynges] MS. knyghtes.

"There fore,  
 if it pleases  
 my lady,  
 she had  
 better wed  
 Partonope."

The kings  
 think that  
 Ernoul is  
 rather bold  
 to contra-  
 dict their  
 award.

Melior  
 blushes,  
 hearing  
 her name  
 mentioned.

She is  
 certain,  
 she says,  
 that Ernoul  
 regards  
 only what  
 is right.

# Rawl. MS.

- <sup>1</sup> Let here wede hym be oure assent,  
 This fully my Iugement. 11901  
 I not wheþer I deserue þanke or  
 magre [leaf 92]  
 Of my lady, but truly degre  
 He hathe beste deservyde of þis tur-  
 nement. 11904  
 The sothe I wiH sey, þough I be  
 shent.  
 A syndlyere no-where con ye not  
 fynde,  
 Though ye sought hens to Yende."  
 \* When Armelus hade his tale tolde,  
 These kynges þought he was bolde  
 AH þer entent to contrarye,  
 And fro þe Iugement make hem varye.  
 But when Melyore herde þat he 11912  
 Namyde here name and seyde þough  
 she  
 Were wrothe orr payde, he wolde be  
 trewe,  
 More rody som-what she wex of hewe.  
 "Armelus," she seyde, "I wot þat  
 ye 11916  
 My deseyre ye hade neuer so in charyte  
 To leue a trouthe and sey a wronge.

- þoughe ye hadde magre or elles þonke,  
 Ye were neuer woute to vse gabbynge 11920  
 In no matere forto do any pleasvng  
 Of what persone, so euer he be,  
 And I dare sey wele, as for me,  
 Yite come neuer in myn entente 11924  
 But ye shuld yeve trow Iugement.  
 And so ye do, I dare sey truly.  
 The troupe þerof enquered haue I.  
 What woman euer an housbonde take, 11928  
 That man hir lorde she moste make,  
 þis is a thing þat euer is stable.  
 Duryng her lyves it is not variable.  
 Therefore a lady ought right wele be 11932  
 Avised vnto what persone þat she  
 Shuld give hir body with hir honoure, [leaf 151]  
 Of hir Garlande fairest is þat flour.  
 The ffrensshe I wote wele is [fu]H of bounte, 11936  
 But vnarmed wolde I hy[m] se].  
 And if I like wele his persone,  
 Then wote I what is to done :

"A woman  
 should be  
 careful in  
 choosing a  
 husband."

She will  
 first see the  
 Frenchman  
 without his  
 armour.

11936-37. The brackets indicate hole in MS.

*Boyl. MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3.*

Thowe ye hadde magr . . . ellis thonk  
 Ye were neuēf wont t[o] [u]se gabbyng  
 In no maner for to do [the] [ples]yng  
 Of what persone so euer [he] be<sup>1</sup> [leaf 6]  
 And Y dar say well as for me  
 Yt come neuer in myne entent 11924  
 But ye shold geue true Iugement  
 And so ye do Y dar sey truly  
 The trouth therof enqueryd haue I  
 What womman euer did husbond take  
 That man hur lord She most make  
 This is a thyng that euer is stable  
 Duryng her lyues it is neuer variable  
 Therefore a lady might ryght well be  
 Avysed vnto what persone that shee  
 Shold geue hur body with hur honoure  
 Of hur gurland fayrest is that flour  
 The ffrenshe y wote well ys flulle of  
 bount[e] 11936  
 But vnarmed wold Y fayn see  
 And yf Y lyke well hi[s] pers]one  
 Than wote Y what is to done

*Boyl. MS.*

Though he hadde magre ore eſtes thonke,  
 Ye were neuer wont to vse gabbynge  
 In no maner to do plesyng 11920  
 Of what persone, so euer he be.  
 And I dare sey, as for me,  
 Hit come neuer in myne entent 11924  
 But ye shulde yeue true Iugement.  
 And so ye do, I dare sey truly.  
 The trouthe þerof enquerede haue I.  
 What euer woman an hosbonde take,  
 That man her lorde she moste make,  
 This is a thyng þat euer is stabill.  
 Duryng þer lyves it is not varyabil.  
 Ther-for a lady ought right weH be  
 Avysede to what persone þat she 11932  
 Shulde gyfe hir body with honoure,  
 Of hir gerlonde feyreste is þat flour.  
 The freche I wot weH is fuH of bonte,  
 But vnarmede wolde I hem se.  
 And yef I like weH his persone,  
 Then wot I what is to done: [leaf 62, back]

- and if she likes his person she will marry him.  
Otherwise she will take the Sultan.
- I wole be his, and he shaH be myn), 11940  
What euer ye deme, pis shaH be þe fyn.  
And if he be not to my pleasyre,  
The soudan to haue is my desyre.  
He seith pleynly for þe love of me 11944  
He wole be cristened and aH his contre.  
Armulus," she seide, "I wote wele þat ye  
My desyre had neuer so in chierthe  
To leve\* a troupe and sey a wronge, 11948  
For men wole sey ye lyve to longe.  
Armulus, to worshiþþ good hede take,  
And ye lordes aH for Goddes sake,  
For ye shuH neuer fynde þat I 11952  
Fro worshipfuH a-warde voyde truly.  
But Cursolote, I haue mych mervaille þat ye  
In pis mater so duH to be.  
What euer they sey ye sey right nought, 11956  
My worshiþþ lieth no-þing in your thought.  
As longe as þis turney did laste  
I herde you preise wonder faste  
O persone prisely amonge hem aH, 11960  
11948. MS. lese.

## Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3.

## Rawl. MS.

- Y wyll be his and he shall be myne  
What euer ye deme ys s[oo]fthe the  
fyne  
And yf he be not to my lesyre  
The Soudan to haue my desyre 11943  
And sayth playnly for the loue of me  
He wyll be crystned and all his contre  
Armulus she sayde Y wote well that ye  
My desyre had neuer so [in] chyerte  
To leue a trouthe and say . . . brong  
Than myght men say y [li]ved to long  
Armulus to my worship goode hede ye  
take  
And ye lordes all for Goddes sake  
ffor ye shall neuer fynd that Y 11952  
ffro worshipfull a way avoyde truly  
But Cursolot Y haue mo meruayle  
that ye  
Yn this mater so dulle be 11955  
Whateuer thay say ye say ryght nought  
My worship lyth nothyng in youre  
thought  
As long as this turnay dede last  
Y herd yow preyse wo . . . .
- I witt be his, and he shaH be myne,  
What euer ye deme pis shall be þe  
fyne, 11941  
And yef he be not to my plesure,  
The soudan to haue is my desyre.  
He seyth pleynly for the loue of me  
He witt be crystende and aH his contre.  
Armulus." she seyde, "I wot þat ye  
My desyre hade neuer so in charyte  
To leue a trouthe and sey a wronge.  
Armulus, to worchipe good hede take,  
And ye lordes aH for Goddes sake,  
For ye shuH neuer fynde þat I 11952  
Fro worchipe avoyde o worde truly.  
Curslot, I haue mervett þat ye  
In pis mater so duH be. 11955  
What euer þey sey ye sey nought,  
My worchipe lyth nothyng in your  
þought.  
As longe as þis turney dyde laste  
I herde you preyse wonder faste  
O persone presysely amonge hem aH,

And now it semeth þat he is fath  
 Oute of your prise. What may þis be?

In soden change now falle are ye.

But chongeth as often [as] ye liste, 11964

Where I wole be I wote beste.

But shame it were to you to varye

From your behest or it contrarye.

Wherfore I thinke not of aȝ þis yere 11968

To make you vary for my prayer."—

"Medame," seide Cursolote þe kyng,

"The cause of my stiȝ sittynge

Is to here and knowe Armulus reasone; 11972

This is aȝ now myn enchesone. [leaf 151, back]

For truly, as be myn avise,

The ffrenshe is worþi to haue þe prise.

For when we þe Iuges to-gedre were 11976

A-boue in þe toure, for love ne fere

We shuȝ not spare be oone assent

But to gife a trewe Iugement.

Some of vs ben acorded fully 11980

The soudan shuld haue you truly,

And some holdeth now þe contrary,

Cursolt  
 excuses  
 himself.

He still  
 thinks  
 that the  
 Frenchman  
 is worthy  
 to have  
 the prize.  
 In the tower  
 the judges  
 hold various  
 opinions.

*Bodl. MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3.*

*Royal. MS.*

Yn sodeyn change now fall ar ye

But chaungeth as often as Y lyst 11964

Where Y wyll be Y wote best

But shame it were you to vary

From youre behest or be contrarye

Wherfore Y think not of all this yere

To make you vary for my prayere

Madam sayde Corsolot the kyng

The cause of my styll syttinge

Ys to here and knowe Armulus resoun

This is now all myn enchesoun 11973

ffor truly as by myn aduyse

The ffrenshe is worthy to haue the

price

For whanne we the Iugges togeder

where 11976

Above in the toure for [lo]ue ne fere

We shull not spare by one assent

But to geue a trewe Iugement

Somme of vs ben accorded fully 11980

The Soudan shold haue yow truly

And somme holdeth now the contrarie

Nowe it semyth þat he is fath 11961

Out of your pryse. What may þis be?

In soden change now are ye.

But change as ofte as ye lyst, 11964

Where I wyl be I wot beste.

Shame it is to you to varye

Fro youre be-heste or to contrarye

Wher-for I thynke not of aȝ þis yere

To make you wery of my prayere."—

"Madam," seyde Courslot þe kynge,

"The cause of my stiȝ settinge

Ys to here of Armelus reson; 11972

This is nowe myne encheson.

For truly, as be myne avyse,

The frenche is worthy to haue þe

pryse.

For when þe Iugges to-gedre were, 11976

Above in þe toure, for loue ne fere

We shaȝ not spare be on assent

But to gyfe true Iugement.

- If the Queen  
examines  
them  
separately  
in the tower,  
she will  
know the  
truth.
- þerfore in Iugement we do vary.  
But, medame, wole ye do wisely, 11984  
Examyneth hem now a-sondry,  
And þat in-to þe toure ye gone,  
And sendeth after vs one be one,  
And charge euery man be his fay 11988  
þat he to you oweth, and lete hym say  
Pleyonly to you aH his entent  
How they wole gife her Iugement,  
And that they not spare for love ne drede 11992  
Ne for grete profers of mede,  
þan shaH ye wete of hem prively  
That they spare now to sey openly.  
And commaundeth hem boþe two 11996  
That vname hem faste thei do,  
þen shuH ye knowe wele be sight  
Which is þe semelier knyght,  
And lete your Eye your Iuge be."— 12000  
"Ye sey þe beste, for God," seith she.  
"He ought wele lyke me be reasone and skiH  
That shuld haue my body and good at wiH.  
And þerfore what some ener ye deme, 12004  
I ame your lady and your queen),  
My choice fieth in þe semelyhede of [þe] two ;  
The kynges in no wise may vary here-fro.  
To whome my herte can beste acorde, 12008  
Ifym wiH I chese to be my lorde.  
The kynges may not gretely mervayled be,
- Let the  
two knights  
divest  
themselves  
of their  
armour :  
her eye will  
then judge.
- Melior  
approves  
of this  
proposal.

## Bodl. MS. Eng. Port. C. 3.

- Wherefore yn jugement we do vary  
But Madam wyll ye do wysleye 11984  
Exameneth hem now a sondry  
And that into the toure ayen ye  
gone  
And sendeth after us by one and one  
And charge euery man by her fay  
That he to you oweth and lete hem  
say 11989  
Playonly to you all his entent  
How thay will gone her jugement  
And that thay not s[ees]e for lone ne  
drede 11992  
Ne for no grete profers [ne] mede
- Thanne shulle ye wex of hem privelye  
That thay spare now to say oponly  
And commaundeth hem both two  
And vname them saf[ely] thay do  
Than shall ye know well by syght  
Wheehe is the semlier knyght  
And lete youre ey youre juge be 12000  
Ye sey the best for God sayde she  
He ought well lyke me by resoun and  
skyle  
That shold haue my body and goode  
at wyll 12003  
[The] kynges may not [then] a mer-  
vayled be



bough I chose hym pat liketh me."

And herwith-aH commaundeth she leaf 1521 12012

þes lordes vnarmed faste to be.

The soudan vnarmed hy[m] in haste,

And riche cloþes on h[ym] do]þe caste.

A sercle of gold full of p[re]cie]ous stones 12016

The Sultan  
disarms  
himself  
and puts  
on rich  
garments.

On his hedde he hadde, þat no-where oon is \*

Richer ne fayrere to any mannes sight.

He was a passyng semely knyght.

Now is he come be-fore þe queen. 12020

AH þe hym preise þat hym sene,

And seide pley[n]ly þat conquered hath he

Of aH pis tur[ne]mente þe prise and gre.

The kynges hym preise wonder faste. 12024

All admire  
him and  
declare that  
he has won  
the prize.

þe dome to gyve thei made grete haste,

And seide : " What shuld we lenger tarye ?

Oure Iugement can no man contrarie."

Soone after cometh Partonope 12028

Partonope  
has only  
plain  
clothes.

Amonge þes prese, and but esely is he

Arraid, as for [to] speke of cloþing,

Save as he had grete eace of oo ping :

She þat was lady of þat place, 12032

He hoped wele to stonde in hir grace.

His beste frende save she was Gaudyn.

A kyrteH of Skarlete he had on fyne.

12014-16. *The brackets indicate hole in MS.*

12017. oon is] MS. ones.

*Bull. MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3.*

[If] we Y chose hym that best lyketh  
me 12011

[An]d herwythall commaundeth she

[The]se lordes vnarmed fast to be

The Soudan vnarmed hym in hast

And ryche clothes on hym doth east

[A] cerkle of gold full of p[re]cie]ous stonys

[On] his hed he hadde that no where

ther is 12017

[A r]ycheer ne fleyrer to any mannes

syght

[He] was a passyng semly knyght

[N]ow ys he come before the quene

[Al]l tho hym prayse that hym seen

[An]d sayde playnly that conquered

hath he 12022

[Of] all this turnements [the] price and  
gree

[The] kyngis hym praysed wonder fast

[His] dome to geue thay made grete

hast 12025

[They] sayde what shuld we longer tary

[Our] jugement come no man con-

trarye

[S]oone after cometh ynnre Partonope

Among the p[re]s . . and but esely is he

[Arra]yde as to speke of clothyng

. . e hadde grete e . . of o thyng 12031

[She] that was lady of [the] place

[He] hoped well to stond in hur grace

. . best frynd saue and he was Gaudyn

[A ki]rtell of scarlet he hadde on fyne

	A-bove he was gyrd with a gyrdiH,	12036
	Wele harneised with golde aboute his mediH.	
	A-bove pat he had vpon a mantiH	
	With dyuers bestes embrowded fuH weH	
	Of golde of Sipres and eke of Venyse.	12040
	Of his clothing more to devise	
	It nedeth not sey, aH pat wete we	
	pat oute of prisone streight comeþ he	
	To pis turney worshipp to wynne.	12044
	He founde pere neþer frendship ne kynne	
	Hym to refresshe in any degre,	
Gaudin helps him to dress.	Save only Gaudyn, with hem mette he	
	Throw Goddes grace vpon þe way,	12048
	And he hym eloped in such aray	
	As for hym-self he had þere.	
	It was but of þe homely manere.	[leaf 152, back]
	But what pat euer his aray be	12052
	Be-fore his lady now stonte he	
	And Gaudyn to-gedere honde in honde.	
	But when he hadde a while stonde	
Standing before his lady	AH vnarmed his lady to se,	12056
	FuH gretely a-basshed þo waxe he,	
	Seyng his souereyn lady there.	
	That a-fore had made hym grete chere	
	With aH herte, body, and myght,	12060
	And he as an vntrew knyght	
	Had hir deceyved and broke hir suerte.	
	In suche despoynthe þo stode he,	
he changes colour.	That ofte þe coloure in his face	12064

*Bull. MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3.*

[Then]þe he was gyrd wyth a gyrdell	[T]hurwe Goddes grace [by] the way	
[Wi]th dyuerce bestes embrudered full well	[A]nd he hym clothe yn suche aray	
[Of] Gold and of Cipre and eke of Venyse	* * * * *	
[Of] his clothyng more to deuyse	All vnarmed his . . . .	12056
[I] nede not to say all that wete wee	Full gretely abasshed tho wact he	
[Th]at oute of prison straight cometh he	Seyng his souerayne lady there	
[In] this turney worschip to wynne	That afore hadde made hym goorde chere	
[He] fond there neyther [fr]iendship ne kynne	Wyth all hert body and myght	12060
[H]im to refresshe in any degre	And he as an vntrewe knyght	
[Sa]ue only Gaudyn with hym met hee	Hadde hur deceyved and how hur suerte	
	Yn such disteynt tho stode he	
	That oft the coloure in his face	12064

- Waxe suddenly rede for fere of hir grace  
 He had for ever offended so highely,  
 That his rosy colour paled sodenly.  
 Thus in grete fere stonte Partonope. 12068  
 Of thousandes of people be-holden is he,  
 And eiche man seide as hem liste.  
 But all they conclude þe semeliest  
 Of þo two persons certeyn was he, 12072  
 Wherefore þe kynges þe prise and degre  
 Hym yove fully be oone assent,  
 And made ende of her Iugement.  
 Of þo lordes pat loved þe soudan 12076  
 Contraried þe Iugement not oo man,  
 And all þe peple cried be oone assent :  
 " This is nowe a trewe Iugement."  
 Armulus de Marbury vp anoone stode, 12080  
 And seide the Iugement was right good.  
 To þe kynges he seide : " Sires, what sey ye ?"  
 Thei hym answerd and seide : " We be  
 To þis iugement acorded full playnly, 12084  
 If it be pleasaunt vnto my lady."  
 And as I trowe and dare sey truly,  
 Ayeinste Meliore his herte it yode not gretely.  
 For though gretely trespassed hath he, 12088  
 Hir herte was full of mercy and pite.  
 To Armulus yite seide she þo : [leaf 153]  
 " Myne owne choise ye haue put me fro.

Partonope  
looks better  
than the  
Sultan,

and the  
kings  
unanmously  
agree to give  
the prize  
to him.

Ernoul is  
content.

Meliore feigns  
to prefer  
the Sultan.

*Bull. MS. Eng. Port. C. 3.*

- Was sodenly reede for she of hur grace  
 He hadde for ever offended so hevyly  
 That his rose colour paled sodenly  
 Thus in grete fere stont Partonope  
 Of thousandes of people behold ys he  
 And eche man sayde as hem lyst  
 But all thay conclude the semlyest  
 Of the two persones sertayne was he  
 Wherefore the kyngs the pryce and the 12073  
 grece  
 Hym yeue fully by oone assent  
 And made end of her iugement  
 Of the lordes that loued the Soudan  
 Contraried the iugement not o man  
 And all the peple cryed by oone assent  
 This is now a trewe iugement  
 Armulus de Marbury vp anone  
 stode 12080  
 And sayd the iugement was ryght  
 goode  
 To the kyngs he sayde Syrs what say  
 ye  
 Thay hym answered and sayde we be  
 To this iugement accorded full playnly  
 Yf it be pleasaunt vnto my lady 12085  
 And as Y trowe and dar say truly  
 Ayeinst Meliore is hert it yode not  
 gretly  
 For thowe gretly trespass hadde he  
 Hur hert was full [of] mercy and pte  
 To Armulus yet sayde she thoo 12090  
 Myne owne Choyse ye haue put me fro

	For my wiH was to haue had þe Soudan.	12092
	Ye haue yove me to anoper m[an].”—	
Ernou protests that the award is just.	“Medame,” seide Armulus, “for lo[ve n]e drede, Ne plesaunce of you, so God me sp[e]de, We haue at þis tyme yove þe degre.	12096
	For only beste deserved it hath he.”	
Melior dissembles her joy.	Lo, þis lady in herte was gladde Of hir Iugement ; yite she made As though she had no deynte	12100
	That to hir was Iuged Partonope. And yite if thei chose anopere, She had leuer be raunsoned for many a fopere	
	Of golde, þen to haue loste Partonope so.	12104
	Thus wele and better can ladies do. Therefore I counseyllē now enery love	
	To his souereyn lady so truly hym bere, þat he may worthely of hir aske grace.	12108
	For þough it happe hym in some place Of hir to be answerd fuH lightly, Yite loke he hir serve perseverantly.	
	For in longe service it may happe þat she Wolde shew hym of hir benignte.	12112
The Sultan is stunned with grief.	Now lete vs speke of þis Soudan, That stonte stiH as a mased man, CarefuH, pensife, and hevy of chere,	12116
	That chonged elene is aH his manere, Loste for euer is* his plesaunce, Wherfore he pinketh hie vengeaunce.*	
He departs, meditating vengeance.	To take on homward turned is he,	12120
	With aH his oste into his contre. Thus fuH of care departeth þe Soudan.	
Partonope is happy ;	And Partonope abideth as a glad man, And Cursolote by þe hande anone hym taketh,	12124
	And of hym to Meliore a present maketh.	

12093-95. *The brackets indicate hole in MS.*

12118. is] *MS. as.*

12119-20 *are inverted in MS.*

*Boll. MS. Eng. Poet. C. 3.*

[My] wyll was to haue hadde ye Soudan . . . Armulus . . . love ne drede  
[Ye h]aue geve me to another man \* \* \* \* \*

Wherof so glad and loyfuH is she, That to-gedre in armes clasped thei be, And kysse and talke and make good chere, And is for-yete þat done is ferne yere. Rehersed is no-þing, but aH gladnesse. (leaf 153, back)	12128	all sorrow is forgotten.
The hertes þat a-fore were in distresse. Be now at large and oute of prison[er]. loy is come, paide is þe Raunsone. For Partonope hap now aH his d[es]yre. And aH þing þat may be to his plesyre To hym ayeinward now doþe she.	12132	
þus in endlesse blisse baped thei be, The good hertes of þes lovers two. Ya, who can teH þo loies now *	12136	
That they bene In? forsoþe not I. But þe sorowe and þe care fuH truly That longeth to love, þat can I teH. Thei are in heven, and now I in heH.	12140	The two lovers are in heaven, but the Poet is in hell.
Now lete vs teH of Partonope And of his lady, þat to-gedre be In loy and welthe with plesaunce. Now hath Partonope cause to daunce. For into a chambre now is he ladde, And in riche cloþes fuH wele y-cladde. The day of mariage in haste is sette, To chirche royally þei be boþe fette.	12144	
A patriarche doþe the solempnyte ; Knytte in wedloke to-gedre thei be. Of mariage no lenger wole thei abide, For longe abidden hath he þat tide.	12148	
The patriarche, with-oute any more lete, On eiper of her hedes a crowne he sette Of golde, fuH riche of stones and perrie. And þus hath now Partonope Receyued þe dignyte of a kyng.	12152	A patriarch marries them.
Lo, what it is to be true in lovyng. He is a kyng, and she also a queen, Knytte to-gedre in Goddes lawe they ben).	12156	
	12160	

12132, 12134. The brackets indicate hole in MS.  
12139. þo loies now] MS. now loies who.

The wedding  
festivities  
are splendid.

- Many trompe now doþe þer sowne, 12164  
Also taketh vp many a claryoun.  
Pipes and makers so many assemble,  
As though aH þe worlde shuld tremble.  
The feste is holde fuH royally, 12168  
And also served they be stately,  
As suche persones oweth to be. [leaf 154]  
Of mete þere laketh no deynte.  
It nedeth not to make reheresynges 12172  
Of þe names þat ben þe[r] of kynges,  
Ne of dukes, Erles, n[e of baro]nny,  
Ne of þe nombre of grete ch[i]valry,  
Of patriarkes and Erchbisshoppes also. 12176  
I lete bisshoppes, abbotes, and priours go.  
What nedeth it to speke of trechetours?  
Of her nyse playes or of gestours, 12180  
Or of chauntours þe grete maisters,  
Or of herawdes, rebawdes, or wyne tasters?  
But lete us tell, when þe feste was do,  
How þes hote lovers to chamber go,  
And after how they ben brought to bedde, 12184  
And how þat nyght her life they ledde,  
And in what Ioy then they be.  
But pis may not be declared for me,  
Ne what her Ioy was, ne her delite, 12188  
For I was neuer yite in þat plite.  
But in hye plesaunce I lete hem be,  
And pray to God of love þat he  
His seruante departe so of his grace, 12192  
That they may stonde in þe same case  
In which faire Melior and her love hath be.  
And þus Endeth þe Romans of Partonope.

12173-75. *Hole in MS. Conjectural letters in brackets.*

The Poet  
refrains from  
describing  
the happi-  
ness of the  
lovers.

# Partonope of Blois.

[Fragment of a shorter version.]

Whilum ther was a noble kyng,		A noble king
That was dowghitty hollen in dede.		had two
Atte iustys and atte turnementtyng		daughters,
Hee bare hym weelle upon a steede,	4	
He was curteys in alle thyng,		
And whit lowte his land dede leede.		
He hælde thanne two dowghitttris yinge,		
That fely fayre thay were for [alle] steede.	8	
They were the feyreste maydenis two		
That evere men knewe on any syde.		
Here Moder, thee quene, deyde hem fro,		
That lonely was of hewe and hyde.	12	
Melior was thee Eldere maydenys name,		the elder
That wonder fayre was on to see,		of whom
And as a wyght moost worthily in wane.		was called
Urake was kleped here suster free.	16	Melior,
Melior was wyght as whalis boon,		and the
With Rode as Reel as Rose is of hewe.		younger
Soo fayir a foede men myghtte fynde noon,		Urake.
Thorghw alle thee worlde to renewe.	20	Melior was
Thorghw alle thee worlde to wende,		the fairest
Scholde men fynde noon so fayir.		woman in
Here fader the king, Curteyis and heende,		the world.
Made mayde Melior his ayir.	24	
That goodly Mayde gay under gore,		
That was so bryght and holde of here blee.		
Hendely was she sette to lore,		
As lawe wolde of that cuntree.	28	
All bare whanne hiere vesage wore,		
A swettere thyng myghtte noman see.		
In a twelve-Monethe sche lerned more		
Thanne other Clerkys dede in yerys three.	32	In twelve
So weelle lernede that Mayden gent,		months she
		learned more
		than clerks
		did in three
		years,

and she knew magic arts.	That fayir was as flowr on hille, That sche cowthe <i>with</i> a chauntement Worche alle thyng to hiere owne wille.	36
	Wyght as swan sche hadde the swire, That swete and swathel was to be-holde. As lelye leef sche hadde the lyre, Bryght browys, fayre bent and bolde,	40
	Hiere heer fyerde as droht gold wyire, That louely was to feele and foolde. Whanne sche was tiffed in hiere attire, Man knewen noon swych atte will to holde.	44
	[They of hiere] will were [fully at oo], That were so fayr and fre t[hat stonde]. Whanne hiere fader dyde [hem fro], Thanne was she quene of that londe.	48
At the death of her father she became queen of the country.	[Sche] that was fayir of fote and honde, [And so] Riche a quene of [goodly chere], [Thanne] hadde sche nede of a good housbande. [Therefore sche sente] bothe feer and nere,	52
In order to find a husband she sent messengers through all kingdoms.	Thorghw alle Reawmis sche sente hiere sonde To loke who best myghtte * been here pere. And atte the laste a chyilde they fonde That of vysage was fayir and klere.	56
At last they found a young man of noble birth,	Hee was fayir in alle thyng <small>[* MS. best myghtte best.]</small> And swiche dowghtty <i>with</i> spere <i>and</i> lawnee, And cosyn was to thee Riche kyng	60
nephew of the king of France, and accom- plished in everything.	That atte that tyme was kyng of Frawnce. Hee was so goodly a creature That to hym every man yaf voyis. That was seyen in halle and bowre Over all othere he hadde thee choyis.	64
	He was ryght stif in every stowr, <i>With</i> -owten bost or other greet noyse. Hee was wyght as is the lylye flowr. His name was Pertinope de Bloys.	68
His name was Partonope of Bloys.	Thee Messengeris thanne wenten hoorn, And tolden the Mayden this tidynge Soo fayr a chyild sawe they never noon :	72
The messengers returned home and reported what they had seen.	Hee is Erl of Bloys and cosyn to the kyng. Thanne this Mayde so bryght of blee	



In heitte that worde sone sche heutte, And thoughte the chyld hiere-self to see Fulle sone <i>with</i> here enchauntemente.	76	Me'ton decided to go to France by magic power and to judge for herself.
Previly hiere greythis that bryght of blee, In-to thee Reawne of Frawnce sche wente, And sone com unto the selue Citee Theer this gentell chyild was lente.	80	She had never seen anybody so handsome.
Sche dwellede theer to see this chyild That see dowhtty was of his dede, Whittire thanne is the flour in feyld; Sche sawe nevere noon of his faythede.	84	
A while this lady dwellede thare, Thee chyild hiere lykede oftetyms to sene, Best to asspye what his condicionys ware. For they were bothe goode and klene.	88	
So fayre a chyild she sawe neuere are : His colour was so bryght and schene, Thanne home ayen gan she to fare, But noman ne wyste where she hadde bene.	92	
All hiere loue on hym was lente That was as wyght as whalis boone. She thoughte whit her enchauntement To haue that worthy under wone.	96	She loved him and made up her mind to carry him off.
Afterward it fell upon a day Thee kyng on huntynge he wolde ryde <i>With</i> horn and howndys for to play. Pertinope wentte by his syde.	100	One day the king and Partonope go out hunting.
Thorghw enchauntement of that may They Reysede an hart <i>with</i> hornis wyde. Thee chyild gan folwe faste on his way, Till that he come to thee see-syde.	104	Through the maiden's en- chantment they raise a hart. Partonope follows it till he comes to the sea-shore
So feer he folwede after that deer, As the Romaw[un]ce serteynly sayis, That horn no hownd myghte hee noon here, But entrede Ryght in-to Ardenays.	108	in the Ar- denne forest which was haunted by wild animals.
Ardeneys was a wylde forest, That no man durste huntte thare For liouns, liberlys, and other wylde beestis That gryisly were in holtis hare.	112	

109. was *twice*.

- Dragounys dredfully drowen of Reste  
 And made this chyld aferde fulle sore.  
 And thanne to God up his hertte hee caste.  
 Hee seyde : " Ihesu, Mercy thyine Oore ! 116  
 Ne lete me nevere here to been shent,  
 As thow suffredst woundys wyde."
- A ship  
 sails up,  
 Thanne thorghw thee Maydenys enchauntement  
 A schip come seilynge hym faste be-syde. 120  
 Thee chyld a-feerd was under bowgh.  
 Noo man thorte hym ther-offe wyte ;  
 For dragoun owt of here dennys they drogh,  
 And made thee chyld haue sorwe in syghtte. 124  
 Thee schip come seilynge faste j-nowgh,  
 And atte a banke it longe gan to a-byde.
- and Par-  
 tonope goes  
 on board.  
 Thee chyld thanne wendis in-to that schowgh ;  
 It was covered *with* samyte that tyde. 128
- His horse  
 and dogs  
 are also  
 embarked.  
 His hors, his howndes to hym were browght,  
 But \* hee ne wiste in what manere.  
 Soo fayire a vesselle that schip him thowght,  
 Hee hadde seen noon that myghtte be the peere. 132  
 Thee chyld stode thee schip *with-inne*,  
 And it aualed froo thee banke *with-owte* dowte.
- A more  
 splendid  
 ship could  
 not be  
 imagined.  
 Thee sayil to thee Mast-top sone gan wyne.  
 By thanne hee sawe no man hym a-bowte. 136  
 Bryght as gold thanne gane hit brenne,  
*With* stonys that weren Riche and stowte.
- No living  
 creature is  
 to be seen.  
 Afeerdnesse than in his herte gan renne,  
 For of thee devell hee hadde great dowte. 140  
 Greet dowte hee hadde of a cwilbersaunce,  
 And besowghtte to God *with* herte free  
 To schilde and saue hym from meschaunce,  
 For hee ne sawe nowt but thee wyilde see. 144  
 Thanne thorghw hiere enchauntementis Ryght  
 Thee schip was alle gooldly by-goone.
- Afraid of  
 the devil,  
 Partonope  
 prays God  
 to protect  
 him.  
 As gold a-bowte hit gleterede bryght  
 And sette *with* manye a Rialle stone. 148  
 His herte to God hee haf up on heyghte,  
 Prayinge hym to saue hym blood *and* boone,  
 And blessedde hym well *with* alle his myghte,

And evere to owre makynge his moone.	152	
His moone hee made with hertte and honde.		
Thee gentill chyild that was so free,		
Hee saylede owt ouer the stronde,		
And so hee arryuede atte a fayr Citee.	156	He arrives in the city
Upon the lond whanne hee was lente,		
Owt of the schip he made hym bowne.		
His hors, his howndys up he hem hente.		
Hee sawe neuere eere so fayr a towne.	160	where the maiden lives, and rides up to the castle.
Thanne there dwellede thee Mayden gent		
In a Castell of greet renown.		
Theder the way witterly hee went,		
And in that place he lyghtte a-down.	164	
Whanne this gentel chyild was a-lyght,		
His hors, his howndys were taken him froo,		Here his horse and dogs are taken away.
And yit saw hee noon erthely man with syght.		
Thanne thougthtte hym wonder it sholde be soon.	168	
Ryght evene to the hall hee hym spedde,		
This curteys chyild dowghtty and sley.		
The boord was sette, the kloht was spredde.		The table is laid in the hall.
Hym hungrede sore and drowe hym ney ;	172	
In styf travaile hee hadde been stadde.		
Hee wychs and wentte to benche on hey.		
Of Riche metis thanne was hee fedde		
And yit no man sawe hee with Eey.	176	Partonope is served by invisible beings.
With Eeye saw hee [naught ple]syng more		
In alle thee kyngis lond of Frawnce.		
But evere in hertte [was hee] a-ferd sore		
For dowte of [thee fendys en]cymbrawnce.	180	
Whanne the chyilde [ . . . . . ],		
Thee cymly cloth [ . . . . . ].		
Towailys wyghtte as chalk [ . . . . . ]		
By-fore hym were spred fulle good and [ . . ].	184	
Basyn and lauere was browght hym tille,		Precious basins are brought to him.
Sette with manye a Ryche stoone		
To serve thee semely chyild in halle.		
But man no womman sawe he noone.	188	
Hee ne sawe no man that was by,		
But basyns, lavouris abowte gunne glide,		
As it were atte a greet Mangerie		

	With fayir semblawnt on every a syde.	192
	All thys quaintise theer was done	
	Thorghwe thee Maydenis Enchaument.	
He eats and drinks.	Spicis theer comen <i>with</i> that Ryght sone,	
	In chargeowris of golde abowte they went.	196
	Wyin after thanne drank hee sone.	
	Thanne biernys bourdys of trestelys hent.	
	To God thee chyild ay bade his bone	
	To saue hym froo thee fendys cumberment.	200
	As that day thus was he fedde	
	With feyir servise atte his wille.	
Afterwards he is led to bed by torchlight.	Atte Eeven whanne he sholde go to bedde,	
	Hee was browght a fayir chavmber tille.	204
	This gentil chyilde Pertinope	
	Into a Chavmber was hee * gone.      [+ MS. was hee was.]	
	Ryght greette torchys uppon to see	
	By-fere hym were lyght fulle good wone.	208
	Hee fonde a bed of a Riche blee	
	With clothis of golde alle by-gone.	
	A-down thanne sat that chyild so free,	
	And his array was taken of anone.	212
He is undressed,	Thee Chavmber was peynted full Rially	
	Of Bataylis that were full gay <i>and</i> stowte.	
	The chyild to bedde thanne gan heye.	
and the torches disappear.	The torchis sone were doon owte.	216
	Also sone as hee missede the lyght,	
	That the torchis away were hentte,	
	His hertte to God he lefte up Ryght,	
	And made his prayeris <i>with</i> good entente.	220
	[He] blessedde hym <i>with</i> alle his myght.	
The lady soon joins him.	[And] sone thanne come that lady gent.	
	[Sche] of hiere Robis [was sone] vndyght.	
	[Streyght] unto that bed sche went.	224
	[And into] bed whanne she was greythed,	
She orders him to leave the bed.	[Thanne] of hiere speche gan sche [on hey]the,	
	[And suide]: “Thow that thus here art beded,	
	[Arise and] voyde my chavmber swythe!”	228
He begs her to have pity on him.	Thanne saide hee: “Lady, haue merey on mee”	
	For thee loue of Ihesu cunteys and kynde.	
	For I am sted in a stravnge cuntree,	

That I ne woot wheder to wende."	232	
Ther gentelle chyld Pertinope,		and soon clasps the lady in his arms.
Sone hee neghede thanne that lady hende,		
In Armes hee klypte that woman free,		
Softe as selk hee gan hiere tynde.	236	
And hee was bothe soft and swete		
In Armes bothe to fele and foolde,		
Of lone longynge hee wolde nowt lete,		
But wroghte his will with the byerde boode.	240	
Whanne he hadde his [will] so wroght,		The lady now con- fesses that she has carried him off by en- chantment.
Thanne spake to hym that lady gente :		
"Pertinope, myseymforte thee nowght."		
And with loue in Armes sche hym hente,	244	
And sey[de] : " Fro Fraunce I haue thee browghte		
Thorghw crafte of myne enchwintement.		
Loke that thou bee stable of thoughte,		All her love is set on him.
For alle my lone is on thee lente.	248	
Hollyche my lone is lent on thee		
As for thee worthieste vnder wele,		
But for alle thee gold in Christiantee		
I ne wolde not ellys haue doon that dede.	252	
Thow art comen of thee genteleste blood		
That in this world men knewen here byfore,		
Of thee king of Fraunce fayr and good,		
And * also of thee kyende of sire Ectore.	256	Partonope is of Hector's blood.
And fore-thy my love so on the stood,		
That me longede to thee Ryght sore.		
Now welcome be thou, frely foode,		
And worchen thou shalt after my lore.	260	
Yif that thou yerne me for to see		
Of all this twelue-Monthes ayenst my will,		
Thanne fordoost thou bothe thee a mee.*		She denies him the sight of her till twelve months have passed.
For-thy bee trewe and holde thee stille.	264	
Yif thou wolt * doo as I thee say		
And hele wech owre prexytee,		
Gled shalt * thou haue thee with to play		
I-nowgh to wende thorghw eche cuntree.	268	but she will give him all the riches he wants.
The kyng of Fraunce that most doo May		

256. and twice.

265. *Facs.* apparently with.

263. *Facs.* ed. amee

267. *Facs.* Gled or Glad : such

	Ne shaft nowt haue so greet plentee. Thyself art stalworth stowt man and gay, And bataylis shalt thow seeche and see.	272
	Whanne thow thenkyst thow woldest haue Gold ovther seluyr for to spende, Of noman I ne wole that thow it crave. Inowgh <i>with</i> queyntise I wole thee sende."	276
When they arise in the morning, Gaudin encourages Partonope to fight well,	In thee morwe whanne they aRoos, Thee knyght toke his armys hym tiH. Pertinope seyde hee wery was, And Gaudyn seyde: "For shame, bee stiH. But thow bee dowghtty now this day, All is nowt worht as thow weeH woost. Bere thee weeH now in thys turnay, Ore ellys thy longe travaile is lost.	280
Otherwise his labour is lost.	Thee sowdan thenkyht to haue that may Whit his Richesse and his greet boost, Forto bee whit hiere bothe nyght and day, And lord and syre of aH that coost.	284
	Loke now that thow bee dowghtty in dede, For thow shalt haue greet helpe of mee. For whanne that thow art wery in thy wele, Thenk vppon thy lady free."	288
Gaudin will help him.	But whanne thys lordys hadde herd masse, They assembled were alle by-deue. LyteH and mekyH, more and lasse, AH they weren apparayled elene.	292
Having heard masse they ride to the field.	Thanne come there knyghttis twoo A softe paas fram thee foreste Ryde. The Oolde dewk to his felawys seyde thoo: "Now come my children that wole abyde."	296
The old duke notices them. The king of France arrays the outer party.	The kyng of Frawnce was man dowghtty, Amongis his folkys theer hee Roode And arrayde thee vtter partye Whit theyre baneris bryghtte and broode.	300
	Theer was noyse of Menstralcye, Trwumpys, tabowris and nakernis made. Theerwhit they casten vp a lowd crye. Thee folk they ioynede, for beyghe they hade.	304
		308







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THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY was started by the late DR. FURNIVALL in 1864 for the purpose of bringing the mass of Old English Literature within the reach of the ordinary student, and of wiping away the reproach under which England had long rested, of having felt little interest in the monuments of her early language and life.

On the starting of the Society, so many Texts of importance were at once taken in hand by its Editors, that it became necessary in 1867 to open, besides the *Original Series* with which the Society began, an *Extra Series* which should be mainly devoted to fresh editions of all that is most valuable in printed MSS. and Caxton's and other black-letter books, though first editions of MSS. will not be excluded when the convenience of issuing them demands their inclusion in the Extra Series.

During the forty-eight years of the Society's existence, it has produced, with whatever shortcomings, and at a cost of over £30,000, an amount of good solid work for which all students of our Language, and some of our Literature, must be grateful, and which has rendered possible the beginnings (at least) of proper Histories and Dictionaries of that Language and Literature, and has illustrated the thoughts, the life, the manners and customs of our forefathers and foremothers.

But the Society's experience has shown the very small number of those inheritors of the speech of Cynewulf, Chaucer, and Shakspeare, who care two guineas a year for the records of that speech. 'Let the dead past bury its dead' is still the cry of Great Britain and her Colonies, and of America, in the matter of language. The Society has never had money enough to produce the Texts that could easily have been got ready for it; and many Editors are now anxious to send to press the work they have prepared. The necessity has therefore arisen for trying to increase the number of the Society's members, and to induce its well-wishers to help it by gifts of money, either in one sum or by instalments. The Committee trust that every Member will bring before his or her friends and acquaintances the Society's claims for liberal support. Until all Early English MSS. are printed, no proper History of our Language or Social Life is possible.

The Subscription to the Society, which constitutes membership, is £1 1s. a year for the ORIGINAL SERIES, and £1 1s. for the EXTRA SERIES, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid by Cheque, Postal Order, or Money-Order, crossed 'Union of London and Smiths Bank,' to the Hon. Secretary, W. A. DALZIEL, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. Members who want their Texts posted to them must add to their prepaid Subscriptions 1s. for the Original Series, and 1s. for the Extra Series, yearly. The Society's Texts are also sold separately at the prices put after them in the Lists: but Members can get back-Texts at one-third less than the List-prices by sending the cash for them in advance to the Hon. Secretary.

☞ The Society intends to complete, as soon as its funds will allow, the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866, and also of nos. 20, 26, and 33. Dr. Otto Glanving has undertaken *Sainte Margerete*; and *Hale Meadenhol* is in type. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noticed by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes.

**November 1911.** A gratifying gift is to be made to the Society. The American owner of the unique MS. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryus and Cleopas was sketched by Dr. Furnivall in his new edition of *Political, Religious and Love Poems*, No. 15 in the Society's Original Series—has promised to give the Society an edition of his MS., prepared by Dr. Hardin Craig of Princeton, and it will be issued next year as No. 132 of the Original Series. The giver hopes that his example may be followed by other folk, as the support hitherto given to the Society is so far below that which it deserves.

The Original Series Texts for 1909 were No. 137, the *Twelfth-Century Homilies* in MS. Bodley 343, edited by Prof. A. O. Belfour, M.A., Part I, the Text; and No. 138, the *Chaucerian Text Book*, Part III, edited by Miss M. Dörmer Harris, completing the original text of the Book.

The Original Series Texts for 1910 were No. 139, *John Arderne's Treatises on Fistula in Ano*, etc., edited by D'Arcy Power, M.D., english about 1125 from the Latin of about 1380 A.D.; No. 140, *Copland's Lives of St. Augustine and St. Gilbert of Sempringham*, A.D. 1151, edited by J. J. Munro.

The Original Series Texts for 1911 were, No. 141, *Earth upon Earth*, all the known texts, edited by Miss Hilda Murray, M.A.; No. 142, *The English Register of Galsworthy*, Part III, containing Forewords, Grammar Notes and Indexes, edited by Dr. Andrew Clark; and No. 143, *The Wars of Alexander*, edited from the Thornton MS. by J. S. Westlake, M.A., still at press.

The Texts for future years will be chosen from Part III of *The Brut*; Part III of the *Alphabet of Tales*, edited by Mrs. M. M. Ems; Part II of the *English Register of Osney Abbey*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark; Part II of Prof. Belfour's *Twelfth-Century Homilies*; and Part IV of Miss Dörmer Harris's *Chaucerian Text Book*. Later Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, with a Glossary of Wm. of Wadlington's French words in his *Manuel des Pecheurs*, and comments on them, by Mr. Dickson Brown; Part II of the *Eveton Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Israel Gollancz, Litt.D.; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holtzhausen's *Vices and Virtues*; Part II of *Joban's Will*, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative *Siege of Jerusalem*, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kolbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier's *Quadrilogue*, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford No. 85, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins; and the *Early Verse and Prose* in the Harleian MS. 2253, re-edited by Miss Hilda Murray. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough having given the Society a copy of the *Loeche Canonial Rule*, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. C. Cambridge, Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the english *Capitula* of Bp. Theodulf: it is now at press.

The Extra Series Texts for 1909 were, No. CIV, *The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays*, re-edited by O. Waterhouse, M.A.; and No. CV, *The Tale of Bergh, with a Prologue of the merry Adventures of the Pardoner within a Tapster at Canterbury*, printed from a cast of the Chaucer Society's plates. As the Society hadn't money enough to pay for its *Troy Book*, Part II, in 1908, it had to take that out of its income of 1909; and it was therefore obliged to borrow from the Chaucer Society the amusing *Tale of Bergh*, edited by the late Dr. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone.

The Extra Series Texts for 1910 were No. CVI, *Lydgate's Troy Book*, Part III, containing Books IV and V, completing the text, edited by Hy. Bergen, Ph.D.; and No. CVII, *Lydgate's Minor Poems*, Part I, *Religious Poems*, with the Lydgate Canon, edited by H. N. MacCracken, Ph.D.

The Extra Series Texts for 1911 were, No. CVIII, *Lydgate's Siege of Thebes*, Part I, the text, edited from the MSS. by Dr. A. Erdmann; and No. CIX, *Partonope*, Part I, edited from its 3 MSS. by Dr. A. T. Bolkert.

Future Extra Series Texts will be Lydgate's *Minor Poems*, Part II, *Secular Poems*, ed. by Dr. H. N. MacCracken; *Lydgate's Troy Book*, Part IV, edited by Dr. Hy. Bergen; *De Medicinis*, re-edited by Prof. Delcourt; *Amor's Romance of Merlin*, re-edited by Prof. E. A. Kirk, Part II; Miss Elmore Plumer's re-edition of *Sir Gauthier and Sir Percival*; Miss K. B. Lovock's re-edition of Hylton's *Ladder of Perfection*; Miss Warren's two-text edition of *The Dove of Duth* from the Ellesmere and other MS.; *The Owl and Nightingale*, two parallel Texts, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes; Dr. Erbe's re-edition of *Mirk's*

*Festial*, Part II; Dr. M. Konrath's re-edition of *William of Shoreham's Poems*, Part II; Prof. Israel Gollanez's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, *Winnere and Waster*, &c.; about 1360; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London*, from the unique MS. about 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; *The Craft of Nombrynge*, with other of the earliest englisht Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and the Second Part of the prose Romance of *Melusine*—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A.

Later Texts for the Extra Series will include *The Three Kings' Sons*, Part II, the Introduction, &c., by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of *The Chester Plays*, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's *Orthographie* (MS. 1551 A.D.; black-letter 1569), and *Method to teach Reading*, 1570; Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Soule*, in English prose, edited by Mr. Hans Koestner. (For the three prose versions of *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are askt to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finisht all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have over 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has not 300!

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promist to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn *all* his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguilleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies.

Guillaume de Deguilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pelerinage de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.<sup>1</sup> Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,<sup>2</sup> a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishting, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Laud Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740.<sup>3</sup> A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Laud MS. 740 was somewhat condense and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library;<sup>4</sup> "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herrtage's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1464,<sup>5</sup> Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguilleville's first verse *Pelerinage* into a prose *Pelerinage de la vie humaine*.<sup>6</sup> By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishting in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguilleville's *Pelerinage de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englisht in verse by Lydgate in 1426, and, thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, John Stowe, a complete text of Lydgate's poem has been edited for the Society by Dr. Furnivall. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4399,<sup>7</sup> and Additional 22,937<sup>8</sup> and 25,594<sup>9</sup>) are all of the First Version.

<sup>1</sup> He was born about 1295. See Abbe GODET'S *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX, p. 734. P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1893.

<sup>2</sup> The Roxburghe Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.

<sup>3</sup> These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

<sup>4</sup> Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.

<sup>5</sup> According to Lord Aldenham's MS.

<sup>6</sup> These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.

<sup>7</sup> 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

<sup>8</sup> 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

<sup>9</sup> 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, *de l'Amé*, both incomplete.

Besides his first *Pilgrimage de l'homme* in its two versions, Deguileville wrote a second, "de l'ame separee du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Jesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems, by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,<sup>1</sup> at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Caius), Oxford Univ. Coll. and Corpus, and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of additions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier Englisher's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose Englishing of the *Soule* has been copied and will be edited for the Society by Mr. Hans Koestner. Of the *Pilgrimage* of Jesus, no Englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logan has prepared for press a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—tho' it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The net profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Tevissa's Englishing of *Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval Encyclopedia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. An Editor for it is wanted. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfric's prose;<sup>2</sup> Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfric's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kolbing left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Ancien Riple*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmel. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society, which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölling, the living Haucknecht, Eimenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandels, Sieper, Konrath, Wulffing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Koek; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (alas, now dead);—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rieckert, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Hulme, Bryce, Craig, Drs. Bergen, MacCracken, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has cald forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

<sup>1</sup> Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damned souls, trees, angels, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfric Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.

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45. King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, by Henry Sweet, Esq., B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. 10s. "
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57. The Early English Version of the "Cursor Mundi": in four Texts, edited by the Rev. R. Morris, M.A., LL.D. Part I, with 2 photolithographic facsimiles. 10s. 6d. "
58. The Blueking Homilies, 971 A.D., ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. Part I. 8s. "
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